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Mrs. Eliz. Rowe

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE:

Including the
THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH;
A POEM, IN TEN BOOKS.

To which is prefixed,
AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
THE AUTHOR.

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THE
L I F E
OF
MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE.

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MR. Elizabeth Rowe, not more admired for her fine writings by the ingenious that did not know her, than esteemed and loved by all her acquaintance, for the many amiable qualities of her heart, was born at Ilchester in Somersetshire, Sept, 11, 1674, being the eldest of three daughters of Mr. Walter Singer, a gentleman of a good family, and Mrs. Elizabeth Portnell, both of them persons of very great worth and piety. Mr. Singer was not a native of the town now mentioned, nor an inhabitant, before his imprisonment there for his non-conformity in the reign of King Charles II. Mrs. Portnell thinking herself obliged to visit those that suffered for the sake of a good conscience, as a testimony of her regard, not to them only, but also to our common Lord, agreeable to the representation he himself makes of such kind and christian offices: It was from hence that acquaintance first commenced between these two virtuous and well-paired minds, which afterwards proceeded to an union that death alone could dissolve. And this it did too soon for the mournful survivor, if the tenderest affection might be judge, and for the world, which can badly bear to lose any, and much more such eminent examples of virtue and religion in the several scenes and relations of life. Till her death Mr. Singer resided at Ilchester, but not long after removed into the neighbourhood of Frome in the same county, where he

became so well known and distinguished for his good sense, primitive integrity, simplicity of manners, uncommon prudence, activity and faithfulness in discharging the duties of his station, inflexible adherence to his principles, and at the same time truly catholic spirit, as to be held in high esteem, even by persons of superior rank: My Lord Weymouth, who was reckoned a very good judge of men, not only writing to him, but honouring him with his visits; as did the devout Bishop Kenn very frequently, sometimes once a week; such a charm is there in unaffected goodness, and so naturally do kindred souls, warmed and actuated by the same heavenly passion, and pursuing the same glorious end, run and mingle together with the greatest pleasure, after they are once acquainted, notwithstanding any accidental diversity of sentiments in some smaller things. I mention this to the honour of that venerable Bishop as well as of Mr. Singer. But the public will be best pleased with the character of this good man as drawn by his daughter, after her beautiful and easy manner, in one of her familiar letters to a friend. ‘I have ease and plenty to the extent of my wishes; and can form desires of nothing but what my father’s indulgence would procure; and I ask nothing of heaven but the good old man’s life. The perfect sanctity of his life, and the benevolence of his temper, make him a refuge to all in distress, to the widow and fatherless: The people load him with blessings and prayers whenever he goes abroad: which he never does but to reconcile his neighbours, or to right the injured and oppressed; the rest of his hours are entirely devoted to his private devotions, and to books, which are his perpetual entertainment.’

He was religiously inclined, as he said himself, when about ten years old, and never from that time neglected prayer; and, as far as he knew his own heart, had sincerely endeavoured to keep a good conscience; and he died as he had lived, April 18, 1719; full of that blessed calm and peace of mind, and humble confidence.

in the mercy of God, thro' a Redeemer (for there was his trust) which a long course of active virtue, and constant lively devotion, joined with the most generous and exalted ideas of the divine goodness, free from all mixtures of a gloomy, sullen superstition, may be expected to produce: For he was not of those who confine that infinite benignity which loves to diffuse itself abroad, unrestrained in its salutary influences by every thing else but the wilful opposition of reasonable and free beings, to the methods used for their recovery and happiness. And this it was that helped, no less than a happy natural temper, to make him so cheerful a christian. A worthy and intimate friend of his, and witness to the heroic and christian manner in which he finished life, observes, that he settled his affairs, and took leave of the world with the same freedom and composure, as if he had been setting out on a journey; was peculiarly careful that the widows and orphans, with whose concerns he was entrusted, might not be injured after he was gone; conversed, tho' under great bodily disorders, with those that came to see him, who were not a few, in the easiest, freest manner; spent his time in praising and blessing God, and praying to him; and giving good counsel to those about him; he shewed an uncommon sweetness and patience in his behaviour; and was exceeding thankful to those who did the least thing for him, tho' they owed him a great deal more. In a memorandum, relating to her father's last sickness and death, Mrs. Rowe has these words, 'My father very often felt his pulse, and complained that 'twas still regular, and smiled at every symptom of approaching death: He would be often crying out, Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; Come, ye holy angels, that rejoice at the conversion of a sinner, come and conduct my soul to the skies, ye propitious spirits; and then would add, But thy time, Lord, not mine, is best. When shall I awake, and

'be satisfied with thy likeness? What is death? I
 'never made the experiment, and nobody about me
 'knows when persons are dying. I have heard of
 'jaws falling, and eye-strings cracking, but where are
 'the tokens? And yet nature fails, and I am dying.
 'I have seen people die without half so much ado,
 'just lean back, and, having fetched a calm sigh, ex-
 'pire.' If I may use the expression, how lovely and
 tempting is such a death! What an instance of the
 power of religion, and the true dignity of human na-
 ture, when raised and supported by the grace of God,
 and the hope of immortality! The sight was so affect-
 ing, that a person listed among the Freethinkers of the
 age, as they are pleased to compliment themselves,
 being present, was exceedingly struck with it, and
 ready to say, almost thou persuadest me to be a chris-
 tian; as every one who rightly considers such exam-
 ples, and how naturally they arise out of the principles
 of the gospel, firmly believed, and steadily practised
 upon, must be entirely persuaded by them; persuaded
 to embrace it, not merely as a pleasing imagination, but
 a most sacred truth, which all that allow it to be the
 former, have reason to wish it may prove; and which
 no man that wishes it to be true, so far as to examine
 the evidences of it with candour and sincerity, can
 pronounce to be false: And thus the supposed confes-
 sion of the infidel, on a like occasion,* 'That, tho' he
 'thought religion a delusion, yet it was the most agree-
 'able delusion in the world; and the men who flattered
 'themselves with those gay visions, had much the ad-
 'vantage of those that saw nothing before them but a
 'gloomy uncertainty, or the dreadful hope of annihila-
 'tion.' This confession, I say, if he be true to him-
 self, must end in his being a thorough convert to
 christianity.

* Friendship in Death, Letter 1.

I have been the larger in this account of Mr. Singer, not only in justice to so deserving a character, but because of the singular veneration which the person who is the chief subject of these papers, had for it; which was such that she frequently pleads her relation to it, and, as it were, glories in it, in her private devotions. A single instance may serve for a specimen,* 'I humbly hope I have a rightful claim. Thou art my God, and the God of my religious ancestors, the God of my mother, the God of my pious father: Dying and breathing out his soul, he gave me to thy care; he put me into thy gracious arms, and delivered me up to thy protection: He told me, thou wouldst never leave nor forsake me; he triumphed in thy long experienced faithfulness and truth, and gave his testimony for thee with his latest breath.'

Of Mrs. Rowe's two sisters, one died in childhood; the other survived to her twentieth year, a lovely concurrent in the race of virtue and glory. She had the same extreme passion for books, chiefly those of medicine, in which art she arrived to a considerable insight; and if it could not be said of them in the letter, as of the virtuous woman in the Proverbs, That their candle went not out by night, yet it frequently burnt till after the middle of it; so great was their thirst of knowledge, and the pleasure they had in gratifying it! What from a laudable emulation, from the ties of blood and friendship, and the advantage of perpetually conversing together, the improvements which two such minds received from each other, could not be little; and, had Heaven seen fit to spare both, would have been still growing. But the sovereign Disposer of human affairs hath so ordered it, doubtless in infinite wisdom, that few of our blessings in the present life should be enjoyed without some abatement, was pleased

* Vid. Devout Exercises of the Heart, published by Dr. Watts, page 129.

to determine otherwise; yet we have no reason to repine, but with grateful joy should own that goodness which, while it summoned one of these seraphic spirits to the skies, continued the other for so many years after, as a ministring angel here below.

Those who were acquainted with this extraordinary person in her childish years, could not but have observed a great many things not common in that age of life, which promised the bright day that afterwards ensued; and it must have been with peculiar satisfaction that Mr. Singer, in whom parental affection, conspired with a penetrating discernment to heighten the pleasure, beheld the early dawnings of a very great and good mind in his charming daughter.

When she received the first serious impressions of religion, does not appear; not unlikely it might be as soon as she was capable of it, at once perceiving her obligations to the Author of her being; and in the same measure, as her opening reason discovered these to her, feeling the force of them. A lady of character for good sense and piety, who began her life with her, thinks so; and in one of her pious addresses she herself thus speaks to God: * 'My infant hands were early 'lifted up to thee, and I soon learned to know and 'acknowledge the God of my fathers.' To this, with a prudent and pious education, the felicity of her natural disposition, under the heavenly influence, conspired; for though she had an unusual sprightliness in her temper, which held out to the last, yet she was at the same time blest with a turn of mind to noble and elevated subjects, that gave her a high relish for the pleasures of devotion. It would be exceeding unjust to draw a contrary conclusion from the severity of some expressions concerning herself, that occur in her *Devout Exercises*; for, besides that this sort of language was dictated by her profound humility, it might

* *Devout Exercises*, page 36.

partly be owing to a notion of conversion (by which is meant religion's becoming a reigning principle in the mind) not so well grounded as 'tis common, as if it always consisted in a sensible, and sort of instantaneous revolution in the soul, attended with an over turning of whatever favourable sentiments persons had of themselves, and their condition before; a notion which, for ought I know, might take its rise from not distinguishing between the change which the first converts to christianity underwent, or which passes on those who having led a vicious life, enter at length into quite a new way of thinking and acting, which hath something of the violence of a storm in it; and that sense of piety, which often silently steals upon tender and uncorrupted minds, like the light of the morning, hardly perceivable when it breaks, or in its gradual increase, and yet shining more and more unto the perfect day; and which, I doubt, is not very properly expressed by the word conversion. Nor while the duties of religion are regularly performed, and every thing plainly criminal in the conduct of life is avoided, and this from a principle of conscience, and an inward approbation of what is good; will some little sallies, supposing such occasioned by the vivacity of youth and those passions, which though weaker in elder persons, they find it no easy matter, with all their reason to govern, prove any more than the imperfection of the good principle, which, notwithstanding this, may by many degrees have the superiority in the soul.

There is a story, which, because it has been confidently reported by some, and credited by a great many others, I shall mention for the sake of the reflection it will afford me, and the opportunity of assuring the world, after enquiring of persons best able to inform me, that it is entirely without foundation; though, were it ever so true, it could not be made an argument against Mrs. Rowe's early piety, as it hath been

thought by some to be. The story is this : Mrs. Rowe, then Miss Singer, being dangerously ill, and under visible distress at the apprehension of her approaching change, her sister, who observed it, asked her tenderly, whether she was not willing to die? and Mrs. Rowe frankly confessing she was not, the other said she would retire then, and pray to God that she might be taken in her room, being as willing to leave the world as the other could be to continue in it, which accordingly she did; and the consequence was, that Mrs. Rowe recovered, and her sister sickened and died. Now, supposing the truth of the story, what is there so very wonderful in a young person's being desirous to live longer, if it pleases God, when, with the natural love of life every thing concurs, that can render life agreeable, easy circumstances, a good constitution, cheerfulness of temper, the love and esteem of friends, and a rising reputation? Or is a modest diffidence of one's self such a crime, as to prove our not being prepared for death, because we doubt whether we are or not? When will persons learn to judge in a more rational way, and by other marks than the uncertain appearances of such mechanical and variable things as the passions, of their own moral state and character and that of others!

There is so great a similitude between painting and poetry, as being each of them a pleasing and judicious imitation of nature, and depending upon the beauty and strength of the imagination, that 'tis no way surprising, one who possessed this faculty in so high a degree of perfection, did very early discover an inclination to these two sister arts; which have often the same followers, perhaps always the same admirers, it having been, I believe, seldom known that those who excelled in one of these arts, have not at least had a taste for the charms of the other, and been qualified to judge of its beauties, whether they have made any attempts in it or not.

She loved the pencil when she had hardly strength and steadiness of hand sufficient to guide it; and in her infancy (one may almost venture to say so) would squeeze out the juices of herbs to serve her instead of colours. Mr. Singer, perceiving her fondness for this art, was at the expence of a master to instruct her in it; and it never ceased to be her amusement at times, and a very innocent one it was, till her death. Perhaps (saith an ingenious gentleman, who knew her perfectly well) she liked it the better for the opportunities it yielded her of pleasuring her friends with presents of the best of her drawings, and therein gratifying her beneficent disposition; for she kept very few of them herself, and these only such as she judged unworthy the acceptance of any one else.

She was also, what every one acquainted with her writings will suppose of such a well-tuned soul, very much delighted with music; chiefly of the grave and solemn kind, as best suited to the grandeur of her sentiments, and the sublimity of her devotion.

But her strongest bent was to poetry and writing. Poetry indeed was her favourite employment, in youth, her most distinguished excellence. So prevalent was her genius this way, that her very prose hath all the charms of verse without the fetters, the same fire and elevation, the same bright images, bold figures, rich and flowing diction. She could hardly write a familiar letter but it bore the stamp of the poet. One of her acquaintance remembers to have heard her say, she began to write verses at twelve years old, which was almost as soon as she could write at all. In the year 1696, the 22d of her age, a collection of her poems on various occasions was published at the desire of two of her friends, which we may suppose did not contain all that she had by her, since the ingenious prefacer gives the reader to hope, that the author might in a little while be prevailed with to oblige the world with a second part, no way inferior to the former.

The occasion of her poetical name, *Philomela*, which, from this time she was known by to the world, and whether she assumed it herself, or was complimented with it by her friends, I have not been able to learn. The latter is most probable, and that it was given her at the publication of her poems, before which her modesty not consenting that her own name should appear, this was substituted in the room of it, as bearing a very easy allusion to it, and happily expressing the softness and harmony of her verses, not less soothing and melodious than the strains of the nightingale, when from some leafy shade she fills the woods with her melancholy plaints.*

Though many of these poems are of the religious kind, and all of them consistent with the strictest regard to the rules of virtue; yet some things in them gave her no little uneasiness in advanced life. To a mind that had so entirely subdued its passions, or devoted them to the honour of its Maker, and endued with the tenderest moral sense, what she could not absolutely approve, appeared unpardonable; and, not satisfied to have done nothing that injured the sacred cause of virtue, she was displeased with herself for having writ any thing, that did not directly promote it. How were it to be wished, that none of our celebrated poets had any thing worse to answer for than the harmless gaieties of a youthful muse, for which too they had atoned by more serious and instructive compositions; or, that after all the guilt they had contracted, by corrupting the manners of the age with their loose productions, they were conscious but of half the remorse the virtuous *Philomela* felt, for what no ingenuous reader will impute as a reproach to her memory.

What first introduced her into the notice of the noble family at Longleat, was a little copy of verses of

* Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, and most melancholy.——Milton.

her's, with which they were so highly delighted as to express a curiosity to see her; and the friendship that commenced from that time, subsisted ever after; not more to her honour, who was the favourite of persons so much superior to her in the outward distinctions of life, than to the praise of their judgment and taste who knew how to prize, and took a pleasure to cherish such blooming worth. She was not then twenty. Her paraphrase of the 38th chapter of Job was writ at the request of Bishop Kenn, who was entertained in that family, and gained her a great deal of reputation.

She had no other tutor for the French and Italian languages, than the honourable Mr. Thynne, son to the Lord Viscount Weymouth, who willingly took that task upon himself, and had the pleasure to see his fair scholar improve so fast under his lessons, that in few months she was able to read Tasso's Jerusalem with great ease.

Her shining merit, with the charms of her person and conversation, had procured her a great many admirers. Among others, 'tis said, the famous Mr. Prior would have been glad to share the pleasures and cares of life with her; so that, allowing for the double license of the Poet and Lover in the manner of expression, the concluding lines in his answer to the pastoral on Love and Friendship, by Miss Singer, were not without all foundation in truth*. She was the nameless lady to whom the following copy of verses in the same author is inscribed. But Mr. Thomas Rowe was the person reserved by Heaven to be the happy man; both to be made, and to make happy.

This gentleman was born at London, April 25, 1687, the eldest son of the Rev. Mr. Benoni Rowe, who with a very accurate judgment, and a considerable stock of useful learning, joined the talents of preaching, and a most lively and engaging manner in conversation. By

* Vide Prior's Poema.

his parents he was creditably descended *; but as he had too much personal worth to be under a necessity of borrowing from such foreign aids, so he thought too justly to pride himself upon it, being able to say with the Satyrist,

Et genus & proavos, & quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco. Juv.

His superior genius, and insatiable thirst after knowledge, made themselves taken notice of at an age when the generality of mankind have scarcely out-grown the merely sensitive life. He was able to read as soon almost as he could speak; had such a pleasure in books, as to take none at all in the diversions which children are usually so fond of; and when he was prevailed on by his companions, which was but seldom, to make one in their little parties at play, his unreadiness and inattention plainly shewed it was not out of choice he engaged, but purely from his good-nature and complaisance, to which he should offer too much violence, always to deny their importunity.

He commenced his acquaintance with the classics at Epsom, while his father resided there; and by his swift advances in this part of learning, quickly became the delight of his master, a man very able in his profession, and was treated by him, with a very particular indulgence, in spite of the natural ruggedness and se-

* He was the grandson of William Rowe, Esq. a gentleman of worth and considerable estate, and Alice (a lady of distinguished sense, beauty and virtue) daughter of Thomas Scot, Esq. member of parliament for Ailesbury, in the county of Bucks: And by the maternal side he was descended from the Rowe's of Devon.

verity of his temper. When Mr. B. Rowe removed to London, he placed his son under the care of Dr. Walker, the eminently learned master of the Charterhouse school, justly famed for the great numbers of excellent linguists that have received their education in that ancient nursery of polite literature. He was one of those who, the doctor could easily foresee, would do him honour when they should appear abroad in the world, and, we may suppose, did not please him the less on that account. His exercises never failed of being distinguished even among those that had the approbation of the master, who, when he had finished a pupil in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew tongues, could fain have persuaded his father to send him to one of our English universities. But how honourably ever Mr. Rowe might think of the learning of those noble seats of the muses, not having the same advantageous notion of the principles in too much credit were, he would by no means trust a son of his hopes in such hands; but entered him at first at a private academy in London, and, some time before his death, he might not want any advantages which the most liberal education could give him, he had determined his going to Leyden, for the last hand of the great masters there. And well did the fruit reward the expence of the culture. For, after having studied Jewish Antiquities under Witfius, Civil Law under Vitriarius, the Belles Lettres under Perizonius, and Experimental Philosophy under Senguerdus, and established a reputation for a capacity, application, and an obliging deportment, both among the professors and students; he returned from that celebrated mart of learning with a vast accession of treasure, in books he had purchased, and knowledge he had amassed, and no loss in his morals, which he had preserved as uncorrupt as he could have done under the most vigilant eye

and strictest hand, though left without all other restraints but those of his own virtue and prudence.

The love of liberty had been always one of Mr. Rowe's most darling passions. 'Twas a kind of ideal mistress, to whose charms no one ever had a soul more sensible than his; the generous inclination beat strong in his breast, and was not to be extinguished but with the vital flame. In these sentiments, so natural to him, he was not a little confirmed by his familiar acquaintance, with the history, and the noble authors, of ancient Greece and Rome, whose very spirit was transfused into him, and residing so long in a republic, where he had examples continually before him, of the inestimable value of freedom, as the parent of industry, the nurse of arts and sciences, and universal source of social happiness; this made him, with so much anxiety for his native country, not very long after his return thither in the year 1708, observe, that a set of wretched principles, destructive of its liberties and welfare, were growing into fashion under the countenance of some in power. To those he opposed himself with a zeal which might have had more influence indeed in a higher sphere, but could not have been more honest and open. Tyranny of all sorts he most sincerely detested, but most of all ecclesiastical, in every shape; deeming the slavery of the mind, as the most abject and ignominious, so, in its consequences, more pernicious than any other. His lives will be a glorious monument of his love of liberty and public good; to which may be added his Poems, and in both which this commendable ardour is visible. From the same cause proceeded his attachment to the illustrious house of Hanover, in which he had the satisfaction to see the protestant succession to the British throne take place before he died, leaving the world more willingly after having been witness to this happy event.

It was with Mr. Rowe, in respect of his learning,

as avarice with those that love money: his desires after knowledge enlarged with his acquisitions, instead of abating. All his morning hours, and a large part of the afternoon, were devoted to study, till the time of his being seized with the distemper of which he died. His library, in collecting which he was assisted by his great knowledge of the best editions of books, consisted of a great number of the most valuable authors; and as he was making continual additions to it, amounted at his death to above five thousand volumes.

He was a perfect master of the Greek, Latin, and French languages, and; which is seldom known to happen, had at once such a prodigious strength of memory, and inexhaustible fund of wit, the effect of a lively imagination, as would singly have afforded a stock of reputation for any man to trade upon, and much more united. This with an easy fluency of words, the frankness and benevolence of his temper, a readiness to communicate his learned store, and a life and spirit which nature must bestow, since it can be but poorly imitated, made his company universally coveted and prized by those that knew him. It was impossible there should be a drowsy soul where Mr. Rowe was present; he animated the conversation, every one was awake, and every one pleased. He had a penetration, and quickness of thought, hardly to be imagined, so as upon just glancing over an author to see to the bottom of his sentiments. None of the politer kinds of learning were neglected by him. He was a good judge in poetry, and had it in his power to have been himself an eminent poet; for he had actually the most essential parts belonging to that character, the vivid fire, the rich vein, the copious diction; but as poetry was not his predominant inclination, his genius had not all the polishing which art and constant practice might have added to nature. History was his favourite study, for which his talents of vast

memory, before taken notice of, and an exquisite judgment, for one of his years, peculiarly qualified him.

He had formed a design to compile the lives of all the illustrious persons of antiquity, omitted by Plutarch, and for this purpose read the ancient historians with great care. This design he in part executed. Eight lives were published since his decease, by way of supplement to that admired biographer; in which, though so young a guide, he strikes out his way like one well acquainted with the dark and intricate paths of antiquity. The style is perfectly easy, yet concise and nervous, the reflections just, and such as might be expected from a lover of truth and mankind; and the facts interesting themselves, or made so by the skill used in relating them. There is a preface by the reverend and learned Mr. Chandler, writ after the usual manner of that agreeable and lively author, with great spirit and elegance, and worthy of the excellent person for whose memory he expresses so high an esteem: 'He must be insensible to true merit (saith the ingenious prefacer) and to all just regards to the public good, that can look over these valuable remains, without finding in himself a due respect and esteem raised for the author, and his own heart inspired with an encreasing love to the liberties and welfare of his country.' Besides these lives, the author had finished and fitted for the press the life of Thraſybulus, which being put into the hands of Sir Richard Steele, for his revival, was, some how or other, unhappily lost, and could never since be recovered.

Being at Bath, in the year 1709, Mr. Rowe was introduced by a gentleman of his acquaintance into Miss Singer's company, who lived in a retirement not far distant from that city. The idea he conceived of her from report, and from her writings, charmed him; but when he had seen and conversed with her, he felt

another kind of impression from the presence of so much beauty, wit and virtue; and the esteem of the Theorist was converted into the rapture of a Lover. During the courtship, he writ a poetical epistle to a friend that was a neighbour of Miss Singer, and intimate in the family. I shall take the liberty to quote a few lines out of it, as a specimen of Mr. Rowe's passionate veneration for Miss Singer: 2mo 2

Youth's liveliest bloom, a never fading grace,
And more than beauty sparkles in her face;
Yet the bright form creates no loose desires,
At once she gives, and purifies our fires,
And passions chaste as her own soul inspires; }
Her soul, heav'n's noblest workmanship, design'd
To bless the ruin'd age, and succour lost mankind:
To prop abandon'd virtue's sinking cause,
And snatch from vice its undeserved applause.

Miss Elizabeth Singer was married to Mr. Thomas Rowe in the year 1710. On which occasion a learned friend of Mr. Rowe's wrote the following beautiful Latin epigram:

In nuptias Thomæ Rowe & Elizabethæ Singer.
Quid doctum par usque tuum, sociosque labores
Fabre & Dacerii, Gallia vana crepas?
Par majus gens Anglia dedit, juvenem atque puellam,
Quos hodie sacro fœdere junxit amor.
Namque ea quæ nostri Phœbo cecinere docente,
Explicuisse tuis gloria summa foret.

Thus translated by a young gentleman:

On the marriage of Mr. Thomas Rowe and Miss
Elizabeth Singer.

No more, proud Gallia, bid the world revere
Thy learned pair, Le Fevre and Dacier;

Britain may boast, this happy day unites
 Two nobler minds in Hymen's sacred rites:
 What these have sung, while all th' inspiring Nine
 Exalt the beauties of the verse divine;
 Those (humble critics of th' immortal strain)
 Shall bound their fame, to comment and explain.

Mrs. Rowe's exalted merit and amiable qualities could not fail to inspire the most generous and lasting passion. Mr. Rowe knew well how to value that treasure of wit, softness and virtue, which the divine providence had given to his arms in the most lovely of women, and made it his study to repay the felicity with which she crowned his life. The esteem and tenderness he had for her is inexpressible, and possession seemed scarce to have abated the fondness and admiration of the lover. It was some considerable time after his marriage, that he wrote her a very tender ode, under the name of Delia, full of the warmest sentiments of connubial friendship and affection; in which the following lines may appear remarkable, as it pleased heaven to dispose events in a manner so agreeable to the wishes expressed in them.

So long may thy inspiring page,
 And great example bless the rising age!
 Long in thy charming prison may'st thou stay,
 Late, very late, ascend the well-known way, }
 And add new glories to the realms of day!
 At least Heav'n will not sure this prayer deny:
 Short be my life's uncertain date,
 And earlier far than thine the destin'd hour of fate!
 Whene'er it comes, may'st thou be by,
 Support my sinking frame, and teach me how to die;
 Banish desponding nature's gloom,
 Make me to hope a gentle doom, }
 And fix me all on joys to come!



With swimming eyes I'll gaze upon thy charms,
And clasp thee dying in my fainting arms:

Then gently leaning on thy breast
Sink in soft slumbers to eternal rest,
The ghastly form shall have a pleasing air,
And all things smile, while heav'n and thou art there.

As Mr. Rowe had not a robust natural constitution, so an intense application to study beyond what the delicacy of his frame would bear, might, perhaps, contribute to that ill state of health, which allayed the happiness of his marriage-life, during the greater part of it. In the latter end of the year 1714, his weakness increased, and he appeared to labour under all the symptoms of a consumption. This fatal distemper, after it had confined him some months, cut off the fairest hopes of his doing great honour and service to his country, and put a period to his life, May 13, 1715, when he was but just past the twenty-eighth year of his age. He died at Hampstead, near London, where he had resided some time for the benefit of the air; and was buried in the vault belonging to his family, in the coemetry in Bunhill-fields; where on his tomb are only marked his name, and the date of his birth and death. But an inscription of greater pomp is rendered unnecessary by the honour Mrs. Rowe did his memory in the Elegy she wrote on his death, which is deservedly ranked among the most admirable of her poetical works.

The exquisite grief and affliction Mrs. Rowe felt for his loss, is described with such beautiful and unaffected eloquence, in the poem I have just mentioned, that I shall only add on this subject, that she continued to the last moments of her life to express the highest veneration and affection to his memory, and a particular regard and esteem for his relations, several of whom she honoured with a long and most intimate friendship. It was also but a short time before her death, she

shewed how incapable she was of forgetting him, by shedding fresh tears on occasion of the mention of the name.

It was only out of regard to Mr. Rowe, that with his society she was willing to bear London during the winter season; and as soon after his decease as her affairs would permit, she indulged her unconquerable inclinations to solitude, by retiring to Frome in Somersetshire, in the neighbourhood of which place the greater part of her estate lay. When she forsook the town, she determined to return to it no more, but to conceal the remainder of her life in an absolute retirement; yet, on some few occasions, she thought it her duty to violate this resolution. In compliance with the importunate requests of the honourable Mrs. Thynne, she passed some months with her at London, after the death of her daughter the Lady Brooke: and on the melancholy occasion of the decease of Mrs. Thynne herself, she could not dispute the commands of the Countess of Hertford, who earnestly desired her to reside some time with her at Marlborough, to soften, by her conversation and friendship, the severe affliction of the loss of so excellent a mother: And I think, once or twice more, the power this last illustrious Lady had over Mrs. Rowe drew her, by an obliging kind of violence, to spend a few months with her at some of the Earl of Hertford's seats in the country. Yet even on these occasions she never quitted her retreat without very sincere regret; and always returned to it again as soon as ever she could with decency disengage herself from the importunity of her noble friends.

It was in this recess that she composed the most celebrated of her works, *Friendship in Death*; and the several parts of the *Letters Moral and Entertaining*. 'The drift of the *Letters from the Dead* is (as the ingenious author of the preface expresses it) to impress 'the notion of the soul's immortality, without which

all virtue and religion, with their temporal and eternal good consequences, must fall to the ground: and to make our mind familiar with the thoughts of our future existence, and contract as it were an habitual persuasion of it, by writings built on that foundation, and addressed to the affections and imagination,' It may also be added, that the design both of these, and the Letters Moral and Entertaining, is, by fictitious examples of the most generous benevolence and heroic virtue, to allure the reader to the practice of every thing that ennobles human nature, and benefits the world; and by just and lively images of the sharp remorse and real misery, that attend the false and unworthy satisfactions of vice, to warn the young and unthinking from being seduced by the enchanting name of pleasure, to inevitable ruin; the piety of which design is the more worthy of the highest panegyrics, as it is so uncommon. The greater part of the poets of our country have apparently employed all their wit and art to disguise the native deformity of vice, and strew flowers on the paths to perdition. But this excellent lady (as was observed of an eminent genius of the last age) 'possessed so much strength and firmness of mind, and such a perfect natural goodness, 'as could not be perverted by the largeness of her wit, 'and was proof against the art of poetry itself.' The elegant Letters which gave occasion to remark this distinction in Mrs. Rowe's character as a polite writer, are not only chaste and innocent, but greatly subservient to the interest of heaven, and evidently designed, by representing virtue in all her genuine beauty, to recommend her to the choice and admiration of mankind.

In the year 1736, the importunity of some of Mrs. Rowe's acquaintance, who had seen the history of Joseph in manuscript, prevailed on her (though not without real reluctance) to suffer it to be made public. She

wrote this piece in her younger years, and when first printed, had carried it on no farther than the marriage of the hero of the poem; but at the request of her friends (particularly of an illustrious lady, to whom she could scarce refuse any thing) that the relation might include Joseph's discovery of himself to his brethren; she added two other books, the composing of which, I am informed, was no more than the labour of three or four days. This additional part, which was her last work, was published but a few weeks before her death.

This grand event, to prepare for which she had made so much the business of her life, befel her, according to her wish, in her beloved recess. She was favoured with an uncommon strength of constitution, and had passed a long series of years with scarce any indisposition severe enough to confine her to her bed. But about half a year before her decease, she was attacked with a distemper, which seemed to herself, as well as others, attended with danger: Though this disorder (as she expressed herself to one of her most intimate friends) found her mind not quite so serene, and prepared to meet death, as usual; yet when, by devout contemplations on the atonement and mediation of our blessed Redeemer, she had fortified herself against that fear and diffidence, from which the most exalted piety does not always secure in such an awful hour, she experienced such divine satisfaction and transport, that she said with tears of joy, 'She knew not that she had ever felt the like in all her life;' and she repeated, on this occasion, Mr. Pope's verses, entitled, *The Dying Christian to his Soul*, with an air of such intense pleasure, as evidenced that she really felt all the elevated sentiments of pious extasy and triumph, which breathe in that exquisite piece of sacred poetry. After this threatening illness, Mrs. Rowe recovered her usual good state of health; and though at the time of her decease she was pretty far

advanced in age, yet her exact temperance, and the calmness of her mind, undisturbed with uneasy cares and passions, encouraged her friends to flatter themselves with a much longer enjoyment of so valuable a life, than it pleased heaven to allow them. On the day in which she was seized with that distemper, which in a few hours proved mortal, she seemed, to those about her, to be in perfect health and vigour. In the evening of it, at about eight of the clock, she conversed with a friend with all her wonted vivacity, and not without laughter? after which she retired to her chamber. At about ten, her servant hearing some noise in her mistress's room, ran instantly into it, and found her fallen off the chair on the floor, speechless, and in the agonies of death. She had the immediate assistance of a physician and surgeon, but all the means used were without success; and, after having given one groan, she expired a few minutes before two of the clock, on Sunday morning, Feb. 20, 1736-7. Her disease was judged to be an apoplexy. A pious book was found lying open by her, as also some loose papers, on which she had wrote the following unconnected sentences.

O guide, and counsel, and protect my soul from sin!
 O speak, and let me know thy heav'nly will,
 Speak evidently to my list'ning soul!
 O fill my soul with love, and light, and peace,
 And whisper heav'nly comforts to my soul!
 O speak, celestial Spirit, in the strain
 Of love and heav'nly pleasure to my soul!

Thus it appeared, that in reading pious meditations, or forming devout ejaculations for the divine favour and assistance, Mrs. Rowe made the last use of the powers of reason below the skies.

As she was greatly apprehensive that the violence of pain, or languors of a sick-bed, might occasion some

depression of spirits, and melancholy fears, unsuitable to the character and expectations of a christian, her manuscript book of devotions contain frequent petitions to heaven, that she might not, in this manner, dishonour her profession; and to her friends she often expressed herself desirous of a sudden removal to the skies, as it must necessarily prevent any such indecent behaviour in her last moments: So that the suddenness of Mrs. Rowe's death may be interpreted as a reward of her singular piety, and a mark of the divine favour in answer to her prayers. Indeed (to borrow Mr. Grove's expressions in a letter wrote to a friend, soon after this lady's decease.) ' Though her death be ' universally lamented, yet the manner of it is rather ' to be esteemed a part of her happiness. One moment ' to enjoy this life, the next, or after a pause we are ' not sensible of, to find ourselves got beyond not only ' the fears of death, but death itself; and in possession ' of everlasting life, and health, and pleasure: This ' moment to be devoutly addressing ourselves to God, or ' employed in delightful meditations on his perfections; ' the next in his presence, and surrounded with scenes ' of bliss perfectly new, and unspeakable joyous; is a ' way of departing out of this life to be desired, not ' dreaded by ourselves, and felicitated, not consoled ' by our surviving friends. When all things are in a ' readiness for our removal out of the world, 'tis a ' privilege to be spared the sad ceremony of parting, ' and all the pains and struggles of feeble nature.'

Mrs. Rowe seemed, by the gaiety and cheerfulness of her temper, to be peculiarly fitted to enjoy life, and all its innocent satisfactions; yet, instead of any excessive fondness for things present and visible, her contempt for what she used to term a low state of existence, and a dull round of insipid pleasures, and the ardour with which she breathed after the divine enjoyments of a future world, were inconceivably great. When her acquaintance expressed to her the joy they felt at

seeing her look so well, and possessed of so much health as promised so many years to come, she was wont to reply: 'That it was the same as telling a slave his fetters were like to be lasting; or complimenting him on the strength of the walls of his dungeon.' And the fervour of her wishes to commence the life of angels, irresistibly broke from her lips in numberless other instances. This satiety of all things beneath the skies, and impatience after the perfect fruition of God, might, perhaps, be the occasion, that in several periods of her life she had flattered herself that she was near that blessed state on which she had fixed all her hopes. And in particular, a little time before her death, she expressed to several of her friends, her firm persuasion that her continuance on earth would be very short; but without assigning any peculiar reason for this opinion. I would not presume to lay any stress on such supposed presages; but as they have already been related to the public, I thought it not proper to omit all mention of them.

She was buried, according to her request, under the same stone with her father, in the meeting-place at Frome, on which occasion her funeral sermon was preached to a very crowded auditory, by the reverend and worthy Mr. Bowden. Her death was lamented with very uncommon and remarkable sorrow, by all who had heard of her virtue and merit; but particularly by those of the town where she had so long resided, and her most intimate acquaintance. Above all, the news of her death touched the poor and distressed with inexpressible affliction; and at her doors, and over her grave, they bewailed the loss of their benefactor, poured blessings on her memory, and recounted to each other the gentle and condescending manner with which she heard their requests, and the numerous instances in which they had experienced her unexampled goodness and bounty.

In Mrs. Rowe's cabinet were found the following

letters to several of her friends, for whom she had an high esteem and affection, which she had ordered to be delivered to the persons to whom they were directed, immediately after her decease, and by their obliging permission I communicate them to the public.

To the Countess of Hertford.

MADAM.

THIS is the last letter you will ever receive from me; the last assurance I shall give you, on earth, of a sincere and stedfast friendship. But when we meet again, I hope it will be in the heights of immortal love and extasy. Mine, perhaps, may be the first glad spirit to congratulate your safe arrival on the happy shores. Heaven can witness how sincere my concern for your happiness is: whether I have sent my ardent wishes, that you may be secured from the flattering delusions of the world; and after your pious example has been long a blessing to mankind, may you calmly resign your breath, and enter the confines of unmolested joy.

I am now taking my farewel of you here, but 'tis a short adieu; for I die with full persuasion that we shall soon meet again. But oh! in what elevation of happiness! In what enlargement of mind, and perfection of every faculty. What transporting reflections shall we make on the advantages of which we shall find ourselves eternally possessed! To him that loved, and washed us in his blood, we shall ascribe immortal glory, dominion and praise for ever.

This is all my salvation, and all my hope! That name in whom the Gentiles trust, in whom all the families on earth are blessed, is now my glorious, my un-failing confidence; in his merits alone I expect to stand justified before infinite purity and justice. How poor were my hopes, if I depended on those works which my own vanity, or the partiality of men, have called good; and which, examined by divine purity, would prove, perhaps, but specious sins! The best actions of my

life would be found defective, if brought to the test of unblemished holiness, in whose sight the heavens are not clean. Where were my hopes, but for a Redeemer's merits and atonement! how desperate, how undone my condition! With the utmost advantages I can boast, I should start back and tremble at the thoughts of appearing before the unblemished majesty—O Jesus, what harmony dwells in thy name! Celestial joy and immortal life is in the sound! Let angels set thee to their golden harps! let the ransomed nations for ever magnify thee!

What a dream is mortal life! what shadows are the objects of sense! All the glories of mortality, my much loved friend, will be nothing in your view, at the awful hour of death; when you must be separated from the whole creation, and enter on the borders of the immaterial world.

Something persuades me this will be my last farewell in this world: Heaven forbid that it should be an everlasting parting! May that divine protection, whose care I implore, keep you steadfast in the faith of christianity, and guide your steps in the strictest paths of virtue!

Adieu, my most dear friend, till we meet in the paradise of God.

ELIZ. ROWE.

To the Earl of Orrery.

MY LORD,

THERE seems to be something presaging in the message you ordered me to deliver to your charming Henrietta, when I met her gentle spirit in the blissful regions, which I believe will be very soon. I am now acting the last part of life, and composing myself to meet the universal terror with a fortitude becoming the principles of christianity. It is alone through the great Redeemer's merits and atonement, that I hope to pass undaunted through the fatal darkness.

Before him death, the grisly tyrant, flies,
He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

All human greatness makes no figure to my present apprehension; every distinction vanishes but those of virtue and real merit. It is this which gives a peculiar regard for such a character as yours, and gives me hopes your example will not fall short of those of your illustrious ancestors. The approaches of death set the world in a true light; its brightest advantages appear no more than a dream, in that solemn period. The immortal mind, perhaps, will quit a cottage with less regret than it would leave the splendor of a palace, and the breathless dust sleep as quietly beneath the grassy turf, as under the parade of a costly monument. These are insignificant circumstances to a spirit doomed to an endless duration of misery, or bliss. It is this important concern, my Lord, that has induced me to spend my time in a peaceful retirement, rather than to waste it in a train of thoughtless amusements. My thoughts are grown familiar with the solemnity of dying, and death seems to advance, not as an inflexible tyrant, but as the peaceful messenger of liberty and happiness. May I make my exit in that elate manner, those charming lines of Mr. Pope describe:

The world recedes, it disappears;
Heav'n opens on my eyes, my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

The nearer I am approaching to immortality, the more extensive and enlarged I find the principles of amity and good-will in my soul: From hence arise the most sincere wishes for your happiness, and of the

charming pledges your lovely Henrietta left. Oh! my Lord, if you would discharge the sacred trust, keep them under your own inspection.

This will not reach you, my Lord, till I am past the ceremony of subscribing

Your humble servant,
ELIZ. ROWE.

To Mr. James Theobald.

SIR,

THE converse I have had with you has been very short, but I hope the friendship begun by it will be transmitted to the regions of perfect amity and bliss. It would not be worth the while to cherish the impressions of a virtuous friendship, if the generous engagement was to be dissolved with mortal life: Such a thought would give the grave a deeper gloom, and add new horrors to the fatal darkness.

But I confess, I have brighter expectations, and am fully persuaded, those noble attachments that are founded on real merit, are of an immortal date. That benignity, that divine charity, which just warms the soul in these cold regions, will shine with new lustre, and burn with an eternal ardour in the happy seats of peace and love.

My present experience confirms me in this truth; the powers of nature are drooping, the vital spark grows languid and faint; while my affection for my surviving friends was never more warm, my concern for their happiness was never more ardent and sincere.

This makes me employ some of the last part of my time in writing to three or four persons, whose merit requires my esteem, in hopes this solemn farewell will leave a serious impression on their minds.

I am going to act the last and most important part of human life; in a little time I shall land on the immortal coasts, where all is new, amazing, and unknown. But however gloomy the passage appears,

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.——*Dr. Watts.*

Nature cannot but shiver on the fatal brinks, unwilling to try the grand experiment, whilst the hopes of christianity can alone support the soul in this solemn crisis. In this exigence the eternal Spirit whispers peace and pardon to the dying saint, through the atonement, and brightens the shadow of death with some glimmering of immortal light.

Tell Mrs. Theobald, I hope to meet her in the shining realms of love and unmingled bliss ;

Where crown'd with joy, and ever blooming youth,
The jocund hours dance on their endless round.

ELIZ. ROWE.

To Mrs. Sarah Rowe.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I AM now taking my final adieu of this world, in certain hopes of meeting you in the next. I carry to my grave my affection and gratitude to your family, and leave you with the sincerest concern for your own happiness, and the welfare of your family. May my prayers be answered when I am sleeping in the dust ! O may the angels of God conduct you in the paths of immortal glory and pleasure ! I would collect the powers of my soul, and ask blessings for you with all the holy violence of prayer. God Almighty, the God of your pious ancestors, who has been your dwelling-place for many generations, bless you !

'Tis but a short space I have to measure, the shadows are lengthening, and my sun declining. That goodness which has hitherto conducted me, will not fail me in the last concluding act of life ; that name which I have made my glory and my boast, shall then be my

strength and my salvation To meet death with a becoming fortitude is a part above the powers of nature, and which I can perform by no power or holiness of my own; for oh! in my best estate I am altogether vanity; a wretched, helpless sinner: But in the merits and perfect righteousness of God my Saviour, I hope to appear justified at the supreme tribunal, where I must shortly stand to be judged.

ELIZ. ROWE.

Mrs. Rowe was not a regular beauty, yet she possessed a large measure of the charms of her sex. She was of a moderate stature, her hair a fine auburn colour, and her eyes of a darkish grey, inclining to blue, and full of fire. Her complexion was very fair, and a natural rosy blush glowed in her cheeks. She spoke gracefully, and her voice was exceeding sweet and harmonious, and perfectly suited to that gentle language which always flowed from her lips. But the softness and benevolence of her aspect is beyond all description: It inspired irresistible love, yet not without some mixture of that awe and veneration, which distinguished sense and virtue, apparent in the countenance, are wont to create.

Her acquaintance with the great, had taught her all the accomplishments of good breeding, and complacency of behaviour; and without formality or affectation she practised, in a distant solitude, all the address and politeness of a court; but she learned no more than the real elegancies of grandeur. She was very remote from extravagance in habit, and seemed to have perfectly subdued the love of the vain shew of life; in which she may be thought to discover an elevation of soul superior to the natural inclinations of her sex, and great strength of virtue in resisting the general example of the age in which she lived. The labours of the toilette consumed very little of her time: She justly despised the arts of dress and ornament, and endeavoured to infuse the same contempt of them into all

her acquaintance; yet without falling into the other extreme of indecent negligence.

The love of solitude, which seems almost inseparable from a poetic genius, discovered itself very early in Mrs. Rowe, and never forsook her but with life itself. Before her marriage, though it cannot be doubted that she was often solicited to quit her beloved obscurity, yet she had only made a short visit at the town of a few weeks. After Mr. Rowe's decease, as a decent retreat seemed to her alone suited to a state of widowhood, her aversion to a public appearance in the world increased; and the approach of the decline of life determined her more strongly to devote the remainder of her days to retirement; nor could any arguments, or persuasions of her friends, prevail with Mrs. Rowe to alter her sentiments and conduct in this instance.

It has been imputed to persons of recluse and ascetic lives, that though their austere virtue may preserve them from sensual indulgencies, against which they are wont to express the utmost severity; yet they are too frequently apt to soothe themselves in pride, ill-nature, censoriousness, and the like hateful dispositions of the mind. The lustre of Mrs. Rowe's character was not sullied by so great a blemish. She was as exemplary for every social and good-natured virtue as for the exact sanctity of her manners; and justly thought the sins to which the soul is tempted by its union with the body, attended with less degrees of guilt than those other vices of a graver sort, which she believed, debased human nature into a nearer resemblance to that most evil and malevolent spirit, who is represented, in the sacred writings, as perfectly opposite to the benignity of the supreme Being.

She had the happiest command over her passions, and maintained a constant calmness of temper, and sweetness of disposition, that could not be ruffled with adverse accidents, nor soured by the approach of old

age itself. It has been questioned whether she was ever angry in her whole life; at least with regard to those little misfortunes, and displeasing incidents, that occur in common life, which, though really of a trivial nature, frequently prove too strong temptations to indecencies of passion; she was only wont to turn these into subjects of mirth, and agreeable raillery. And as persons are apt to be least on their guard against excesses of this kind towards inferiors and domestics, it ought to be observed, that her servant, who lived with her near twenty years, scarce ever discovered in her mistress, any tendency to anger towards herself, or any warmth of resentment against others, except in the cause of heaven, against great impiety, and flagrant crimes; on which occasions, some degree of indignation is not only irreproachable, but truly deserves the name of commendable and virtuous zeal.

Mrs. Rowe could hardly think any occasion would justify the reporting what was prejudicial to the reputation of another: 'I can appeal to you (says she, in a letter to a lady, who had been long and intimately acquainted with her) if you ever knew me make an envious, or an ill-natured reflection on any person on earth. The follies of mankind would afford a wide and various scene; but charity would draw a veil of darkness here, and chuse to be for ever silent, rather than expatiate on the melancholy theme.' Scandal and detraction appeared to her extreme inhumanity, which no charms of wit and politeness could make tolerable. If she was forced to be present at such kind of conversation, she had sometimes (when the freedom might be decently used) the courage openly to condemn it; and, I think, always the generosity to undertake the defence of the absent, when unjustly accused, and to extenuate even their real faults and errors.

She was as unacquainted with envy, as if it had been impossible for so base a passion to enter into the human

mind; and was always forward to do justice to every fine writer, and illustrious character of the age. She exceedingly loved to praise, and never failed to observe and applaud every appearance of merit in those with whom she was acquainted; but over-looked all their frailties with more than even the usual partiality of friendship. Yet, though she could have wished to have made no other use of speech than to commend worth and virtue, on some occasions a sense of duty compelled her to reprove; but the seeming severity of this virtue, was tempered by the softest arts of gentleness and goodness. In proof of which, it may not be improper to add the following instance of the honest artifices she used to disguise her admonitions. She has been frequently observed to commend persons of distinguished eminence for one kind of moral worth, before some of her friends, who were deficient in that particular virtue, in hopes they might be struck with the beauty of the example which she proposed to their imitation, in a manner so little apt to give offence.

She had few equals in her excellent turn of conversation. Her wit was inexhaustible, and she expressed her thoughts in the most beautiful and flowing eloquence; and as these uncommon advantages were accompanied with an easy goodness, and unaffected openness of behaviour, she infinitely charmed all who knew her.

Mrs. Rowe's wit, beauty and merit, had even from her youth conciliated to her much compliment and praise, and from such judges of worth as might have made some degree of vanity seem almost pardonable in a lady and an author. Yet, amidst these temptations to pride, she retained all the humility of the meanest and most obscure persons of the human race.

She was perfectly untainted with that love of pleasure which has so universally corrupted the present age; and is justly thought to have the most unfriendly influence on the noblest kind of virtue. She was igno-

rant of every polite and fashionable game. Play, she believed, at best, was but an art of losing time, and forgetting to think; but when she reflected on the fatal consequences that attend a fond attachment to this diversion, she had even an horror for it. Her taste was too refined and delicate to relish those insipid trifles, called Novels and Romances, usually as defective in wit, and true imitation of nature, as replete with indecent images, which pollute the imagination, and shock every chaste mind. She would have esteemed the diversions of the English theatre (especially those of the tragic kind) capable of affording the most noble and rational pleasure, if she could have believed them innocent; but so few of them appeared to her inoffensive to virtue, that she thought fit to abstain from those entertainments, which, in her opinion, generally tended to promote impurity of manners, and expose piety to scorn and ridicule. The native grandeur of her soul, preserved her from a fondness for any kind of luxury, judging it much beneath the dignity of a being possessed of reason, and born for immortality. She was always pleased with whatever she found on her table; and neither the nature of her food, nor the manner of dressing it, gave her any uneasiness: For if in either of these respects it was not perfectly agreeable, it only afforded her a subject of wit and pleasantry, instead of occasioning any disgust, or serious resentment. She mixed in no parties of pleasure, and extremely despised the trivial and uninstruative conversation of formal visits, which she avoided, at least, as much as decency would allow; and, indeed (except drawing) she had almost an equal contempt for every thing that bears the name of diversion and amusement, even of the most innocent kind.

The love of money she thought the most sordid and ignoble of passions, and frequently lamented its general prevalence over the human mind. She did not know her own estates from others, till some motives of pru-

dence obliged her to inform herself, when she apprehended she was soon to leave them; and was so far from that rigour in exacting her due, which approaches to inhumanity, that her neglect of her interest may be rather censured as excessive: She let her estates beneath their intrinsic value, as appears by the considerable advance of the rents since her decease; and was so gentle to her tenants, that she not only had no law suit with any of them, but would not so much as suffer them to be threatened with the seizure of their goods, on the neglect of payment of their rents. When one of them, who owed her an hundred pounds, carried off all his stock in the night, she could not be prevailed on to embrace an opportunity in her power of seizing it afterwards: and if he had not in this manner quitted the estate, upon receiving some just menaces without her knowledge, it is more than probable that her excess of goodness would have always prevented her from having recourse to rigorous methods to eject him, and compel him to do her justice. It would be easy to add several other instances, highly prejudicial to her interest, in which she voluntarily departed from her right, when she had the highest claim of equity. She could scarce bear the mention of injustice, without trembling; and the tenderness and delicacy of her conscience, with regard to this sin, was so great, that she hardly thought she could keep far enough from it. 'I can appeal to thee (says she in an address to God) 'how scrupulously I have acted in matters of equity, 'and how willingly I have injured myself to right 'others.' She spoke with much warmth of the extreme danger of any dishonest and fraudulent practice, and expressed her wonder, how persons could die with any repose of mind, under the least degree of such a kind of guilt.

Mrs. Rowe declined all honours that might have been paid her, on account of her works, by not presenting her name to any of them, except a few poems in-

the earlier part of her life. The same modest disposition of mind appears in the orders that she left in writing to her servant, in which, after having desired that her funeral might be by night, and attended only by a small number of friends, she adds, 'charge Mr. Bowden not to say one word of me in the sermon. I would lie in my father's grave, and have no stone nor inscription over my vile dust, which I gladly leave to oblivion and corruption, till it rise to a glorious immortality.'

Mrs. Rowe was exemplary for every relative duty. Filial piety was a remarkable part of her character. She loved the best of fathers, as she ought, and repaid his uncommon care and tenderness by all just returns of duty and affection. She has been heard to say, 'That she could die rather than displease him:' and the anguish she felt at seeing him in pain, in his last sickness, was so great, that it occasioned some kind of convulsion, a disorder from which she was wholly free in every other part of her life.

When she was entered into a marriage state, the highest esteem and most tender affection appeared in all her conduct to Mr. Rowe; and by the most gentle and obliging manners, and the exercise of every social and good-natured virtue, she confirmed the empire she had gained over his heart. She complied with his inclinations in several instances, to which she was naturally averse; and made it her study to soften the anxieties, and heighten all the satisfactions of his life. Her capacity for superior things did not tempt her to neglect the less honourable cares which the laws of decency impose on the softer sex in the connubial relation: Much less was she led by a sense of her own merit to assume any thing to herself inconsistent with that duty and submission which the precepts of christian piety so strictly enjoin. Mr. Rowe had some mixture of natural warmth in his temper, of which he had not always a perfect command. If at any time this broke out into some little excesses of anger, it never awakened

any passion of the like kind in Mrs. Rowe; but, on the contrary, she always remained mistress of herself, and studied by the gentlest language and most soothing endearments, to restore Mr. Rowe's mind to that calmness which reason approves. And she equally endeavoured, in every other instance, by the softest arts of persuasion, and in a manner remote from all airs of superiority, to lead Mr. Rowe on towards that perfection of virtue, to which she herself aspired with the truest christian zeal. During his long illness, she scarce ever stirred from him a moment, and alleviated his severe affliction by performing, with inconceivable tenderness and assiduity, all the offices of compassion suited to that melancholy season. She partook his sleepless nights, and never quitted his bed, unless to serve him, or watch by him. And as she could scarce be persuaded to forsake even his breathless clay, so she consecrated her future years to his memory, by honouring his ashes with resolutions of perpetual widowhood, which with more than female constancy she inviolably maintained.

She was a gentle and kind mistress; treating her servants with great condescension and goodness, and almost with the affability of a friend and equal. She caused due care to be taken of them when they were ill, and did not think it misbecome her to sit by the bed of a sick servant, to read to her books of piety. Her great humanity would not suffer her to be offended with light faults; and as she never dismissed any one from her family, so I think, none of her servants ever left her, but with a view to the changing their condition by marriage. She knew when she was well served, and reposed so much trust in those whose fidelity she had experienced, that it might seem to verge towards excess; yet, even such great confidence was hardly more than was due to that servant, who was with Mrs. Rowe at the time of her death; whose long and faithful duty to her mistress, and remarkable

forrow for her loss, deserve to be mentioned with honour.

She was a warm and generous friend, just if not partial to the merits of those whom she loved, and most gentle and candid to their errors. She was always forward to do them good offices; but in a distinguished manner, she studied with infinite art and zeal, to insinuate the love of virtue into all her acquaintance, and to promote their most important interests, by inciting them to the practice of every thing that would recommend them to higher degrees of the divine favour. This she proposed as the best end of friendship.

Mrs. Rowe was not entirely free from the attacks of malice, that she might not be without opportunity to exercise the divine virtue of forgiveness; yet one could scarce have learned from her discourse that she had an enemy; for she was not wont to complain of any indecent conduct or injuries done to herself: so that it was apparent, such things made light impressions on her mind: or that she had endeavoured to efface them with the happiest success.

Her charities were so great, that she devoted the whole of her income, besides what was barely sufficient for the necessities of life, to the relief of the indigent and distressed.

Misery and indigence were a sufficient recommendation to her compassionate regard and assistance; yet she shewed a distinguished readiness to alleviate the afflictions of persons of merit and virtue: And one who had the best opportunities of making this observation, assures me, that she never knew any such apply to Mrs. Rowe, without success, when she had it in her power to relieve their wants. The first time she accepted of a gratification from the bookseller for any of her works, she bestowed the whole sum on a family in distress: and there is great reason to believe that she employed all the money that she ever received on such an account in as generous a manner. And once, when she had

not by her a sum of money large enough to supply the like necessities of another family, she readily sold a piece of plate for this purpose. She was accustomed, on going abroad, to furnish herself with pieces of money of different values, that she might relieve any objects of compassion who should fall in her way, according to their several degrees of indigence. She contributed to some designs that had the appearance of charity, though she could not approve of them in every respect: For she said, 'It was fit, sometimes, to give 'for the credit of religion, when other inducements 'were wanting, that the professors of Christianity 'might not be charged with covetousness.' A vice which she abhorred so much, that scarce any grosser kind of immorality could more effectually exclude from her friendship. 'I never, said she, grudge any 'money, but when it is laid out on myself; for I consider how much it would buy for the poor.' Besides the sums of money which she gave away, and the distribution of practical books on religious subjects, she employed her own hands in labours of charity to clothe the necessitous. This she did, not only for the natives of the lower Palatinate, when they were driven from their country by the rage of war, which appeared a calamity peculiarly worthy of compassion; but it was her frequent employment to make garments of almost every kind, and bestow them on those who wanted them. She discovered a strong sense of humanity, and often shewed her exquisite concern for the unhappy, by weeping over their misfortunes. These were the generous tears of virtue, and not any feminine weakness; for she was rarely observed to weep at afflictions that befel herself. She was, indeed, so sensibly touched with the miseries of the poor, as not only to send her servant to examine what they stood in need of when they were sick, but often visited them in person, when they were so wretched that their houses were not fit for to enter into; and even when they were ill of malignant and contagious distempers.

One kind of munificence, in which she greatly delighted, was causing children to be taught to read and work : These she furnished with supplies of clothing, as well as bibles, and other necessary books of instruction. This she did not only at Frome, but also at a neighbouring village, where part of her estate lay. And when she met in the streets with children of promising countenances, who were perfectly unknown to her, if, upon enquiry, it appeared, that through the poverty of their parents they were not put to school, she added them to the number of those who were taught at her own expence. She condescended, herself, to instruct them in the plain and necessary principles and duties of religion; and the grief she felt when any of them did not answer the hopes she had entertained, was equal to the great satisfaction she received, when it appeared that her care and bounty had been well placed. She was also a contributor to a charitable institution of this kind at Frome of a more public nature; though, according to the general custom of such schools, all who were educated in it were compelled to worship God in that particular form, from which she herself took the liberty to dissent. But Mrs. Rowe was not corrupted by this example of contracted goodness, which can scarce be reconciled to that universal benevolence the gospel enjoins: Her charities were not confined to those of her own party or sentiments, but bestowed on indigent persons of almost all the sects into which Christianity is divided; and even those whose religious opinions seemed to her of the most dangerous consequence partook largely of her bounty. Nor was her beneficence limited only to those who in strict terms might be called poor; for as she was wont to say, 'It was 'one of the greatest benefits that could be done to 'mankind, to free them from the cares and anxieties 'that attend a narrow fortune;' in pursuance of those generous sentiments she has been often known to make large presents to persons, who were not oppressed with the least extremes of indigence.

It is astonishing how the moderate estate Mrs. Rowe was possessed of, could supply such various and expensive benefactions; and her own sense of this once broke out to an intimate friend: 'I am surprized, said she 'to her, how it is possible my estate should answer all 'these things! and yet I never want money.' This she only spoke to give honour to the divine blessing, which, as she was wont to acknowledge with great piety, apparently protected her from losses, and prospered all her affairs.

She practised secret prayer three times a-day. She had an high veneration and love to the Lord's-day, which she wholly consecrated to piety and devotion. She never neglected any opportunity of partaking of the holy communion, for which she had the highest affection and veneration. She had an inexpressible love and veneration for the Holy Scriptures, and was assiduous in the reading of them, particularly the New Testament, the Psalms, and those parts of the prophetic writings which relate to our blessed Saviour.

She possessed a large measure of that serenity and cheerfulness of temper, which seem naturally to flow from conscious virtue and the hope of the divine favour. Her whole life seemed not only a constant calm, but a perpetual sun-shine, and every hour of it sparkled with good humour, and inoffensive gaiety.

Her friendships were founded on virtue. She shewed a generous mind, elevated above the mean principles of party and bigotry. She was favoured with the esteem and acquaintance of the Countess of Winchelsea, the Viscountess Weymouth, the Viscountess Scudamore, the Lady Carteret, the Lady Brooke, the honourable Mrs. Thynne, the Earl of Orrery, Dr. Kenn, Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, Sir Richard Blackmore, Dr. Watts, Mr. Prior, Mr. Grove, the Countess of Hertford, &c.



POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

A PARAPHRASE ON CANTICLES.

In Blank Verse.

A DIVINE PASTORAL.

CHAP. I.

SHE.

O COME! and with thy balmy kisses soothe
These holy languishments, and let thy breath
With vital fragrance cheer my drooping powers:
Not spicy wines with their delicious scent,
And cordial flavour, so revive the soul.

Thy name is music! when I mention thee
Celestial sweetness fills the ambient air;
The list'ning virgins find the heav'nly charm,
Confess thy worth, and catch the sacred flame.

O draw me with the soft, resistless hands
Of gentle love, and I will follow thee
To those fair chambers where my gracious king
With royal banquets feasts my longing soul,
And seals his truth in sacramental wine.
But who can paint the rising ecstacy
His presence gives, while on his charming face
Sit smiling beauty and immortal love?

Have I deserv'd this grace? my conscious heart
Forbids the guilty boast; for I am black

B

As Kedar's tents; expos'd at burning noon
The sultry sun has stain'd my native hue.
But who shall ask my glorious lover why
His favours, thus unmerited, are plac'd?

Conduct me, thou more dear to me than life!
Conduct me where thy snowy flocks are fed,
In verdant meads among the living springs
That gently wind around their flow'ry banks:
There let me shelter'd in the cool recess
Of some delightful shade repose at noon,
Nor ever from thy sacred pastures stray
In paths unknown, nor hear a stranger's voice.

HE.—Thou fairest object that the world can boast!
Keep near the shepherd's tents; thy little kids
May there securely feed and safely rest,
Follow the bleating of my harmless flocks,
And mark their footsteps on the grassy plain.

What artless graces on thy mien appear!
Not Pharaoh's manag'd steeds with easier state,
In golden reins the royal chariot draw.
Where e'er I gaze, new beauties charm my sight,
The sparkling pendants on thy blushing cheeks
More warmly glow, while from thy lovely neck
The circling chain new blandishment receives.

Ye nymphs of Salem, with your nicest art
Prepare the nuptial vest: On braided gold
Let silver foilage round the border shine.

SHE.—While at his royal board the heav'nly king
Vouchsafes to entertain his joyful guests,
Let all my spikenard yield its rich perfume:
But oh! what sweetness like his rosy breath?
Not myrrh new bleeding from the wounded tree,
Nor blest Arabia through her spicy groves,
Such fragrance blows. He all the silent night
Shall lean his head upon my peaceful breast.

As clustering camphire, with a livelier green
Distinguish'd, in Engedi's vineyard stands,

Thus with peculiar charms thy heav'nly form
Surpasses all the pride of human race.

Not half so bright the eyes of doves as thine,
Their lustre all similitude exceeds:
Description faints when I would talk of thee.

But I shall praise thee in a loftier strain,
When in the blissful bow'rs above we meet;
Those glorious mansions rais'd by skill divine,
Where crown'd with peace, and ever-verdant youth,
The jocund hours dance on their endless round.

CHAP. II.

HE.

A BLOOM like thine the vernal rose displays
On Sharon's flow'ry lawn; so pure a white
The fragrant lily of the valley wears:
As these among the rambling briars shine,
My fair excels the daughters of the land.

SHE.—My prince distinguish'd with superior charms
Outshines the brightest of the sons of men;
As some tall tree, with golden apples crown'd,
Stands eminent, the glory of the grove:
Beneath his cooling shade reclin'd I sat,
And sooth'd my taste with the delicious fruit.

Me to his house of banquetting the king
With gracious smiles invites, and o'er my head
The banners of immortal love displays;
Its sacred myst'ries unfolded there,
Emblazon'd, shew the triumphs of his grace.

With flowing bowls from life's eternal spring,
And heav'nly fruits refresh my fainting soul;
For I am sick of love.—O let me lean
My drooping head upon thy downy breast;
While thy left arm supports me, let thy right
Kindly infold me in a chaste embrace.

HE.—Jerusalem's fair daughters, that attend
 The princely bow'rs, I charge you by the hinds,
 The nimble roe-bucks, and the sportive fawns,
 (Your sylvan joys) I charge you not to wake
 My sleeping Love, nor break her golden rest.

SHE.—What heav'nly music steals upon the dawn?
 'Tis my Beloved's voice! behold! he comes,
 Light as a bounding hart along the hills;
 Now through the lattice darts his radiant eyes,
 And in this gentle language calls me forth;
 ' Arise, my charmer! see! the morning breaks
 ' In rosy smiles; the wint'ry storms are gone,
 ' The fragrant spring, with flow'ry chaplets crown'd,
 ' Leads on her jovial train; the feather'd race
 ' In artless harmony unite their strains,
 ' While cooing turtles murmur in the glade;
 ' The pregnant fig-tree shoots, the purple vine
 ' With promis'd clusters cheers the pruner's hope;
 ' Nature in all her vernal glory shines:
 ' Arise, my Fair! arise, and come away!

From the cool grotto's of the marble rock
 Come forth, my Dove, display thy lovely face,
 And let thy charming voice delight mine ear;
 Thy voice is music, harmony divine,
 And in thy face celestial beauty smiles.

Ye keepers of my vineyard, spread the toils
 To catch the wily foxes, that destroy
 The swelling clusters rich with purple juice.

SHE.—My lord is mine, and I am wholly his
 By purchas'd right, and voluntary vows.
 Among the lilies he delights to walk,
 Himself more fragrant, and more fair than they!

O stay! nor leave me 'till the morning rays
 Break from the east, and dissipate the gloom:
 Then if I must awhile thy absence mourn,
 Swift as the hart on Beth'er's airy hills
 Return again, and bless my longing eyes.

CHAP. III.

SHE.

'TWAS night, when on my restless bed I fought,
 But sought in vain, the partner of my cares,
 For he was now withdrawn: in soft complaints
 I breath'd my grief, but there was no reply.
 With haste I rise, and thro' the spacious streets
 Distracted rove; at last, the nightly watch
 I met, but they no consolation give.
 Not far from them my weary feet had gone,
 Ere the bright object of my love appear'd;
 Eager I clasp'd him in my folded arms;
 Then gently drew him to my mother's house,
 The sacred seat where first our mutual flames
 With solemn vows, and holy rites were seal'd.

Virgins of Salem, by the forest roe,
 And skipping fawn, I charge you not to wake
 My slumb'ring Lord, nor break his soft repose.
 See! where he comes from his sequester'd bow'r,
 And with celestial fragrance fills the air,
 Perfum'd with all the aromatic cost
 That rich Sabæa's spicy groves produce:
 Such sweets in clouds of holy incense rise,
 When eastern odours on the altar smoke.

The regal bed a valiant guard surrounds:
 Threescore the boldest sons of Judah's race,
 With each a sword girt on his manly thigh,
 To free the night from terror and alarm.

King Solomon with wond'rous art prepar'd
 A chariot blazing with imperial cost:
 The frame was polish'd wood from Lebanon,
 Its pedestals of gold, in equal height
 The silver pillars rose, the gay support
 Of purple curtains, proud with Tyrian dye,
 The seat beneath was softly pav'd with love.

Daughters of Salem, see the Hebrew king

Crown'd with the beauteous wreath his mother plac'd
 About his temples, on that happy day
 When bridal rites completed all his bliss.

CHAP. IV.

HE.

WHAT sparkling language can describe my fair?
 Not all the various charms that nature boasts,
 In gay similitudes can reach her worth.

Less mild than her's the eyes of doves appear,
 Her tresses waving to the sportive wind,
 Look like the frisking kids on Gilead's plain.
 In equal rows her teeth appear more white
 Than sheep new shorn wash'd in the crystal brook.
 Her lips like threads of scarlet: When she speaks
 In sweetest sounds the melting accents flow.
 Her rosy cheeks glow through the flowing curls,
 Like ripe pomegranates blushing on the tree.
 Like David's lofty tow'r her graceful neck,
 Circled with gems, as that with glittering shields.
 Her breasts the seat of innocence and truth,
 Harmless and white as twins of gentle roes,
 Which in some fragrant spot of lilies feed.

'Till the celestial morn with golden beams
 Dispels the gloom, and clears the dusky sky,
 I'll hasten to the hills of frankincense,
 And dropping myrrh; while thro' the silent shades
 Refreshing gales their balmy breath diffuse.

How fair thou art! how spotless in my sight!
 Return, my Love, from Lebanon with me
 To Shenir's groves, and Hermon's flow'ry plain.
 Look from the top of Amana, nor fear
 The spotted leopard or the lion's range.

A thousand graces lighten in thy eyes;
 In pleasing chains thy captive I am held,
 My Spouse! my Sister!—If beyond these names

Of chaste affection, there are dearer ties
 Still thou art more to me! My ravish'd heart
 Dwells on thy heav'nly beauties, and prefers
 Thy love to all the joys of sprightly wine.
 Not honey dropping from the luscious comb
 Exceeds the sweetness on thy balmy lips.
 The vernal scents of Lebanon perfume
 Thy flowing vest with aromatic dew.

A garden well enclos'd, a fountain seal'd
 From all unholy and profane access,
 Such is my Love to me: As fertile too,
 As some fair orchard crown'd with ev'ry plant
 Grateful in taste or smell.—Thro' verdant leaves
 The large pomegranate's ripen'd scarlet glows,
 While spikenard, cassia, frankincense and myrrh
 Their humid odours yield: The golden bloom
 Of saffron spreads its treasures to the sun.

But thou art sweeter than the flow'ry spring,
 Or blest Arabia when her spices blow;
 Thy mind unsully'd as the crystal streams
 That plenteous flow from tow'ring Lebanon.

SHE.—Awake, thou north, ye southern breezes, rise,
 With silken wings your balmy vapour spread,
 And open ev'ry aromatic bloom!
 While my Beloved with his presence glads
 The sylvan scenes, and tastes my pleasant fruits.

CHAP. V.

HE.

I COME, my lovely sister and my spouse!
 Those spicy groves, and ever blooming bow'rs,
 Invite me often to their happy shades;
 Balsamic odours and delicious fruits,
 With various plenty entertain me here.

O come, my friends, the banquet is divine!

Indulge your taste, and recreate your souls
With heav'nly food, and consecrated wines.

SHE.—Unwelcome slumbers steal upon my sense,
I sleep, but still my list'ning fancy wakes.
'Tis my beloved speaks, I know the voice:
'My fair, my undefil'd! he gently cries,
'Unbolt those envious doors; 'tis I that call
'For entrance here: My locks with drizly dews,
'And falling moisture of the night are fill'd.
'My vesture's off, my cruel tongue reply'd,
'How can I put it on? My feet, new wash'd,
'How can I groping through the dark defile?"

Still at the door my injur'd lord attends,
While on the lock his busy fingers move
Touch'd with a soft remorse, at last I rise,
Flew to the door; but while with eager haste
The fasten'd lock I search'd, sweet smelling myrrh
From ev'ry bolt its precious moisture shed;
The rich perfume my lover's hands had left.
With joyful speed the passage I unbarr'd,
But found my visionary bliss was gone;
My soul with anguish melted when he spoke,
And now with wild distraction sees her guilt.
I call'd in vain, for there was no reply,
In vain I search'd, for he was now withdrawn:
Then pensive wand'ring through the silent streets
The watchman found me, and with cruel scorn
Reproach my honour and unblemish'd name.
The scoffing sentry took away my veil.

But you, bright maids of Salem, I adjure
By your own chaste affections, if you find
My lord, with all your tender eloquence
Relate the anguish of my love-sick heart.

VIRGINS.—Inform us then, thou fairest of thy sex!
For whom those melting tears are shed in vain;
Tell us with what peculiar excellence
Superior to the race of men he shines.

SHE.—Among ten thousand he distinguish'd stands,
 A spotless white with rosy blushes stain'd.
 Adorns his face, bright as a cloudless morn,
 With crimson flush'd. In shining curls his hair
 Flows graceful down, black as the raven's plumes.
 His eyes, the eyes of doves, serene and mild.
 A vernal bloom upon his youthful cheeks
 And balmy lips perpetually resides.
 To what shall I his matchless hands compare,
 And snowy fingers? whence the circling gems
 Receive more grace and lustre than they give.
 His well shap'd legs in just proportion rise
 Like marble pillars on a base of gold.
 Majestic and complete his form appears,
 As tow'ring Lebanon with cedars crown'd.
 Persuasion dwells upon his charming tongue,
 And eloquence divine: Whene'er he speaks
 My soul with ecstacy attends the sound.
 He's altogether lovely?—This is he,
 My friend, my life, and my eternal bliss!

CHAP. VI.

VIRGINS.

THOU prime of beauty! tell us where to find
 Thy absent Lord; to what sequester'd shade
 Does he retire? that we may seek him there.

SHE.—The fertile gardens are his pleasing haunts;
 With balmy scents and juicy fruits regal'd,
 On flow'ry beds he takes his sweet repose.

Though absent now, my well-beloved's mine,
 And I am his: Immortal love has join'd
 Our constant hearts; nor place, nor endless lengths
 Of time shall e'er the sacred union break.

HE.—See here she comes!—but how divinely fair!
 Should Tirza with its lofty turrets rise,

Or Salem's golden spires the landscape paint,
 A finer prospect in her face I view.
 Should armies march along in pompous ranks,
 With ensigns spread, and glittering spears advanc'd,
 Her glances, yet more conqu'ring rays would dart.—
 O turn away thy bright resistless eyes!

They overcome me with their piercing light.

As Gilead's rising top with flocks adorn'd,
 Thy temples thus the curling tresses grace.
 Not sheep new wash'd, with snowy twins appear
 More white and equal than thy polish'd teeth:
 Nor half so fair the ripe pomegranate's blush,
 As that which glows upon thy blooming cheek.

Unnumber'd beauties grace Judea's court,
 And royal maids their sov'reign's will attend:
 But thou art one selected from the rest,
 Thy mother's blooming joy and only care.

The queens and virgins saw thy matchless form,
 Approv'd thy charms, and blest thee with their smiles.

Thy lovely aspect, as the morning clear,
 Fair as the silver moon, but darting light
 More warm and splendid than the mid day sun!
 Thy mien majestic, as the pompous show
 Of armies in a proud triumphant march!
 Along the spicy groves and flow'ry vale,
 Delighted with their various sweets I walk'd,
 Survey'd the springing plants, the curling vines,
 And fair pomegranates in their luscious bloom.
 But oh! the blest surprise, when unawares
 Thy lovely form among the trees I saw:
 Wing'd with desire my hasty steps out flew
 Aminadab's light chariots in their speed.
 Return, my charming Shulamite, return
 With me to those inviting shades again;
 Our joys the same as when two armies join'd
 In peaceful leagues forget their hostile claims.

CHAP. VII.

HE.

THOU lovely offspring of a princely race,
 How graceful is thy mien ! Thy slender legs
 With buskins ty'd of ornamental cost !
 What just proportion shines in ev'ry part !
 What artful hand such excellence can trace !

Like summer harvests fruitful, and as fair
 As silver lilies in their snowy pride.
 Her breasts like twins of young unspotted roes.
 Her neck an iv'ry column fitly plac'd,
 But what can match the splendour of her eyes ?
 Not Heshbon's limpid current, when the sun
 Reflected sparkles on the crystal wave.
 As Lebanon's high palace, op'ning wide
 In dazzling prospect to the distant hills,
 Such perfect symmetry her features boast.
 As Carmel's top with plenteous verdure crown'd,
 Her head a flowing length of shining hair
 With silken ringlets decks.—Th' enamour'd king,
 Held by her beauty, in the gallery stays.

How fair thou art ! how fashion'd for delight !
 Thy stature like the shapely palm, thy breasts
 Like swelling clusters of the juicy vine :
 I'll climb the palm, and with its verdant boughs
 My joyful temples crown ; the juicy vine
 Shall with its swelling clusters please my taste.

The vernal sweetness of thy rosy lips
 The ambient air perfumes ; while in thy voice
 Celestial music charms my list'ning ears :
 Thy voice would stay th' invading sleep of death,
 And with immortal rapture fill the soul.

SHE.—What joy can equal this transporting thought,
 That my beloved's mine, and I am his !
 Come, let us to the peaceful village haste,
 There lodge at night ; and at the early dawn
 With thee I'll range the solitary fields,

Observe the vineyards, how their branches shoot,
 How in its prime the fresh pomegranate glows ;
 These pleasing scenes shall tender thoughts inspire,
 Improve our joys, and soothe the heav'nly flame.
 Come, let us hasten to our country-seat,
 The blooming season in its prime appears ;
 The mandrakes at our gates perfume the air :
 Within, what choice autumnal plenty yields,
 Or early springs produce, fruits new and old
 Of pleasing taste are all reserv'd for thee.

CHAP. VIII.

SHE.

O COULD I call thee by a brother's name,
 That tender title would indulge my bliss ;
 While unrestrain'd by the superior claims
 I'd lead thee to my mother's rural seat,
 And with domestic kindness treat thee there,
 With spicy wines and sweet pomegranate's juice ;
 Then leaning on thy bosom gently rest,
 While thou shouldst fold me in a chaste embrace.
 Ye virgin train, I charge you not to wake
 My sleeping lover from his soft repose.

HE.—Come, lean, my fair, on this supporting arm,
 The care to guide thy gentle steps be mine,
 Along this gloomy forest's winding paths,
 These pleasing scenes the pleasing thought revive,
 When first thy mother brought thee to my arms ;
 Beneath a spreading tree's delightful shade
 I saw, and rais'd thee from the lowly ground.

SHE.—For ever blest be that auspicious hour,
 And may the soft impression ne'er be lost !
 O set me as a signet on thy heart !
 For love is strong as death, and jealousy
 Relentless as the grave ; and mine's a flame

That streams, that swelling fountains cannot quench,
Nor all the ocean's boundless stores allay.
I have a sister yet obscure and young,
A helpless orphan; let my gracious prince
With pity think on her defenceless state.

HE.—If worthy of our royal grace she prove,
A palace rich with silver roofs we'll raise,
Enclos'd with doors of cedar for her guard.

SHE.—Such was the favour, so divinely free,
That first with gentle and propitious eyes
Beheld my humble charms, and rais'd me thus.

HE.—His vineyard Solomon to keepers lets;
But mine, entrusted to no hireling's hands,
With pleasing toil employs my busy hours,
And is my constant, my peculiar care.
With thee, my love, conversing in the shades
The downy moments wing'd with pleasure fly;
Still I could listen to thy charming voice:
Thy fair companions too instructed hear
Thy gracious words, and catch thy heav'nly sound.

SHE.—My lord! my life! my soul's eternal bliss!
Haste to my longing arms! fly like the roe,
Or bounding hart on Bethel's spicy hills!

A HYMN ON HEAVEN.

WHAT glorious things of thee, O glorious place!
Shall my bold muse in daring numbers speak?
While to immortal strains I tune my lyre,
And warbling imitate angelic airs:
While ecstasy bears up my soul aloft,
And lively faith gives me a distant glimpse
Of glories unreveal'd to human eyes.
Ye starry mansions, hail! my native skies!

Here in my happy, pre-existent state,
 (A spotless mind) I led the life of gods;
 But passing, I salute you, and advance
 To yonder brighter realm's allow'd access.

Hail, splendid city of th' almighty king!
 Celestial Salem, situate above :

Magnificent thy prospect, and august,
 Thy walls sublime, thy tow'rs and palaces
 Illustrious fair, with orient gems appear.
 There, regent angels, crown'd with stars, command,
 High in the midst, the awful throne of God
 Ascends, the utmost empyrean arch,
 The heav'n of heav'ns ; where in conceiveless light,
 Such as infinity alone can prove,
 He enjoys th' extremest bounds of happiness,
 And was in perfect blessedness the same
 Ere any thing existed but himself ;
 Ere time, or place, or motion, had a name ;
 Before the spheres began their tuneful round ;
 Or through the air the sun had spread his beams ;
 Ere at his feet the flaming seraphs bow'd,
 And cast their shining crowns before his throne ;
 Ere smiling angels tun'd their golden harps,
 Or sung one hallelujah to his praise.
 But mighty love, which mov'd him to create,
 Still moves him to communicate his bliss.

O speak ! you happy spirits that surround
 His dazzling throne, for you alone can tell ;
 For you alone those raptures can describe,
 And stem th' impetuous floods of joy that rise
 Within your breasts, when all unveil'd, you view
 The wonders of the beatific sight :
 When from the bright unclouded face of God
 You drink full draughts of bliss and endless love,
 And plunge yourselves in life's immortal fount ;
 The spring of joy, which from his darling throne
 In endless currents smoothly glides away,
 Thro' all the verdant fields of paradise ;
 Thro' balmy groves, where on their flow'ry banks,

To murmur'ing waters, and soft whisp'ring winds,
 Fair spirits in melodious concert join,
 And sweetly warble their heroic loves.
 For love makes half their heav'n, and kindles here
 New flames, and ardent life in ev'ry breast;
 While active pleasure lightens in their eyes,
 And sparkling beauty shines on every face:
 Their spotless minds, all pure and exquisite,
 The noblest heights of love prepar'd to act,
 In everlasting sympathies unite,
 And melt, in flowing joys, eternity away.

To those blest shades, and amaranthine bow'rs,
 When dazzled with th' insufferable beams
 That issue from the open face of God,
 For umbrage many a seraphim resorts:
 Nor longer here o'er their bright faces clasp
 Their gorgeous wings, which open wide, display
 More radiance than adorns the cheerful sun,
 When first he from the rosy east looks out:
 Gentle as love, their looks serene as light,
 Blooming and gay as everlasting springs.

But oh! when in the lofty blissful bow'rs,
 With heav'nly skill, to the harmonious lyre,
 The clear, the sweet, the melting voice they join;
 The vales of heav'n rejoice, and echoing loud,
 Redouble ev'ry charming close again;
 While trembling winds upon their fragrant wings
 Bear far the soft, melodious sounds away;
 The silver streams their winding journeys stay,
 Suspend their murmurs, and attend the song;
 The laughing fields new flow'rs and verdure wear,
 And all the trees of life bloom out afresh.
 The num'rous suns which gild the realms of joy,
 Dance in their lightsome spheres, and brighter day
 Thro' all th' interminable ether darts,
 While to the great unutterable name,
 All glory they ascribe in lofty strains,
 In strains expressless by a mortal tongue.
 O happy regions! O transporting place!

With what regret I turn my loathing eyes
 To yonder earthly globe, my dusky seat!
 But, ah! I must return; no more allow'd
 To breathe the calm, the soft, celestial air,
 And view the mystic wonders of the skies.

A DESCRIPTION OF HELL.

IN IMITATION OF MILTON.

DEEP, to unfathomable spaces deep,
 Descend the dark, detested paths of hell,
 The gulphs of execration and despair,
 Of pain, and rage, and pure unmingled woe;
 The realms of endless death, and seats of night,
 Uninterrupted night, which sees no dawn,
 Prodigious darkness! which receives no light,
 But from the sickly blaze of sulph'rous flames,
 That cast a pale and dead reflection round,
 Disclosing all the desolate abyss,
 Dreadful beyond what human thought can form,
 Bounded with circling seas of liquid fire.
 Aloft the blazing billows curl their heads,
 And form a roar along the direful strand;
 While ruddy cat'raets from on high descend,
 And urge the fiery ocean's stormy rage.
 Impending horrors o'er the region frown,
 And weighty ruin threatens from on high;
 Inevitable snares, and fatal pits,
 And gulphs of deep perdition, wait below;
 Whence issue long, remediless complaints,
 With endless groans, and everlasting yells.
 Legions of ghastly fiends (prodigious sight!)
 Fly all confus'd across the sickly air,
 And roaring horrid, shake the vast extent.
 Pale, meagre spectres wander all around,
 And pensive shades, and black deformed ghosts.
 With impious fury some aloud blaspheme,

And wildly staring upwards, curse the skies ;
 While some, with gloomy terror in their looks,
 Trembling all over, downward cast their eyes,
 And tell, in hollow groans, their deep despair.

Convinc'd by fatal proofs, the atheist here
 Yields to the sharp tormenting evidence ;
 And of an infinite eternal mind,
 At last the challeng'd demonstration meets.

The libertine his folly here laments,
 His blind extravagance, that made him sell
 Unfading bliss, and everlasting crowns,
 Immortal transports, and celestial feasts,
 For the short pleasure of a sordid sin,
 For one fleet moment's despicable joy.
 Too late, all lost, for ever lost ! he sees
 The envy'd saints triumphing from afar,
 And angels basking in the smiles of God.
 But oh ! that all was for a trifle lost,
 Gives to his bleeding soul perpetual wounds.

The wanton beauty, whose bewitching arts,
 Has drawn ten thousand wretched souls to hell,
 Depriv'd of ev'ry blandishment and charm,
 All black, and horrid, seeks the darkest shades,
 To shun the fury of revengeful ghosts,
 That with vindictive curses still pursue
 The author of their miserable fate,
 Who from the paths of life seduc'd their souls,
 And led them down to these accurst abodes.

The fool that sold his heav'n for gilded clay,
 The scorn of all the damn'd, ev'n here laments
 His sordid heaps ; which still to purchase, he
 A second time would forfeit all above :
 Nor covets fields of light, nor starry wreaths,
 Nor angels songs, nor pure unmingled bliss,
 But for his darling treasure still repines ;
 Which from afar, to aggravate his doom,
 He sees some thoughtless prodigal consume.

Beyond them all a miserable hell
 The execrable persecutor finds ;

No spirit howls among the shades below
 More damn'd, more fierce, nor more a fiend than he.
 Aloud he heav'n and holiness blasphemes,
 While all his enmity to good appears,
 His enmity to good; once falsely call'd
 Religious warmth, and charitable zeal.
 On high, beyond th' unpassable abyfs,
 To aggravate his righteous doom, he views
 The blisful realms, and there the schismatic,
 The visionary, the deluded saint,
 By him so often hated, wrong'd, and scorn'd,
 So often curs'd, and damn'd, and banish'd thence;
 He sees him there possess of all that heav'n,
 Those glories, those immortal joys, which he,
 The orthodox, unerring catholic,
 The mighty fav'rite, and elect of God,
 With all his mischievous, converting arts,
 His killing charity, and burning zeal,
 His pompous creeds, and boasted faith, has lost.

THOUGHTS OF A DYING CHRISTIAN.

I COME, I come! and joyfully obey
 The fatal voice that summons me away:
 With pleasure I resign this mortal breath,
 And fall a willing sacrifice to death.
 O welcome stroke, that gives me liberty!
 Welcome, as to the slave, a jubilee!
 Of the vain world I take my last adieu,
 The promis'd land is now within my view;
 The clouds dispel, the stormy danger's past,
 And I attain the peaceful shores at last.
 My hope's dear objects, now are all in sight,
 The lands of love, and unexhausted light;
 The flowing streams of joy, and endless bliss,
 The shining plains, and walks of paradise;
 The trees of life, immortal fruits and flow'rs,
 The tall celestial groves, and charming bow'rs;

I breathe the balmy empyrean air,
 The songs of angels, and their harps I hear ;
 And scarce the fierce, tyrannic joy can bear. }

THE VISION.

TWAS in the close recesses of a shade,
 A shade for sacred contemplation made ;
 No beauteous branch, no plant, or fragrant flow'r,
 But flourish'd near the fair, delicious bow'r ;
 With charming state its lofty arches rise,
 Adorn'd with blossoms, as with stars the skies ;
 All pure and fragrant was the air I drew,
 Which winds thro' myrtle groves and orange blew ;
 Clear waves along with pleasing murmur rush,
 And down the artful falls in noble cat'racts gush.

'Twas here, within this happy place retir'd,
 Harmonious pleasures all my soul inspir'd ;
 I take my lyre, and try each tuneful string,
 Now war, now love, and beauty's force would sing ;
 To heav'nly subjects now, in serious lays,
 I strive my faint, unskilful voice to raise :
 But as I unresolv'd and doubtful lay,
 My cares in easy slumbers glide away :
 Nor with such grateful sleep, such soothing rest,
 And dreams like this I e'er before was blest'd ;
 No wild, uncouth chimera's intervene,
 To break the perfect intellectual scene.

The place was all with heav'nly light o'er-flown,
 And glorious with immortal splendor shone ;
 When lo ! a bright ethereal youth drew near,
 Ineffable his motions and his air.

A soft, beneficent, expresseless grace,
 With life's most florid bloom adorn'd his face ;
 Wreaths of immortal palm his temples bind,
 And long his radiant hair fell down behind,
 His azure robes hung free, and waving to the wind. }

Angelic his address, his tuneful voice
 Inspir'd a thousand elevating joys:
 When thus the wond'rous youth his silence broke,
 And with an accent all celestial spoke:

To heav'n, nor longer pause, devote thy songs,
 To heav'n the muse's sacred art belongs;
 Let his unbounded glory be thy theme,
 Who fills th' eternal regions with his fame;
 And when death's fatal sleep shall close thine eyes,
 In triumph we'll attend thee to the skies;
 We'll crown thee there with everlasting bays,
 And teach thee all our celebrated lays.
 This spoke, the shining vision upward flies,
 And darts as lightning thro' the cleaving skies.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP;

A PASTORAL.

AMARYLLIS.

WHILE from the skies the ruddy sun descends;
 And rising night the ev'ning shade extends:
 While pearly dew's o'erspread the fruitful field;
 And closing flowers reviving odours yield;
 Let us, beneath those spreading trees, recite
 What from our hearts our muses may indite.
 Nor need we, in this close retirement, fear,
 Lest any swain our am'rous secrets hear.

SYLVIA.

To ev'ry shepherd I would mine proclaim;
 Since fair Aminta is my softest theme:
 A stranger to the loose delights of love,
 My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendship prove:
 And, while its pure and sacred fire I sing,
 Chaste goddess of the groves, thy succour bring.

AMA.—Propitious god of love, my breast inspire
 With all thy charms, with all thy pleasing fire:
 Propitious god of love, thy succour bring;
 Whilst I thy darling, thy Alexis sing,
 Alexis, as the op'ning blossoms fair,
 Lovely as light, and soft as yielding air.
 For him each virgin sighs, and on the plains
 The happy youth above each rival reigns.
 Nor to the echoing groves, and whisp'ring spring,
 In sweeter strains does artful Conon sing;
 When loud applauses fill the crowded groves;
 And Phoebus the superior song approves.

SYL.—Beauteous Aminta is as early light,
 Breaking the melancholy shades of night.
 When she is near, all anxious trouble flies;
 And our reviving hearts confess her eyes.
 Young love, and blooming joy, and gay desires,
 In ev'ry breast the beauteous nymph inspires:
 And on the plain when she no more appears,
 The plain a dark and gloomy prospect wears.
 In vain the streams roll on; the eastern breeze
 Dances in vain among the trembling trees.
 In vain the birds begin their evening song,
 And to the silent night their notes prolong:
 Nor groves, nor crystal streams, nor verdant field
 Does wonted pleasure in her absence yield.

AMA.—And in his absence, all the pensive day,
 In some obscure retreat I lonely stray;
 All day to the repeating caves complain,
 In mournful accents, and a dying strain.
 Dear, lovely youth! I cry to all around:
 Dear, lovely youth! the flatt'ring vales resound.

SYL.—On flow'ry banks, by ev'ry murm'ring stream,
 Aminta is my muse's softest theme:
 'Tis she that does my artful notes refine:
 With fair Aminta's name my noblest verse shall shine.

AMA.—I'll twine fresh garlands for Alexis' brows,
And consecrate to him eternal vows :
The charming youth shall my Apollo prove ;
He shall adorn my songs, and tune my voice to love.

A DIALOGUE

Between the
SOUL, RICHES, FAME, and PLEASURE.

RICHES.

DELUDED mortal, turn and view my store,
While all my glitt'ring treasures I explore.
'The gold of both the Indian worlds is mine,
And gems that in the eastern quarry shine.
For me advent'rous men attempt the main,
And all the fury of its waves sustain, }
For me all toils and hazards they disdain,
For me their country's sold, their faith betray'd ;
The voice of interest ne'er was disobey'd.

SOUL.—Yet I thy tempting offers can despise,
Nor lose a wish on such a worthless prize.
When yonder sparkling stars attract my sight,
Thy gold, thy boasted gems, lose all their light.
My daring thoughts above these trifles rise,
And aim at glorious kingdoms in the skies.
I there expect celestial diadems,
Out-shining all thy counterfeited gems.

FAME.—'Tis nothing strange, that thy ambitious
mind,
In sordid wealth should no temptation find :
But I have terms which thy acceptance claim,
Heroic glory, and a mighty name!

To these the greatest souls on earth aspire,
Souls most endow'd with the celestial fire;
Whom neither wealth, nor beauty can enflame,
These hazard all for an illustrious name.

SOUL.—And yet thou art a mere fantastic thing,
Which can no solid satisfaction bring,
Should I in costly monuments survive,
And, after death, in mens applauses live;
What profit were their vain applause to me,
If doom'd below to endless infamy?
Sunk in reproach, and everlasting shame
With God, and angels, where's my promis'd fame?
But if their approbation I obtain,
And deathless wreaths, and heav'nly glories gain, }
I may the world's false pageantry disdain.

PLEASURE.—But where the baits of wealth and
honour fail,
The enchanting voice of pleasure may prevail:
The lewd and virtuous, both may vassals prove,
No breast so guarded but my charms can move,
All that delights mankind, attends on me,
Beauty, and youth, and love and harmony.
I wing the smiling hours, and gild the day,
My paths are smooth, and flow'ry all my way.

SOUL.—But, ah! these paths to black perdition tend,
There soon thy soft, deluding visions end,
Those smooth, those flow'ry ways, lead down to hell,
Where all thy slaves in endless night must dwell,
The road of virtue far more rugged is,
But, oh! it leads to everlasting bliss.
And all beyond the thorny passage lies
The realm of light, discover'd to mine eyes:
Gay bow'rs, and streams of joy, and lightsome fields,
With happy shades, the beauteous prospect yields;
Those blissful regions I shall shortly gain,
Where peace, and love, and endless pleasures reign.

DESPAIR.

OH! lead me to some solitary gloom,
Where no enliv'ning beams, nor cheerful echoes
come;

But silent all, and dusky let it be,
Remote, and unfrequented but by me;
Mysterious, close, and sullen as that grief,
Which leads me to its covert for relief.
Far from the busy world's detested noise,
Its wretched pleasures, and distracted joys;
Far from the jolly fools, who laugh, and play,
And dance and sing, impertinently gay, }
Their short, inestimable hours away;
Far from the studious follies of the great,
The tiresome farce of ceremonious state:
There in a melting, solemn, dying strain,
Let me, all day, upon my lyre complain,
And wind up all its soft, harmonious strings,
To noble, serious, melancholy things.
And let no human foot, but mine, e'er trace
The close recesses of the sacred place:
Nor let a bird of cheerful note come near,
To whisper out his airy raptures here.
Only the pensive songstress of the grove,
Let her, by mine, her mournful notes improve;
While drooping winds among the branches sigh,
And sluggish waters heavily roll by.
Here, to my fatal sorrows let me give
The short remaining hours I have to live.
Then, with a sullen, deep fetch'd groan expire,
And to the grave's dark solitude retire.



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THE
HYMN

OF THE

THREE EASTERN MAGI,

ADORING OUR SAVIOUR AT HIS NATIVITY.

FROM those blest regions where the sun displays
His blooming light, and spreads its earliest rays;
Where fragrant groves for sacred incense spring,
To thee, great Son of God, our zealous vows we bring.

Hail, mighty infant, offspring of the skies!
Celestial glory lightens in thy eyes;
Thy smiles preface immeasurable grace,
And scenes of paradise are open'd in thy face.

More than the race of man surprising fair!
More lovely than thy own propitious star!
When first its cheerful lustre blest our sight,
Grac'd with superior beams, and well-distinguish'd light.

The sun its conqu'ring glories met by day,
And fac'd his rival with a fainter ray;
In golden robes, amidst the shades it blaz'd,
While night, with all her eyes, on the fair stranger
gaz'd.

To rich Judea still it led the way,
And hov'ring where th' immortal infant lay;
With darting beams it gilds the blest abode,
And to our longing eyes reveal'd th' unquestion'd God.

Whom thus with pure devotion we adore,
And freely offer all our costly store;
Gold, as a tribute to the new-born king,
And incense to the God, with humble zeal we bring.

The spacious East shall soon converted be,
And all her splendid monarchs kneel to thee.
The sun no more in folding clouds array'd,
Shall mourn the impious honours to his lustre paid.

C

Apis shall cease to bellow thro' the crow'd,
 With gilded horns and flow'ry garlands proud;
 Panthea gums shall smoke no more
 To gods of monstrous shape, on Nile's polluted shore.

But thou shalt rise in fame, illustrious child,
 Of all mankind the great Redeemer stil'd;
 A God in ev'ry language known and blest,
 By ev'ry bending knee ador'd, and ev'ry tongue con-
 fess'd.

Temples to thee with gilded spires shall rise,
 And clouds of fragrant incense shade the skies:
 In lofty hymns, and consecrated verse,
 Succeeding times shall speak thy praise, and thy great
 name rehearse.

And thee, unblemish'd maid, divinely fair,
 Whose tender arms th' eternal monarch bear;
 Thrice happy thee posterity shall call,
 Pride of thy lovely sex, and grac'd above them all.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

PREPARE, my soul, thy noblest lays,
 And speak thy great deliv'rer's praise.
 Awake, my voice, and gentle lute,
 Nor let one grateful string be mute;
 And, oh! ye sacred pow'rs of love,
 Let me all your influence prove:
 Ye heav'nly virtues, guide my tongue,
 Or teach me some celestial song;
 Such as your own flame inspires,
 When you touch your golden lyres;
 And in the fair ethereal bow'rs,
 Sing away your happy hours.

Begin, begin the tuneful lays,
 While the morning's early rays
 All their golden lustre spread
 O'er the tow'ring mountain's head;
 Nor cease till noon, till sable night
 Conceal the world from mortal sight.

From the lowest depths of care,
To God I send a doubtful pray'r;
Yet he lent a gracious ear,
And scatter'd all my groundless fear.

While these lips draw vital breath,
Till I close my eyes in death,
I'll ne'er forget thy wond'rous love,
Nor thoughtless of thy favours prove:
Beneath thy shadowing wings defence
I'll place my only confidence;
In ev'ry danger and distress,
To thee I will my pray'r address.
Let all my hopes on earth be lost,
In thee I'll make my constant boast;
I'll spread the glories of thy name,
And thy unbounded love proclaim.

You that sink in dark despair,
To God direct your humble pray'r;
From his lofty seat he hears
Our sad complaints, and dries our tears;
He regards the pensive breast,
And gives the weary pilgrim rest;
On human mis'ries, from his throne,
With soft compassion he looks down;
The weight of all our grief he knows,
And seems to share our secret woes.

Lord, what is man, that he should prove
The object of such boundless love?
Whence can such wond'rous bounty spring,
To such a vain and worthless thing?
Why should he so largely share
Thy favour, and thy tender care?
Why thy sacred thoughts employ,
In the heights of perfect joy?

O let ev'ry grateful tongue
Speak thy praise in lofty song;
And thou, my soul, join all thy pow'rs,
In this blest work employ thy hours.

THE WISH.

I SHOULD renounce this heart from being mine,
 If all its love were not entirely thine.
 Objects of sense my passions may enslave,
 But thou dost still my nobler reason claim.
 Could I these stubborn faculties controul,
 And manage all the motions of my soul,
 My serious grief by pious tears I'd prove,
 For each offence against forgiving love.
 My breast should ne'er admit a spark of joy,
 But when thy favour did my thoughts employ.
 With early zeal I would myself present,
 When to thy holy dwelling-place I went:
 I'd breathe my soul in lofty praise to thee,
 And join with angels in their harmony.
 My ravish'd heart should at thy table prove
 The heights of ecstasy, and sacred love;
 Th' immortal food immortal strength should give,
 On that alone my active hopes should live.
 My hymns should still present the rising sun,
 Like that, with joy, my vig'rous race I'd run:
 When from his height he downward glory streams,
 My mounting praise should meet his noon-day beams;
 And still untir'd, to thee, my God, I'd sing,
 While the grey ev'ning stretch'd her shady wing.
 Thy name and works should be my daily theme,
 And constant subject of my nightly dream:
 Celestial visions should employ my sleep,
 While angels round my bed their watches keep.
 My life, by one bright course of piety,
 And not by months and years, should measur'd be.
 Thy glory all my actions should design,
 I'd hear no voice, obey no call but thine.
 At thy command I would the world forgo,
 And no such thing as self, or int'rest know.
 For thee I would my dearest friend resign,
 And from my heart blot ev'ry name but thine.

Thy love, the fountain of my happiness,
 Thy love should all my ravish'd soul possess:
 And while I'm thus entirely blest in thee,
 No happy monarch should my envy be;
 Lost in the high enjoyment of thy love,
 What glorious mortal could my wishes move?
 I'd view each charming object as the glass,
 In which my eyes with vast delight should trace }
 The lov'd, tho' faint resemblance of thy face. }
 I'd nothing lovely call; no beauty see,
 But that which led my rising soul to thee.
 No harmony should e'er my ears rejoice,
 Without the welcome music of thy voice.
 Not the bright sun, in dazzling glory gay,
 Nor the soft lustre of the lunar ray;
 Not all the sweets that give the spring to pleasure,
 The morning Zephyr, or the ev'ning breeze;
 The murmur'ing rill thro' flow'ry borders drawn,
 The secret covert, or the open lawn;
 The verdant valley or the fragrant field,
 Abstract from thee, should any solace yield:
 I'd be insensible of all delight,
 But what unstain'd devotion should excite.
 More I would speak, but all my words are faint,
 Celestial love, what eloquence can paint
 Nor more can be by mortal words express'd,
 But vast eternity shall tell the rest.

ON THE WORKS OF CREATION.

BEAUTY complete, and majesty divine,
 In all thy works, ador'd Creator, shine.
 Where'er I cast my wond'ring eyes around,
 The God I seek in ev'ry part is found.
 Pursuing thee, the flow'ry fields I trace,
 And read thy name on ev'ry spire of grass.
 I follow thee thro' many a lonely shade,
 And find thee in the solitary glade.

I meet thee in the kind, refreshing gale,
 That gently passes thro' the dewy vale.
 The pink, the jess'mine, and the purple rose,
 Perfum'd by thee, their fragrant leaves disclose.
 The feather'd choir, that welcome in the spring,
 By thee were taught their various notes to sing;
 By thee the morning in her crimson vest,
 And ornaments of golden clouds, is drest.
 The sun, in all his splendor, wears thy beams,
 And drinks in light from thy exhaustless streams.
 The moon reveals thee by her glimm'ring ray;
 Unnumber'd stars thy glorious paths display.
 Amidst the solemn darkness of the night,
 The thoughts of God my musing soul delight.
 Thick shades and night thy dread pavilion form;
 In state thou rid'st upon the flying storm;
 While thy strong hand its fiercest rage restrains,
 And holds the wild, unmanag'd winds in reins.
 What sparkling of thy majesty appear,
 When thro' the firmament swift lightnings glare?
 When peals of thunder fill the skies around,
 I hear thy voice in the tremendous sound.
 But, oh! how small a part is known of thee,
 From all thy works immense variety?
 Whatever mortal men perfection name,
 Thou, in an infinite degree, dost claim.

And while I here thy faintest shadows trace,
 I pine to see the glories of thy face;
 Where beauty in its never-changing height,
 And uncreated excellence shines bright.
 When shall the heav'nly scene without controul,
 Open in dazzling triumph on my soul?
 My pow'rs, with all their ardour, shall adore,
 And languish for terrestrial charms no more.

ON LOVE.

YE stars that sparkle in the midnight skies,
 Propitious love shines out in all your eyes;

Nor does the moon the glorious truth conceal,
 But darts soft glances thro' her gloomy veil.
 The sun comes forth in majesty above,
 And kindles, as he goes, the flames of love;
 With gentle beams he warms the teeming earth,
 And gives ten thousand various forms their birth.
 Whatever shape thou wear'st, thy bright abode
 Was from eternity, the mind of God:
 There thou hast triumph'd in the splendid height,
 Of uncreated and essential light:
 The spring, the fountain of the life divine,
 The constant end of ev'ry great design.
 Spirit of nature, its informing soul!
 Thou dost the pow'rs of heav'n and earth controul:
 All the degrees of life and sense that rise
 In fields, or floods, or thro' the spacious skies;
 All feel the force of thy inspiring flame,
 And joy and triumph in thy mighty name.
 O, thou art in all! the highest end,
 That boundless grace and wisdom could intend!
 And lengths, and breadths, and depths, and heights
 above,
 Shall finally be swallow'd up of love;
 No further changes then; but fully blest
 The Maker, and his finish'd work shall rest.

ON THE NAME OF JESUS.

IF love, if joy, if gratitude can speak,
 If sacred rapture can its silence break;
 Yet once more let me tune my harp for thee,
 Thou source of the divine benignity:
 On this side heav'n yet once more let me sing,
 Ere to thy praise I set th' immortal string;
 In mortal strains permit me to rehearse
 Thy name, and with it grace my humble verse.
 Ye winds, to heav'n the sacred accents bear,
 For heav'n delights the glorious sound to hear.

Ye angels, take it on your golden lyres,
 Voices like yours the mighty word requires.
 Seraph and cherub, speak, is there a sound
 More sweet than this in all your language found?
 Is there within the bounds of paradise,
 A note of harmony compar'd to this?

Ye heav'nly pow'rs, your gentle warmth infuse,
 And tell me what sweet eloquence you use;
 I burn in sacred flames like yours, and fain
 Would talk and sing, in your immortal strain;
 My voice would mix with the melodious spheres,
 And please, with soft attraction, angels ears.

Ye winds, to heav'n the glorious accents bear,
 For heav'n delights the charming name to hear:
 I'll breathe it with the morning's fragrant air,
 Its pleasing echoes shall the ev'ning hear.
 The fields, the lawns, and ev'ry shady grove,
 The sweet retirements, and delights of love,
 Shall learn from me the dear, inspiring name,
 And all be witness to my holy flame.



ON THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

LET those that hate thee tremble at thy name,
 Thy being is my confidence and joy.
 Abstract from all things else, I find in thee
 A secret, an unfailing spring of peace,
 Alacrity and pleasure fill my soul,
 To think thou art, and that compar'd to thee
 Things seen, and things unseen, deserve no name.

Thou only art without variety,
 Or shadow of a change, immutable.
 Perish this visionary form of things!
 In darkness be the gay creation lost!
 While thou remain'st unchang'd, with joy these eyes
 Could gaze on nature's universal wreck,

See heav'n and earth in one vast ruin sink,
And smile upon the glorious desolation.

Thou hast no attribute but gives me joy.
Be as thou art, severe in holiness!
My highest reason loves thy perfect laws,
Thou righteous king of saints! Pure as thou art,
And sinful as I am, I triumph still:
My guilt is all my own, and thou art clear.
From the low depths of misery and dust,
With angels and archangels round thy throne,
To thy dominion and unbounded sway
I join my glad assent—Be all thy foes
In just derision held, and vile contempt,
While thy bright throne for ever stands secure!

Be absolute! be uncontroll'd and free!
Thou canst not be unjust, howe'er above
The view of man thy ways.—A time will come,
When all shall be explain'd; and conquering love,
The splendor, and the beauty of thy face,
Victorious love, shall shine on all thy works.

For, oh! what daring thought shall limit thee,
Thou daring attribute of the Most High,
And greatest of his names?—A heart subdu'd
Like mine, must make its loudest boast of thee:
My life, my glory and salvation's thine,
And thine shall be my everlasting song.

In these cold regions thou hast warm'd my heart,
And gently trac'd some faint resemblance there.
But, oh! thou charming pow'r, that canst efface
All the remains of enmity and pride,
Transform me to thine image, let me wear
No character but thine: Be thou my life,
Its spring, its motion, constant as my breath;
Dwell on my tongue, and govern all my soul,
Till faith and love be swallowed up of thee.

Those eyes shall see thee then supremely fair;
Apparent in the heights of excellence,
And perfect beauty thou shalt stand reveal'd,
Blessings and smiles, unmeasurable grace,

Essential glories, ever-blooming life,
Prospects of pleasure, regions of delight,
The heav'n of heav'ns, visions ineffable,
At once shall all their dazzling pomp unfold,
And open in thy fair, unclouded face.

DEVOUT SOLILOQUIES.

SOLILQUY I.

ETERNAL Maker, hail! hail power divine!
The heav'ns and earth, the day and night are
thine.

Matter and form to thee their being owe,
From thee, their great original, they flow:
When yet the mingled mass unactive lay,
Thou gav'st it motion by thy quick'ning ray;
Chaos and night thy pow'rful mandate heard,
And light, and glorious order, soon appear'd.
If thou but hide thy face, the creatures mourn,
But life and pleasure with thy smile return.
Thy gentle smile dependant nature cheers,
Revives its hopes, and dissipates its fears.
The earth and skies through various changes run;
But thou, whose wond'rous being ne'er begun,
Can'st ne'er thro' all eternity decay,
While time's swift flood bears all things else away.
By thy direction, the fair orbs above,
In perfect order, through the ether move;
And all that's lovely, all that's pure below,
Immediately from thy bright essence flow.
Fountain of life! from thy immortal flame
All ranks of intellectual beings came:
Our Maker thou, our great Original,
We own thy right, and thee our father call.

SOLILOQUY II.

CELESTIAL love, my ever charming theme,
 Ten thousand blessings rest upon thy name!
 From the divinity thou hast thy source,
 And God himself attests thy wond'rous force.

Some angel, speak in your immortal strain,
 How love does o'er th' immense Creator reign;
 But oh! that glorious truth what angel can explain?
 You saw him quit the pleasures of the sky,
 And veil the glories of the deity;
 You saw him born, and wond'ring heard him weep,
 Wond'ring you saw the world's protector sleep;
 You saw him wander here despis'd, unknown,
 Without a place to rest his head upon;
 You knew his grief and inward agony;
 You saw the heav'nly lover bleed and die.

Victorious love, how infinite thy pow'r.
 How great thy triumph on that solemn hour!
 The sun, the moon, and sparkling stars on high,
 Stood witness to the vanquish'd deity.

Strike up your golden harps, ye sons of light,
 Some mighty genius the vast song indite;
 And, oh! ye sons of men, unite your voice,
 Let all the ransom'd tribes on earth rejoice;
 Ye ransom'd tribes, peculiarly from you
 Unbounded thanks and endless praise are due.
 Triumph and shout, begin th' eternal strains,
 To him that dy'd, but now for ever reigns;
 To him that lov'd and wash'd us in his blood,
 And made us kings, and chosen priests to God:
 For worthy is the Lamb, that once was slain,
 Of praise and blessing in the highest strain.

SOLILOQUY III.

WHATEVER various turns my life shall see
 Of downy peace, or hard adversity;
 Let smiling suns shine on my prosp'rous ways;
 Or low'ring clouds obscure my gloomy days

The praises of my God shall still employ
 My tongue, and yield my thoughts perpetual joy:
 For he is all my glory, all my boast,
 Be ev'ry name but his for ever lost!
 My trust alone is his almighty name,
 All other aids my tow'ring thoughts disclaim.
 In God, my glorious Saviour, I'll rejoice,
 And still exalt him with my grateful voice.
 His angels, he himself surrounds the just,
 And guards the saints who in his promise trust.
 O taste and see, how blest, how highly blest,
 Are they who on his boundless mercy rest.
 He, with indulgent care, their wants supplies,
 And guides their steps with ever watchful eyes;
 His gracious ears are open to their pray'r,
 And hear, with soft compassion, all their care;
 When darkness and despair their steps surround,
 Their gentle guide and succour he is found.
 Mercy and truth, through all his gracious ways
 To human race, shine with distinguish'd rays.
 O let my tongue on the blest subject dwell,
 The wonders of his love to men and angels tell!
 Angels and men their glad assent shall join,
 And mix their loud applauding notes with mine.

SOLILOQUY IV.

TOO low my artless verse, too flat my lays,
 To reach thy glory, and express thy praise;
 Yet let me on my humble reed complain,
 And mourn thy absence in a pensive strain;
 My own soft cares permit me to rehearse,
 And with thy name adorn my humble verse.
 The streams shall learn it, and the gentle breeze
 On its glad wings shall waft it through the trees.
 The list'ning nymphs, instructed by my flame,
 Shall teach their hearts to make a nobler claim;
 The swains no more for mortal charms shall pine,
 But to celestial worth their vows resign.

The fields and woods the chaste retreat shall prove
 Of sacred joys, and pure immortal love;
 And angels leave their high abodes again,
 To grace the rural seats, and talk with men.

SOLILOQUY V.

BY sighs, by gentle vows, and soft complaint,
 Deluded lovers all their suff'rings paint;
 Their joys in smooth similitude they dress,
 And all their grief in flowing words express;
 But what are flowing words? how poor, how vain,
 These high celestial ardours to explain!
 Can human sounds such wond'rous things unfold,
 As angels warble to their harps of gold?
 O teach me all your sweet, melodious art,
 To breathe the tender dictates of my heart!
 To talk——of what——for you alone can tell
 What minds inflam'd with holy transports feel.
 You feel them, when you touch th' immortal strings,
 And gaze, and love, and talk immortal things;
 When ev'ry blissful shade, and happy grove
 Repeat the sound, and softly breathe out love.

SOLILOQUY VI.

O SPEAK, and in the music of thy voice,
 My soul shall antedate immortal joys;
 The tempting calls of sense shall all be drown'd
 In the superior sweetness of that sound;
 Nature and studious art would strive in vain
 To reach the charms of that victorious strain.
 O let me hear thee but in whispers break
 Thy silence, and in gentle accents speak!
 Such accents as ne'er ravish'd mortal ears,
 Such as the soul in calm retirement hears;

When from external objects far away,
 Her highest pow'rs the call divine obey:
 That voice that to ineffable delights,
 From mortal things the willing mind invites;
 More charming than the notes which angels play,
 When they conduct a dying saint away;
 While raptur'd he resigns his parting breath,
 And smiles on all the solemn pomp of death.

When wilt thou speak, and tell me thou art mine?
 O how I long to hear that word divine!
 When that transporting sound shall bless my ear,
 Fly sullen grief, and ev'ry mortal care;
 Fly days, and hours, and measur'd time, with speed,
 And let the blest eternity succeed!

'Till then the rolling orbs my love shall hear,
 And let the whole creation lend an ear.
 Witness, ye crystal streams, that murmur'ing flow,
 For you the secret of my passion know;
 Ye fields, ye glades, and ev'ry shady grove,
 The sweet retirements, and delights of love,
 I call you all to witness to my flame,
 For you have learn'd the dear inspiring name;
 In gentle echoes you have oft reply'd,
 And in soft breezes through the valleys sigh'd;
 The valleys, mossy caves, and open lawn,
 The silent ev'ning, and the cheerful dawn;
 Thou moon, and ev'ry fair conspicuous star,
 Whose silver rays the midnight horrors cheer;
 And thou bright lamp of day, shall witness prove,
 To the perpetual fervour of my love.
 To heav'n and earth my tongue has oft confess'd,
 And heav'n and earth my ardour can attest.
 Angels, for you the solemn truth can tell,
 And ev'ry pious midnight sigh reveal;
 You feel the warmth of this celestial flame,
 And bless, with me, the dear transporting name:
 Be witness that my raptur'd vows aspire,
 To the high theme of your immortal lyre.

But oh! my life, my hope, to thee alone
 I strive to make my ardent wishes known;
 To thee alone, to thee I would reveal
 My tender cares, to thee I dare appeal.
 Thou that dost all my secret soul behold,
 Pierce all its depths, and ev'ry veil unfold,
 Ev'n thou, my glorious judge, thyself shall prove
 Th' eternal witness of my truth and love.

SOLILOQUY VII.

CELESTIAL gift, by heav'n alone inspir'd,
 And not by man, in all his pride acquir'd,
 What wonders hast thou done? thy sacred force
 The skies obey, and nature turns her course.
 At thy command the sun has backward fled,
 Th' astonish'd moon stood still with silent dread.
 If thou but speak, the raging winds obey,
 The waves divide, and leave an open way;
 Thy potent breath dissolves the rock, and brings
 From solid marble, softly-bubbling springs;
 At thy request mortality is fed
 From heav'n's high storehouse, with celestial bread;
 Thy wide commands no limits can confine,
 Whate'er Omnipotence can do is thine.

SOLILOQUY VIII.

WHY does the sun with constant glory burn?
 Why does the day to guilty man return?
 To guilty man, whose insolence and pride
 The glories of th' eternal sun would hide?
 Why do the stars with nightly splendour shine,
 While mists from hell obscure the light divine?
 Back to your fountain turn your lucid streams,
 To holier regions lead your gentle beams.
 O let me weep in some sequester'd shade,
 Whose dark recess no light shall e'er invade;

Where mortal joys shall offer no relief,
 To intermit the just, the serious grief.
 O could my tears the public vengeance stay,
 And yet suspend the desolating day!
 But see it comes! the threatening tempests rise,
 Prefaging darkness gathers in the skies.

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SOLILOQUY IX.

FROM thee, my God, my noblest pleasures spring,
 The thoughts of thee perpetual solace bring.
 How does my soul, from these exalted heights
 Contemn the world, and all its poor delights!
 And wing'd with sacred rapture, pass the rounds
 Of circling skies, and all created bounds!
 Celestial prospects, visions all divine,
 Unfold their glories, and around me shine.

Thus let me live, nor hear, nor see, nor know,
 What mortals, in their madness, act below.
 Be thy refreshing consolations mine!
 And I the world, with all its boasts, resign.
 Deluding shews, I give you to the wind,
 My soul a nobler happiness must find.

SOLILOQUY X.

IF e'er again I find my soul's delight,
 With love's soft fetters I'll restrain his flight;
 And ere I with the darling treasure part,
 The sparks of life shall quit my trembling heart:
 That life, which soon would prove a tiresome load,
 Without the charming hopes to find my God.
 O thou that dost my panting breast inspire
 With all the ardour of celestial fire,
 Thee I must find, or in the search expire!
 In vain the tempting world its glory shews,
 All it can give would yield me no repose;

Renounc'd at once let all its proffers be,
 My bliss shall be completely full in thee:
 Here is my rest, my vain pursuits are o'er;
 Here let me fix, and never wander more.

SOLILOQUY XI.

NO change of time, nor place, shall change my love,
 Nor from my God my steadfast thoughts remove.
 The flatt'ring world, with all its tempting art,
 Shall never blot his image from my heart.
 Should hell, with all its stratagems, combine,
 They could not quench an ardour so divine:
 Their false allurements, nor their proudest rage,
 Shall e'er my resolution disengage.
 Pleasure shall court in vain, and beauty smile,
 Glory in vain my wishes would beguile.
 The persecutor's rage I would not fear;
 Let death in all its horrid shapes appear,
 And with its keenest darts my breast assail;
 When breath, and ev'ry vital spring shall fail,
 The sacred flame on brighter wings shall rise,
 And unextinguish'd reach its native skies;
 With an eternal force the heav'nly fire
 Shall to its bright original aspire.

SOLILOQUY XII.

DANCE on, ye hours, on soft and downy feet!
 Roll swift, thou ling'ring sun, and let us meet!
 Come, ye blest moments, with a sprightly grace!
 Let the gay period shew its smiling face!
 What is the day? what is its useless light,
 Unless it shews me that transporting sight?
 No beauteous object smiles below the skies,
 To charm my thought, and fix my longing eyes;
 Celestial excellence my eyes inspires,
 And kindles in my breast immortal fires.

Thou bright, unrival'd object of my love,
 To thee alone my soft affections move;
 Thine are my rising hopes, my purest fires,
 My noblest wishes, and sublime desires.

SOLILOQUY XIII.

YE happy minds, that free from mortal chains,
 Possess the realms where boundless pleasure reigns,
 That feel the force of those immortal fires,
 And reach the bliss, to which my soul aspires;
 Who meet, unveil'd, that radiant majesty,
 Of which, to gain one transient glance, I'd die;
 I charge you, by the boundless joys you feel,
 My tender cares to my beloved tell;
 Make all the aspiring inclination known,
 In such high strains as you describe your own;
 In such exalted numbers as explain
 The sacred flames which in your bosoms reign;
 When all the heights of ecstasy can prove,
 And breathe the raptures of immortal love,
 O tell the glorious object, whom I prize
 Beyond the cheerful light that meets mine eyes,
 Beyond my friend, or any dearer name,
 Beyond the breath that feeds this vital frame,
 Beyond whate'er is charming here below,
 Beyond the brightest joys that mortals know,
 Beyond all these. O tell him that I love,
 Tell him what anguish for his sake I prove;
 Tell him how long the hours of his delay,
 And what I suffer by this tedious stay;
 Tell him his absence robs my soul of rest,
 While cruel jealousy torments my breast.
 O let him know that my distracted mind!
 No real joy, while he withdraws, can find;
 That all my hopes are center'd in his love,
 How lost without it, how undone I prove!

Tell him that nothing can that loss repair,
 Nor help the soul that dismal stroke to bear,
 Nothing ensues but grief, and black despair:
 Nothing beyond my soul could undergo;
 'Tis death! 'tis hell! 'tis all unmingled woe!

SOLILOQUY XIV.

O STAY thou sacred object of my love,
 Nor from my longing eyes so soon remove!
 Stay yet, nor let me lose thy charming sight!
 Stay till the midnight shadows take their flight!
 Stay till the morning star's illustrious ray
 Awakes the dawn, and leads the blushing day!
 Stay till the sun unveils his golden light,
 And joyful birds their early songs recite;
 Return, my life, or let me follow thee!
 The world affords no solace now for me.
 With thee I ev'ry smiling hope forego,
 And in thy absence no delight can know;
 Thou, thou art all my happiness below!

SOLILOQUY XV.

COME, gentle death, release my struggling soul
 From those dull fetters which her flight controul!
 Less eagerly the hireling waits the close
 Of the long tedious day, to find repose.
 A pilgrim here in this detested clime,
 I rove, and sigh away the ling'ring time.
 O come, thou wish'd-for messenger of peace!
 The pris'ner longs not more for a release;
 The wretch that under painful bondage groans,
 With less concern his misery bemoans.
 How shall I bless the hour that sets me free,
 And gives my soul her native liberty!
 With eager joy I'd bid the world adieu.
 And with contempt its parting glories view;

To mortal vanities I'd close mine eyes,
 Led on by sacred love I'd upward rise,
 And in a moment reach the blissful skies. }

SOLILOQUY XVI.

ON Lybia's burning sands, and tasteless waste,
 Or Zembla's icy coast, let me be cast;
 On some bleak shore, or solitary den,
 Far from the path, and cheerful haunts of men:
 However sad and gloomy be the place,
 Let me but there behold thy smiling face;
 The wildest cave a paradise would be
 Celestial plains, and blissful groves to me;
 Danger, and solitude, and lonesome night,
 At thy propitious presence take their flight.
 Beauty, in all its soft variety,
 And love, and crowding joys attend on thee.
 Immortal life springs up, where'er thou art,
 And heav'nly day breaks in from ev'ry part.
 Thou moon, ye stars, and thou, fair sun, adieu!
 I ask no more thy rising beams to view;
 For oh! the light himself with rays divine
 Breaks in, and God's eternal day is mine.

SOLILOQUY XVII.

BE hush'd, ye gentle pow'rs of harmony,
 Whatever soothing sounds in nature lie!
 Whatever art, thro' all her wide controul
 Of changing notes has found to touch the soul,
 Be hush'd for ever! while my thoughts attend
 That voice which might ev'n hell itself suspend,
 Lull all its anguish, calm its fiercest pains,
 Open its gates, and loose th' infernal chains;
 That sacred voice, whose efficacious sound
 Gave motion to the spheres, and set their tuneful
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O let those charming accents from above
 Breathe down celestial harmony and love
 Eternal joys on the smooth current roll,
 And boundless pleasure overwhelms my soul.
 Ye angels, I resign your tuneful choirs,
 Nor envy Seraphim their golden lyres.

SOLILOQUY XVIII.

THE angels call, they call me from above,
 And bid me hasten to the realms of love;
 My soul with transport hears the happy doom,
 I come, ye gentle messengers, I come!

Ye minstrels of the palaces above,
 Who consecrate your golden lutes to love;
 When I am entering on the dreary plain,
 Death's dismal realms, touch the melodious strain,
 The charming sound shall ev'ry care beguile,
 And make the seats of desolation smile.

My soul prepar'd by holy ecstasy,
 Shall learn and join the chorus of the sky.
 Tho' yet a stranger to the sacred fire,
 The heights of love that your high strains inspire;
 Some kindling sparks within my bosom move,
 Which shall improve in the gay worlds above.

When these material clouds shall be dispell'd,
 And God in perfect excellence reveal'd;
 These eyes shall see thee then, and bless the sight,
 And in thy presence view immortal light;
 See beauty in its heav'nly pride unveil'd,
 And wisdom's boundless treasures unscal'd;
 See thee in sparkling majesty ador'd,
 Extoll'd and own'd the universal Lord.

SOLILOQUY XIX.

YE soft complaints, and tender sighs,
 That from my anxious bosom rise, }
 Take wing, and reach the distant skies, }

Your gentle eloquence may move
 The sacred object of my love,
 To heal the anguish of my breast,
 Of God forlorn, and robb'd of rest.
 But oh! what sighs, what soft complaint,
 My grief and wild distress can paint?
 What lover's pains can equal mine,
 While at thy absence I repine?
 Without thee pleasure is no more,
 I die till thou my bliss restore.
 At once thy lovely face reveal,
 And all these gloomy fears dispel.
 My lov'd Redeemer! let that name,
 Which does thy tenderness proclaim;
 Let that thy soft compassion move,
 And waken all thy former love.
 Thou taught my infant lips thy name,
 And didst my first desires enflame:
 Recal the kindness of my youth,
 When first I gave my plighted truth;
 Ev'n then I felt the fire divine,
 My young affections all were thine.

SOLILOQUY XX.

FAIR Eden lost, my fancy oft renews,
 And still with grief the beauteous scene reviews.
 But oh! nor verdant plains, nor painted flow'rs,
 Nor crystal rills, sweet shades, nor fragrant bow'rs
 Excite my envy; these I could resign,
 Nor for the tree of life itself repine:
 The nobler bliss, in happy converse to rove
 With friendly angels, thro' the happy grove,
 Content I would forego; but oh! I mourn
 Delights that ne'er to guilty man return,
 Delights that guilty man could never boast,
 Since the blest age of innocence was lost;
 Among the trees with God himself to walk,
 And in sweet converse to his Maker talk:

The scenes of paradise appear'd more fair,
 Nature rejoic'd, and heaven itself was there.
 O highly-favour'd, hail! how blest thy fate!
 How much unlike thy future wretched state!
 O highly-favour'd, hail! the angels cry d,
 The echoing skies in cheerful sounds reply'd.
 Roll back, thou sun; and bring those glorious views,
 Those envy'd joys! 'tis these my soul pursues.

SOLILOQUY XXI.

TO thy high praise be my lips unseal'd,
 And in chaste strains celestial love reveal'd,
 O thou bright cause of this celestial flame!
 In sacred rapture let me speak thy name;
 That name which ev'ry sullen care beguiles,
 That dear-lov'd name still breath'd with heav'nly smiles;
 That makes the wildest storms of passion cease,
 And fills my breast with unmolested peace.
 How much I love thee, thou alone canst tell,
 On thee, on thee my thoughts for ever dwell.
 To all but thee my joys, my hopes are lost;
 How fair thou art to what the world can boast!
 When I but meet a smile from thy bright eyes,
 Nature in all her blooming glory flies;
 And let the whole creation disappear,
 I have enough; for God himself is here!

SOLILOQUY XXII.

I'LL spend the silent hours in vows to thee,
 Nothing shall come betwixt my God and me.
 No other image shall my soul employ,
 No earthly pleasure, no unholy joy.
 From all the charms of sensual objects free,
 My spirit disengag'd shall spring to thee.
 The whole creation I at once resign,
 I ask no more, be thou, great God, but mine.

'Tis thou alone shalt fill my thoughts, to thee
 All my desire in its full height shall be,
 Be thou my portion, my eternal lot,
 And be the world in ev'ry form forgot.
 In silence, undisturb'd with pomp and noise,
 Let me be swallow'd in immortal joys.
 Full in my view place all the bliss above,
 The scenes of pleasure and eternal love;
 From op'ning heav'ns let streaming glories shine,
 And thy sweet whispers tell me thou art mine.

DEVOUT SOLILOQUIES.

In Blank Verse.

SOLILQUY I.

O THOU! to whom the fairest angel veils
 With folded wings, the beauties of his face,
 'Tis thee, 'tis thee alone my wishes seek:
 For thee I'd break the fondest ties below,
 Forget the names of amity and love,
 And ev'ry gentle blandishment of life.

O turn aside the veil that hides thy face,
 And holds the glorious vision from my view,
 Pity the agonies of strong desire,
 And stand in open majesty confess!
 If when a few short moments are' expir'd,
 And this frail substance to its dust returns,
 If thou wilt then unfold thy lovely face,
 And in the heights of excellence appear;
 Why wilt thou not indulge a moment's bliss,
 Disclose one beam of thy unclouded light,
 To cheer the joyless gloom of mortal life?

Forgive the fond impatience of my soul,
 Which dwells on thee, and has no other joy,
 No entertainment in this lonesome world;
 'Tis all a dismal solitude to me.

SOLILOQUY. II.

WHERE am I? surely paradise is round me!

My soul, my sense is full of thy perfection.
 Whatever nature boasts in all her pride,
 The blooming fragrantcy of thousand springs
 Are open to my view; and thou art all
 The charming, the delicious land of love.

I know not what to speak! for human words
 Lose all their pow'r, their emphasis and force,
 And grow insipid, when I talk of thee,
 The excellence supreme, the God of gods:
 What'er the language of those gods; those pow'rs
 In heav'nly places crown'd; however strong,
 Or musical, or clear their language be,
 Yet all falls short of thee; tho' set to strains
 That hell would smile to hear, and wild despair,
 Discord, and mad confusion stand compos'd
 In fixt attention to the charming song.

When wilt thou blow away these envious clouds,
 And shew me all the dazzling scenes within?
 Those heav'ns of beauty and essential glory;
 Those sights which eyes of mortals never saw,
 Nor ear has heard, nor boldest thought conceiv'd.
 What will these wonders prove? how shall my pow'rs
 Be to their full capacity employ'd
 In ecstacy and love? How shall I rove
 For ever thro' those regions of delight,
 Those paths, where joy incessant leads on
 Her smiling train, and wings the jocund hours.

Come, ye triumphant moments! come away
 Thou glorious period! where I fix my eyes;
 For which I hourly chide the ling'ring course
 Of sun, and moon, and ev'ry tardy star.
 Thou end of all my grief, the happy date
 Of care, and pain, and ev'ry human ill!

SOLILOQUY III.

ABSOLVE the penance of mortality,
 And let me now commence the life divine.
 I sicken for enlargement—Where's the bar?
 Thy spirit is not strait'n'd, thou canst raise
 Thy creature to what eminence thou wilt.
 Unmerited the brightest ranks above
 Receiv'd their flame and purity from thee.

I dare not article with the Most High,
 Nor boast, but of my wants and indigence.
 Let me be poor, necessitous and low,
 Or any thing, that thou may'st be advanc'd!
 If I must glory, let me glory here,
 That I can make no claim, nor ask reward.
 O be thy goodness free! give like thyself,
 And be thy own magnificence the rule!
 Still undiminish'd, from thy endless store
 Eternal bounty cannot lessen thee.

Why shouldst thou bound thyself, and check the
 course

Of thy own glorious nature: which is all
 O'erflowing love, and pure beneficence?
 'Tis thy delight and glory to dispense
 Treasures of wisdom, life, and heav'nly love
 To souls that pine and languish after thee.

O thou can'st never lavish out thy store!
 The sun, that from his radiant exaltation
 Looks down, and blesses universal nature,
 Nor from the meanest worm keeps back his rays,
 That sun is but a feeble type of thee.

Millions of happy spirits draw in life
 And pleasure from thy smiles; yet still the springs,
 The fresh, the ever-rising springs of joy
 Unwasted flow—Thou to thy glorious self
 Art all-sufficient, the sum, the plenitude
 Of thy own bliss; and canst thou not supply
 The utmost wishes of created minds?

SOLILOQUY IV.

LET God himself, to whom I dare appeal,
 Let God, my glorious judge, be witness here!
 Unfold my inmost soul, for thou shalt find
 No rival form, no image but thy own.
 So sure I love thee, I would stake my bliss,
 My immortality on this high truth.

Is this existence real, or a dream?
 Is light, is life, or is the sacred name
 Of virtue dear? Do I love happiness?
 'Tis sure I do! and oh! 'tis full as sure
 I love my God. If this is not a truth,
 I do not breathe, I have nor hopes, nor fears,
 I know not where, I know not what I am,
 But wander in uncertainty and doubt.
 If this is not a truth, why have I shut
 My eyes on all the beauty of the world?
 Why have I stopp'd my ears to ev'ry call
 Of glory and delight? why do I shun
 The paths of pleasure? why despise the joys,
 The entertainments of society;
 And lost to all, in solitary shades
 Give up my hours, and ev'ry thought to thee?
 My God, I cry, the treasure of my soul;
 Give me my God, and let the world forsake me!

My whole enjoyment in thy love consists;
 Nor earth, nor heav'n, nor the high heaven above,
 Abstract from thee, can furnish out a bliss,
 To entertain these infinite desires:
 No, thou art all the solace of my life;
 Shouldst thou but say thou hast no pleasure in me,
 Lo! here I am—but oh! the most undone
 And wretched thing that the creation names,
 For I must love thee still; howe'er thou deal'st
 With me, still I must love thee for thy own perfections,
 And languish for thee thro' eternal years.

SOLILOQUY V.

CAN some fond lover, by the charming force
 Of mortal beauty held, invoke the groves,
 The fields, the floods, and all the sparkling stars
 To witness his unshaken truth and love;
 While the frail object of his boasted faith
 Fades like a painted flow'r, and is no more:
 And shall my heart, with heav'nly love inflam'd,
 Grow doubtful, while I swear eternal truth
 To the prime Excellence, Beauty divine?
 Shall I protest with caution? shall my tongue
 Speak with reserve, and yield but half assent?

No, let me find the most pathetic form;
 Beyond the obligations men have known,
 Beyond all human ties; solemn as when
 Some mighty angel lifts his hand on high,
 And by the living God attests his oath.

Thus let me bind my soul—and oh! be witness,
 Ye shining ministers (for you surround
 And sanctify the place where holy vows
 Ascend to heav'n) be witness when we meet
 Upon the immortal shores, as soon we must,
 Be witness! for the solemn hour draws near;
 That solemn hour, when with triumphant joy
 Or exquisite confusion, I shall hear
 Your approbation, or your just reproaches:
 Your just reproaches if you find me false;
 If this fond heart, ensnar'd by earthly charms,
 Shall break its faith, and stain the sanctity
 Of plighted vows and consecrated flames.

O thou! to whose all-seeing eye my soul
 Lies unveil'd, to thee I dare appeal:
 If thou art not my chief, my only joy,
 Let sacred peace for ever fly my breast,
 And rest become an endless stranger there.
 Let no harmonious sound delight mine ears,
 If thy lov'd name is not the sweetest accent,

The most transporting music they convey.
 Let beauty ne'er again attract my eyes,
 Shut out the sun, and every pleasant thing
 Its rays disclose, if e'er I find a charm
 In nature's lovely face, abstract from thee.
 Let all my hopes, my gayest expectations
 Be blasted, when they are not plac'd on thee.

O! I might speak a bolder language still,
 And bid thee cut off all my future hopes
 Of heav'nly bliss, if thy transporting smiles
 Are not the emphasis of all that bliss.

SOLILOQUY VI.

THESE eyes have never seen thy lovely face,
 No accent of thy voice has reach'd my ear,
 And yet my hearts acquainted well with thee;
 To thee it opens all its secret store
 Of joy and grief, and whispers ev'ry care.

I've known the names of father, husband, friend;
 But when I think of thee, these tender ties,
 These soft engagements vanish into air.

Amidst the gentlest blandishments and charms,
 The smiles and flatt'ring boasts of human things,
 My soul springs forward, and lays hold on thee;
 Calls thee her only portion and defence,
 Nor knows a thought of diffidence or fear.

Let nature fail, let darkness hide the stars,
 And cover with a sable veil the sun:
 Unchang'd and fix'd the truth of God remains,
 Nor knows the least decay.—Here let me rest,
 With full assurance and unshaken faith.

O thou unbounded, self-sufficient Being!
 How rich am I! how happy! how secure!
 How full my portion in possessing thee!
 One gentle, one transporting smile of thine,
 Thou darling of my soul! contains more wealth
 Than this, or thousand brighter worlds can boast.
 'Tis thou thyself art my immediate bliss,
 My paradise, my everlasting heav'n!

SOLILOQUY VII.

I LOVE thee—Here the pomp of language fails,
 And leaves th' unutterable thought behind ;
 The eloquence of men, the muses art,
 Their harmony, and tuneful cadence sink,
 Whatever names of tenderness and love,
 Whatever holy union nature knows,
 Are faint descriptions of celestial fires.

But oh ! may sinful breathing dust presume
 To talk to thee of love and warm desires ?
 To thee who sitt'st supreme enthron'd on heights
 Of glory, which no human thought can reach ?
 Shall wretched man whose dwelling is with dust,
 That calls corruption his original,
 And withers like the grass, shall he presume,
 With heart and lips un sanctify'd, to speak
 On subjects, where the holy seraphim
 Would stop their lutes ; and with a graceful pause
 Confess the glorious theme too great for words,
 For eloquence immortal to express ?

Yet I must aim at subjects infinite,
 For oh ! my love-sick heart is full of thee.
 In crowds, in solitude, the field, the temple,
 All places hold an equal sanctity ;
 While thy lov'd name in humble invocation
 Dwells on my tongue, and ev'ry gentle sigh
 Breathes out my life, my very soul to thee.

SOLILOQUY VIII.

FOUNTAIN of love, in thy delightful streams

Let me for ever bathe my ravish'd soul,
 Inebriated in the vast abyss,
 The plenitude of joy ; where all these wide,
 These infinite desires shall die away
 In endless plenty, and complete fruition.

O my dear God ! have I a single joy,

A thought of happiness, remote from thee?
 Am I at rest? tho' thou hast crown'd my years
 With smiling plenty, and unmingled peace.
 Is not the joy, the solace of my life
 Summ'd in thy smiles, and center'd in thy love?

What is this vain, this visionary scene
 Of mortal things to me? my thoughts aspire
 Beyond the narrow bounds of rolling spheres.
 The world is crucify'd and dead to me,
 And I am dead to all its empty shews;
 But oh! for thee unbounded wishes warm
 My panting soul, and call forth all her pow'rs.
 Whate'er can raise desire, or give delight,
 Or with full joy replenish ev'ry wish
 Is found in thee, thou infinite abyss
 Of ecstasy and life!—How my free soul
 Expatiates in these wide, these boundless joys!
 How am I lost to every thought but thee?
 Forgetting ev'n myself, forgetting all
 But thee, my glorious, everlasting theme!

Thou wilt, thou must return upon my soul,
 'Till death; and after death, while I exist,
 Ages, ten thousand ages I will fix
 My full attention on thy bright perfections.

SOLILOQUY IX.

O BLOW these clouds away, and let me see
 Those distant glories that attract my love!
 I must be satisfy'd, these longings quench'd,
 These infinite desires must find an object;
 Or thou hast made thy noblest work in vain.

The beasts are happy: they attain the end
 Appointed for them by the course of nature;
 They reach whate'er their senses can enjoy,
 Nor seek, nor apprehend superior bliss;
 Insensible of thee, whose potent word
 Call'd out their various clans from empty nothing;

Yet unacquainted strangers to thy name,
Nor knowing higher good, they are at rest.

But man, capacious, of immortal bliss,
Pursues, unseen, an object infinite;
And only there can find the rest he seeks.

SOLILOQUY X.

MY great Redeemer lives! I know he lives!

I feel the sacred, the transporting truth
Exulting in my soul: He lives to plead
My cause above (unworthy as I am!)
He there appears to intercede for me.

My record is on high, and the blest Spirit
With gentle attestations pleads within;
Divine the voice, 'tis all celestial truth,
I yield my glad assent; triumphant hope,
And heavenly consolations fill my soul.

I must, I will rejoice; 'tis God himself
Is my exceeding joy: He kindly smiles,
And heav'n and earth look gay; while all the clouds
That conscious guilt spread o'er my shudd'ring soul
Vanish before those reconciling eyes.

Ye pow'rs of darkness, where are all your threats?
Speak out your charge, the black indictment read;
I own the dreadful, the amazing score;
But who condemns, when God does justify?
Who shall accuse, when freely he acquits?
He calls me blest, and what malignant pow'r
Shall call the blessing back? who shall reverse,
What the Most-High has said?—Nor life, nor death,
Nor depth below, nor endless height above,
Shall part me from his everlasting love.

SOLILOQUY XI.

WHERE are the boasts of nature? where its pride,

When reason looks within with humble view,
And sanctity of judgment measures out
My conduct by the perfect laws of God?

But oh! let not my crimes recorded stand
Before thy sight, nor call me to account,
Thou righteous Judge; for who can answer thee?
Can mortal man be just? can he be pure
Whose dwelling is with flesh? If thou shouldst pry
Into my secret guilt, I am undone;
But if thou pardon the unnumber'd score,
The glory will be thine, whose clemency
Can know no bounds; for thou art uncontroul'd,
And absolute in all thy ways: No rule
But thy own perfect nature limits thee.

I sink, this empty shadow pays thee homage,
And vanishes to nothing, thou art all.
I am but vanity, this is my share;
I am content, be thou alone advanc'd!
Thy grace is free, thy favours unconfin'd:
Whate'er my pride can boast, my righteousness
Can never profit thee——The saints above,
The highest angels stand not unreprouch'd,
Nor spotless in the presence of thy glory.

O do not strictly mark my num'rous crimes,
Nor ask what I deserve, but what becomes
The grandeur of thy name, thy glorious nature,
Thy clemency, and gentle attributes:
Act thou up to the height of grace divine,
And be the glory and salvation thine!

SOLILOQUY XII.

WHEN will the journey end? this weary race,
This tedious pilgrimage of life be o'er?
'Tis guilt, 'tis error, shades and darkens all!

Some hellish snare attends on ev'ry step,
 And I shall stumble, fall, and be undone;
 If thou one moment leave thy trembling charge,
 And trust me to myself, my treach'rous heart
 Will give up all the boundless joys to come,
 The smiles of God, the raptures of his love,
 For toys, for trifles, dross and empty dreams.
 My foes are watchful; and my foolish heart,
 Too credulous, unguarded and secure,
 Gives easy entrance to the fatal arts
 Of those infernal pow'rs that seek my ruin.

But thou canst break the snare; and hitherto
 The Lord has help'd, be thine alone the praise!
 O leave me not at last to bring reproach,
 Or cast a blemish on thy holy ways.
 Thou know'st my folly, impotence and guilt,
 What darkness, what depravity controuls
 My nobler pow'rs; how when my rising thoughts
 Would fix on thee, this mortal part withstands.

O bring my soul from this detested prison,
 Enlarge it, and my tongue shall speak thy praise!

SOLILOQUY XIII.

COME to my longing soul, that I may know
 My union with thee in immortal love:

This is the secret language of my heart.
 I dare appeal to thee, my awful Judge,
 Whose eyes can penetrate my inmost thought;
 Thou art my first desire, my warmest wish:
 These restless motions, these repeated sighs,
 Are all address'd to thee; at thee I aim,
 In these imperfect flights, these upward views,
 These frequent glances at the distant stars;
 Fain would they pierce beyond the azure veil,
 And gaze at those transporting sights within.

Put out your gaudy lights, ye rolling spheres!

Could I but see the brighter worlds beyond,
I should with joy bid sun and stars adieu,
With all the beauteous scenes their beams disp'ay.

I'm tir'd, I'm sick of all these trifling things,
The shew, the vain amusements of the world ;
Thou art my only joy : Again my soul
Attests its first, its early, glorious choice,
Under my hand (behold, my present Judge,
For thou art here a witness to my truth)
Under my hand I take thee for my portion,
My present bliss, and all my future hope.

I cast reproach on ev'ry lower good,
And look with scorn on transitory things ;
Divide them where thou wilt ; 'tis thou thyself,
Thy smiles, the full fruition of thy love
My panting soul pursues : not all the pomp
Or pleasure of the skies, abstract from thee,
Could make me blest, or fill these large desires.

SOLILOQUY XIV.

THE hour must come, the last important hour,
O let me meet it with expecting joy !

Nor let the king of terrors wear a frown,
Nor bring unwelcome tidings to my soul !

When all the springs of life are running low,
And ebbing fast in death ; when nature tir'd,
Trembling and faint, gropes thro' the gloomy vale,
Nor human aid can give the least support ;
Then may the cordials of eternal love
Pour in divine refreshments on my soul ;
Then let him smile, whose gentle smiles could cheer
The shades of hell, and scatter all its gloom.

Forget me not in that important hour ;
Recal these earnest sighs, look kindly o'er
The long recorded file of humble pray'r
Sent to thy gracious seat : Thou, who at once
Dost past, and present, and the future view,

Give back an answer in that sullen moment,
 When all things else shall fail.—No sound of joy,
 No sight of beauty, no delightful scene
 Shall aught avail; nor sun, nor sparkling stars,
 Shall yield one gentle, one propitious ray,
 To gild the fatal dusk, or cheer the soul.

Then let the sun of righteousness arise
 With dawning light, and be the prospect clear
 Beyond the dismal gulph; let darting beams
 Of glory meet my view—Be hell defy'd
 On that triumphant day: O let me give
 A parting challenge to infernal rage,
 And sing salvation to the *Lamb* for ever!

SOLILOQUY XV.

THOU lovely object of my utmost hope,
 Whate'er my soul stretch'd to its vast extent,
 And wide capacity of bliss can grasp!
 I would be from this moment free from all
 Terrene delight, and joy in God alone.
 Here I might still expatiate in the realms
 Of boundless bliss, and drink the springs of life
 Unfully'd at the native fountain head.

O thou that by a soft, but certain band
 Of everlasting love, hast drawn my soul;
 Continue the attraction, bring me near,
 Nor let us part for ever!—What words can paint
 The horrors of that doom, that should divide
 My soul from all its bliss? accurs'd division!
 O be it ne'er my lot! Let dark oblivion
 Extinguish this frail spark of entity,
 Blot me, in mercy blot me from existence,
 Rather than blot me from the book of life!

What pangs, what agonies would shake my soul,
 To take a last, a sad farewell of thee;
 The rage of love, an everlasting fire,
 Must prey for ever on the softest sense

And feeling of the soul——Rather let loose
 Thy mighty hand, and crush me into nothing;
 At least efface thy image from my heart,
 Those traces of an excellence divine:
 Tormenting view! if ne'er to be enjoy'd,
 Let me forget thee, and forget myself;
 Lose all remembrance of thy favours past,
 Nor e'er recal to mind those blissful hours,
 Spent in a sweet communion with my God.

Should these transporting scenes return in view,
 I sure shall curse myself, defy the saints
 That in thy temple dwell, and see thy face:
 Perhaps this tongue (O emphasis of woe!
 The lowest depth, the horror of damnation!)
 Perhaps this tongue, urg'd with infernal rage,
 With impious blasphemies may wound thy name;
 That dear, adorable, transporting name,
 That name imprinted on my inmost soul,
 That now is all my joy, my final hope!

SOLILOQUY XVI.

DRAW me, O draw me! then with eager haste
 Unweary'd I shall run the sacred paths
 Thy word directs; but if unmov'd by thee,
 A lump of dull unanimated clay
 As well might rise, and meet the lofty sky;
 As well these cold, these senseless stones may wake,
 May find a living voice, and call thee Father.

I live, I move, but as thy quickning pow'r
 Exerts itself, and animates my being;
 And longer than thou draw'st, I cannot move.
 For I am weak and vain, my nature sunk
 From its primæval rectitude and grace,
 Helpless and destitute of all that's good:
 But thus I humbly cast myself on thee,
 Imploring succour at thy gracious hands;
 Imploring wisdom, to evade the wiles

Of my infernal foes, that hourly watch
 My steps, to tempt them into fatal snares,
 And labyrinths of darkness.—Take my hand,
 And gently lead me in the dang'rous road
 Of mortal life, this gloomy pilgrimage:
 My great directing light, if thou withdraw,
 I wander, and inevitably perish.
 And oh! 'tis endless ruin, deep perdition;
 A loss (distracting thought) a loss that ne'er
 Thro' everlasting years can be repair'd;
 The loss of God, and all the boundless joys,
 Th' immortal rapture that his presence gives.

SOLILOQUY XVII.

MINE eyes have ne'er beheld, nor heart conceiv'd
 The wonders of thy face; and yet unseen
 Thou dost attract and raise my warmest love.
 I live in thee, in thee alone am blest;
 Thou art my darling thought; my soul exults,
 It boasts in thee, and triumphs all the day.
 That thou art happy gives me perfect joy;
 I am at rest in thee—Let kingdoms sink,
 Thou dost ordain their fall; or let them rise,
 Thy pleasure is fulfill'd—Be thou supreme!
 Be absolute!—I join my glad assent,
 With all the prostrate angels round thy throne,
 Unquestion'd be thy will! for oh! 'tis just,
 And righteous all thy ways. Be thou ador'd
 For ever in the heights of majesty!
 Thy grandeur fills me with a just contempt
 For all the pomp on earth; that thou art fair
 (O how divinely fair!) gives fresh delight
 And transport to my soul.—How I rejoice
 To find thee still beyond similitude,
 Still rising in superior excellence
 To ev'ry lovely thing thy hands have made:

Ev'n seraphim in their immortal bloom
 Those morning stars, the first-born smiles of heav'n,
 If once compar'd to thee, their brightest charms
 Would fade away, and wither in thy sight.

SOLILOQUY XVIII.

I WILL not leave thee ; bid me not be gone,

Repulse me not, for I will take no nay.
 As thou dost live, I will pursue thee still,
 Nor e'er let go my hold : I'm fix'd on this,
 To wrestle with thee till I gain the blessing.
 I cannot be deny'd ; thy word is past,
 'Tis seal'd, 'tis ratify'd ; thou art oblig'd,
 Engag'd, confin'd by thy own clemency,
 And spotless truth, to listen to my call.

I come, I enter by the strength of faith
 The holy place ; thro' the atoning blood
 I kneel, I humbly worship at thy seat,
 My great request is to obtain thy grace,
 Thro' my Redeemer's merits : Here's the way
 By which I would approach thy sacred throne.
 O let me never meet with a repulse,
 While I invoke thee by that charming name ;
 That name, in which is center'd thy delight,
 That name, which at thy own command I use ;
 Nor can it be in vain——Thy word is past ;
 Nor canst thou vary, or deny thyself,
 And change thy purposes, like fickle man.

The earth shall change her form, the shining skies
 Shall lose their light, and vanish into shade ;
 But not a tittle of thy sacred word
 Shall fail the hopes of them that rest on thee.

Be gone, ye impious, unbelieving fears !
 I am a sinner, freely 'tis confess,
 Unmeriting the least regard from thee ;
 But here the riches of thy grace will shine ;
 To thee immortal honour will arise,

When such a worthless wretch as I shall stand
 Acquitted by an act of sov'reign will,
 Before thy gracious sight; cleans'd from my guilt
 By a Redeemer's blood, that healing balm
 For all the wounds within.—In heav'nly strains
 My lips shall tell the story of thy grace;
 Ages shall in a long succession roll,
 While the blest theme employs my joyful tongue:
 Unbounded gratitude shall swell my soul,
 And all its nobler faculties enlarge.

SOLILOQUY XIX.

VANISH my doubts, and let me give the glory

Due to th' eternal name, by stedfast faith,
 Hope against hope, believe above belief!
 For he that said, is able to perform:
 His word annihilates, his word creates;
 And he can open the eternal stores,
 And pour ten thousand blessings on my head.

Why should'st thou bound thyself? why should'st thou
 stay

The sacred bias of thy glorious nature?
 For thou art love supreme, essential love,
 Ev'n my unworthiness can be no bar.
 Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
 And check the progress of almighty grace?
 Shall dust and vanity obstruct the course
 Of thy omnipotence, and spoil the boast
 Of free, of absolute benignity?

Love is thy life, in its transcendent height
 And full enjoyment; thy eternal thought,
 In boundless wisdom, mark'd it as the end
 Of all thy glorious works; and it shall rise
 Triumphant and victorious over all
 The obstacles that seem to check its course.
 In this transporting, amiable form,

The mild, the gentle glories of thy nature,
 Let me behold and meet thy gracious smiles:
 Here I can triumph, here my hopes run high;
 They know no bounds, but infinitely free,
 Grasp all a blest eternity contains.

SOLILOQUY XX.

O GOD of ages! view my narrow span,
 Behold how short a period thou hast set
 The limits of my life! how like a shade,
 A passing cloud, my vain existence flies!
 Yet all my boundless hopes, my future views
 For endless ages on this narrow span,
 This little rivulet of time depend:
 And oh! how fast the gliding current flows!
 Nothing retards its everlasting course;
 Ev'n now my hasty moments pass away,
 For ever, O for ever, they are gone!

I die with ev'ry breath; no calling back
 The nicest point of all my vain duration,
 'Tis past beyond retrieve!—but oh! there rest
 Eternal things on this important point:
 This span of life, this short allotted span,
 Is all I have to manage for the stake
 Of an immortal soul; the glorious weight
 Of heav'nly crowns and kingdoms are suspended,
 And oh! if lost, can never be recall'd.
 This *now*, this fleeting transitory *now*,
 Contains my all; and yet this awful truth
 Sits lightly on my soul, and faintly moves
 My drooping pow'rs to action.
 Yet there's a strict account that must be made,
 When the great day, the day of reck'ning comes:
 The solemn hour draws nigh, nor sleeps my doom;
 'Twill soon decide my everlasting fate,
 And no appeal will ever be allow'd.

SOLILOQUY XXI.

O THOU! whose glorious, whose all-seeing eye
 Marks all the dubious paths that lie before me;
 Who from my mother's womb hast been my guide,
 And led me thro' the various turns of life;
 Conceal not now thyself in darksome shades,
 But let me clearly know thy sacred will,
 To guide me thro' the wild, uncertain scenes
 Of mortal life, and let not hell deceive me:
 For I am wholly thine; thou know'st I am
 Devoted to thy fear. For this my soul,
 Whose secrets thou canst tell; appeals to thee.
 Oh! thou dost see my thought's most distant aims,
 And art my glorious witness, how sincere,
 How perfectly my will's resign'd to thine.

Behold me here attending thy commands,
 With low submission, oh! behold me here,
 List'ning to catch the whispers of thy voice;
 In humble silence I attend the sound,
 And wait thy sacred orders.—O determine,
 Determine all my steps, and mark my path!
 For I am blind, and bent to vanity.
 The pow'rs of hell conspire with my own heart
 To lead me on to sin and fatal snares:
 But leave me not in the last darksome tracks,
 The closing part; let that be all serene;
 Let that be spent in works of love and praise,
 To fit me for the ecstasies above.

As the ascending sun new glory gains,
 'Till at bright noon he shines in full perfection;
 Thus let me reach the highest point of virtue,
 As far as frail mortality can rise:
 Then let me set in glory, and in smiles.
Victoria let me sing: Be thine the crown,
 Be thine alone, redeeming grace, the praise!

SOLILOQUY XXII.

I HAVE thy word, thou canst not call it back,

I have thy oath, by thy own glorious name
Attested and confirm'd—Lord, 'tis enough!
My unbelieving fears are all subdu'd.

God of my pious fathers! who didst set
Thy love on them, and chuse their worthless race,
Ev'n me, of all th' family the least,
To magnify thy own peculiar grace:
For thy prerogative is absolute,
And uncontroll'd thy will; whate'er has pleas'd
Thy own unerring counsel thou hast done.

O think on all thy kind and gracious words;
And what thy mouth hath spoken let thy hand
In ev'ry point fulfil, let nothing fall!

For thou art rich in grace, tho' I am poor
In merit, and can nothing claim from thee.
I dare not plead a debt; yet thou hast sworn,
Sworn by the glory of thy holiness,
That thou wilt not in any wise deceive me.
Thou all things canst; ev'n my unworthiness
Can be no bar, no obstacle to thee:

It is not what I am, but what thou art,
And what thy gracious influence can effect.

Can dust and ashes plead desert before thee?

The height of holiness and majesty

Can view no merit in the clay he form'd.

But oh! what bounds has goodness infinite?

What limits shall almighty love confine?

Who works in all things as his counsel guides,

Mov'd by his own benignity; the spring,

The everlasting spring, from whence arise

All the bright schemes, and well-contriv'd designs,

That love in its omnipotence could form.

Ye heights ineffable, ye wond'rous ways,

Ye glorious mysteries, ye trackless paths

Of the great Sov'reign of the earth and skies;
 Whate'er I am, whate'er I hope, thro' all
 Futurity, in ev'ry blissful scene,
 The fountain must be free, unbounded grace.

SOLILOQUY XXIII.

LO, here I stand divested of the world !
 I give its empty glories to the wind :
 Forsaking all that mortals covet here,
 I come to thee, attesting thy great name,
 That thou art singly in thyself my hope,
 Renouncing all things else, my full delight.

Let me be banish'd to some place remote,
 Where no created thing could give me joy :
 Let me have sweet communion there with thee,
 Breathe on me there the fragrance of thy love,
 Those ever blooming sweets, and let me hear
 Immortal music, harmony divine,
 In thy transporting voice : Be this my lot,
 And give the laughing world their jovial choice !

How poor, how empty all its joys, compar'd
 To those sublime, to those exalted pleasures,
 That break upon my soul, when thou dost smile !

A time will come (O haste the blissful day !)
 When I shall see thy lovely face unveil'd :
 When these blest eyes shall recreate their views
 With visions all divine, the dazzling scenes
 Of uncreated excellence and light.

But now I love thee distant and unseen :
 I feel a flame, which these created things
 In all their pride and studied elegance
 Can never gratify ; should they assume
 The graces of the skies, the highest bloom
 Of charms immortal, and unfading life ;
 Yet these are not my God.

Should angels open the eternal scenes,
 And stand reveal'd before my wond'ring eyes

In all their pomp of splendor and perfection :
 Or if beyond them there are fairer forms,
 Beauties unnam'd, and unreveal'd to men ;
 Where'er creation ends, the distance still
 Is infinite from that for which I pine.

SOLILOQUY XXIV.

WHERE fly my wishes? what aspiring views,
 Are these that animate my tow'ring hopes?
 What boundless aims does my ambition take?
 'Tis God himself, the great eternal God,
 That spread the heav'ns, and kindled all the lights
 That roll on high, 'tis he is all my bliss!
 My soaring thoughts can take no lower aim,
 Thither alone my bold desires ascend.

Ye splendors unconceiv'd, ye joys unknown,
 Ye sights that mortal ken has ne'er explor'd,
 O when in dazzling pomp will you unfold
 Your fair transporting prospects to my soul?
 This low creation gives me no delight,
 The brightest objects sicken on my sense,
 The sun and stars emit their cheerful rays
 In vain; in vain to me the beauteous spring
 Her blooming sweets diffuses thro' the air;
 In vain her gay variety, her pomp
 Of party-colour'd beauties she displays:
 Nothing can recreate my drooping thoughts,
 Or fill the boundless vacancy within.

When shall I close my eyes on mortal things,
 And bid these dark, these guilty seats adieu?
 Break from this prison, drop this hated chain,
 And spring with full enlargement to my God?

SOLILOQUY XXV.

THE solemn hour draws near, when I must stand
 Before the holy, the tremendous Judge
 Of all the earth, whose quick, all-searching eye

Views all the dark recesses of my soul;
 Those secret, those impenetrable deeps,
 To mortal search unknown, the close disguise,
 The specious flatteries, whose soothing wiles
 Impose with fair delusions on my thoughts.

I know not what I am; mistaken views,
 And partial judgment hide me from myself.

O thou that know'st my heart, disclose its depths,
 Take off the specious, the deceiving mask,
 And shew me to myself. I am undone,
 If here mistaken, flatter'd and deluded
 With empty hopes, and airy expectations:
 An error here will prove eternal ruin,
 Remediless despair—O gracious Lord!
 Avert the sad presage, the fatal doubt;
 Nor leave me in this comfortless suspense.
 If I shall see thy glorious face in peace,
 If I shall meet the beatific light,
 And view that radiant vision all unveil'd,
 If those bright hopes are not a vain delusion,
 O seal the blissful, the transporting truth
 With sacred demonstration to my soul;
 Dispel these cruel, these tormenting doubts,
 With one propitious ray! for oh! my care
 Is of important weight; 'tis vast eternity,
 'Tis boundless glory hangs on the event.

O could I know my worthless name is writ
 Among the chosen race; that in the book
 Of life (transporting thought!) eternal love,
 And sov'reign grace has mark'd my glorious lot!

Where'er thou giv'st, the blessing must be free
 And undeserv'd; for who among the ranks
 That shine about thy throne can plead desert?
 Who has presented thee with benefits,
 That he should proudly claim a recompence?

SOLILOQUY XXVI.

SWEET name of Jesus! in whose syllables
 The animating pow'rs of harmony,
 The soul of music dwells; thou shalt inspire
 My sweetest numbers on the immortal strings,
 The golden harps of heav'n—My only hope!
 I have no other refuge from the storm,
 No rock for shelter, no refreshing shade,
 No calm retreat to rest my weary soul.

Thou Saviour of the sinful race of man!
 For whom descending from the heights of glory,
 From songs, from triumphs, and the loud applause,
 The shoutings of ten thousand times ten thousand,
 Myriads of shining hosts, thy bright adorers,
 Thou deign'st to quit them all, and veil the form
 Of radiant godhead in a cloud of flesh.

Yet hast thou seen the travail of my soul,
 The purchase of thy blood? or is that blood,
 (Tremendous thought!) or is that blood profan'd,
 Thy grace rejected, and thy love despis'd?

Why shines the sun? why are the stars unseal'd?
 Why spreads the moon her mild indulgent beams
 To cheer the midnight shades? Why keeps the spring
 Her annual round, and with her vital sweets
 Perfumes the seasons for a miscreant race,
 Ungrateful and prophane! that dares blaspheme
 The awful God of nature, and of grace?

SOLILOQUY XXVII.

HOW slowly moves the sun? how dull the wheels
 Of nature? Roll along, ye planets, fly
 In shorter rounds, and measure out my day,
 This tedious day, this interval of woe!

I wait with longing looks, and mark the skies,
 As men impatient for the breaking morn.
 This world has nothing worth a careless thought;

I have no treasure here, 'tis all above,
 And there my heart in fix'd attention dwells.
 With just disdain I cast a languid look
 Around the vain creation ; then repine,
 And half pronounce those various products evil,
 Which God himself approv'd, and call'd them good :
 Yet independent of the sov'reign bliss,
 They yield no felace, give me no repose.

What have I here to hold my soul from thee?
 To entertain me one short, fleeting hour?
 I have no friend on earth, and none would have :
 I'm grown a stranger here, my heart disowns
 Acquaintance here ; I'm sick of this vain world,
 Its tiresome repetitions load my sense :
 The sun's bright eye, in all its circuit, views
 No equal entertainment, none to hold
 My heart in these inhospitable realms.

Yet if I must a stranger here remain,
 O condescend to visit these abodes,
 And speak in frequent whispers to my soul !
 Let me converse with thee, and hear thy voice ;
 Retir'd from men in some wild solitude,
 My hours would sweetly pass, nor seek delight
 Beyond that heav'nly bliss ; there I could rest
 Superior to the turns of human things.

These eyes no more should view the impious ways
 Of human race ; these ears no longer hear
 The daring blasphemies that loudly rage
 Against that gracious mediating Pow'r,
 That keeps avenging thunder from their heads.

O let me die in peace, dismiss me hence !
 I'm but a sojourner, a stranger here ;
 Wand'ring thro' darksome ways and gloomy wilds,
 Beset with hellish snares, and oft betray'd
 By a deceitful, treacherous heart within :
 Tir'd with perpetual toil I cast my eyes,
 To yonder peaceful worlds, and long for rest.

SOLILOQUY XXVIII.

O THOU whose wisdom leads the countless stars
 In constant order thro' their shining course,
 And sets the blazing sun his annual race!
 All nature owns thy law; the raging winds,
 And foaming billows in their swelling pride
 Reluctant sink at thy commanding voice.

But I with prostrate homage at thy feet
 Devote my will obsequious to thy sway.
 I have no choice, no conduct, no design,
 No wav'ring wish that I can call my own;
 For I am wholly absolutely thine:
 And as the potter turns the ductile clay
 Am I in thy almighty forming hands.
 O thou canst mould and fashion ev'ry thought,
 My passions turn, and make me what thou wilt:
 Thy hand can trace the characters divine,
 And stamp celestial beauty on my soul.

Creating Spirit, speak the potent word,
 Let there be light! and cloudless day will rise:
 Dispel the clouds of ignorance and sin,
 Banish whate'er opposes thy designs
 Of love and grace, and freely work thy will.

Conform'd to thee, the harmony divine,
 My soul would find the most exalted bliss.
 Were there no future hell, no penalties
 To guard thy righteous laws; were there no heav'n,
 No sparkling crowns to recompence the just;
 Yet would my thoughts approve thy pure commands,
 And find exalted pleasure in the rules
 Thy sacred word enjoins. Could I but reach
 The rectitude I wish, in serving thee
 I meet a full reward, and gain the first,
 The great design for which I had a being:
 I breath'd at thy command; and 'tis the boast,
 The glory of my life, to live for thee.

SOLILOQUY XXIX.

MY God, support me in that gloomy hour,
 When nature droops, and death's impending shade
 With fatal darkness hovers o'er my head;
 When honour, pleasure, wealth, and mortal friends
 Shall prove but empty names, unmeaning sounds,
 And lying succours to my fainting soul;
 While hell with all its complicated rage
 Shall raise its last effort to break my peace.

Rebuke the tempest then, and let thy voice
 In gentle accents bid the storm subside;
 And dart a beam of glory on my soul,
 When shiv'ring on the darksome verge of life,
 She trembles at the first uncertain step,
 That sets her on the strange, eternal coast;
 Where all is new, amazing and unknown,
 Nor ever yet conceiv'd by human thought,
 In all its energy and liveliest flights.

Then be the shore or gloomy, or serene,
 On which the spirit freed from earthly chains
 Shall set her dubious foot to meet her Judge;
 Whose doom will be exact, impartial, just;
 And oh! when past, unchangeable and fix'd.

Eternity!—amazing dreadful word!
 Eternity!—in vain I would explore
 Thy distant bounds; my wand'ring thoughts are lost,
 I know not where to fix, 'tis all confusion!

SOLILOQUY XXX.

ALmighty love, thou great mysterious theme,
 What eloquence of man can talk of thee?
 What thought has fathom'd thy eternal depths,
 Or measur'd out thy lengths? What angel's wing
 Has reach'd thy heights? What seraph's flowing song,
 In all the powers of heav'nly harmony,

Can paint thy charms, and to the ravish'd soul
Unfold thy beauties in their native light?

Thou art the splendor of the face divine.
The bliss of angels, the delight of saints,
The life, the triumph, and the happiness
Of Him in whom the springs of joy remain.

O when with smiles ineffable, with looks
That dart eternal ecstasy and life,
And all the peace of Paradise unfold,
Wilt thou, my God, shine on my raptur'd soul?
When shall I meet thy quick'ning influence,
And see that glorious vision all unveil'd?
The fairest copies of creating pow'r,
Where with transcendent art thy skilful hand
Has drawn bright beauty in her heav'nly prime,
Will fade before the splendour of thy face.

SOLILOQUY XXXI.

WHAT shall I speak? how celebrate thy praise?
What language use to paint my gratitude?
The boldest words would poorly speak thy sense
Of what my soul experiences within.

O how thou dost attract my warmest thoughts!
How am I lost to all delights, but those
That from thy love proceed! how vain this world,
How empty all its low delights, compar'd
To those divine, those pure, exalted joys,
That sparkle on my soul, when thou dost smile!

And yet I see but darkly thro' the cloud,
And catch a glimm'ring ray with eager eyes;
While thou dost keep the fuller glories back,
And hide the sacred splendor of thy throne.

O turn the veil aside! I can but die:
Shine out, and let the dazzling light come o'er
The pow'rs of nature—Thus I would expire,
Thus yield my spirit up in ecstasy.

If this must be deny'd; yet come, my Lord,

Let me have such communion with thee here,
 As saints in holy raptures have enjoy'd;
 Such as may kindle up the life divine,
 Imprint the image of thy holiness,
 And feed the heav'nly flame; till dead to sense,
 And all the false attractions of the world,
 I live alone completely blest in thee.

SOLILOQUY XXXII.

O LET me shrink to nothing in thy sight,
 And lay the boasts of nature at thy feet!
 Be all my pride abas'd to lower dust,
 There lie whate'er my vanity calls worth;
 Corruption, misery, and guilt, is all
 I have to boast; this is indeed my own,
 My rightful claim, my just inheritance.

But hence thy praise shall spring, thy glories rise,
 My indigence shall raise thy triumphs high.
 A wond'rous instance of forgiving love,
 In its divine magnificence display'd
 I shall for ever stand: for ever stand
 A monument of free unbounded grace,
 That chose a wretch like me to shew its pow'r;
 That triumph'd in its own victorious strength,
 O'er ev'ry opposition hell could raise.

How wond'rous are thy ways, almighty love!
 How much above the narrow thoughts of men!
 Lord, whence is this to me! to me, so vile,
 So guilty, so unworthy of thy grace?
 When thousands pass unbridled to perdition,
 O why am I then graciously restrain'd:
 'Tis thou hast done it by thy sov'reign right,
 And who shall ask thee why?

What can I speak? I must be silent here,
 Or lost in wonder breathe imperfect sounds;
 Yet read my thoughts, the gratitude, the praise
 I would return—for human language fails.

SOLILOQUY XXXIII.

BLEST Jesus! 'tis thy name to which I trust

My noblest interest, my superior hopes ;
Thou covert from the storm, a hiding place
From the black tempest of avenging wrath !
I see my guilt, but this augments the debt
Of gratitude and love ; I see my guilt,
But see it cancell'd by redeeming blood.

Transporting thought ! how shall I speak my joy ?
In what gay figures paint the ecstasy ?

O may'st thou reign exalted and ador'd,
Ador'd on earth, as in the highest heav'n !
With all the shouting myriads round thy throne
I join my grateful voice——Ye glitt'ring crowds,
Receive a mortal militant below

To your triumphant choir ; with you I'll bless
My great Redeemer's name——transporting name !

'Tis graven on my heart, 'tis deep impress,
Immortal is the stamp ; nor life, nor death,
Nor hell, with all its pow'rs, shall blot it thence.

Thou joy of angels, the desire of nations,
The hope, the glorious hope of all mankind !
What shall I speak, what gentle language use,
When thou art my transporting tender theme ?
The tongues of angels cannot reach a strain
Too solemn, too pathetic to express
The charming sentiments I feel for thee.

How dear thou art, how precious to my soul,
'Tis thou alone can tell——O fairer far
Than all thy wond'rous works ! what excellence
Bears thy similitude ? Thy Father's image,
The plenitude, the brightness of his glory,
The eloquence of heav'n is far below
Thy worth ; for thou art infinite perfection,
The fulness of the Godhead dwells in thee.
Thine is the pow'r, the kingdom, and the glory ;
All, all is thine in the high heav'ns above,

On earth and in the deep.—May ev'ry tongue
 In blessing thee be blest; may blessings fall
 In torrents on their heads that plead thy cause;
 Smile on their active piety and zeal,
 Strengthen their hands, and fortify their hearts,
 With peace divine and holy consolation.
 Let them appear bright as the vig'rous sun,
 When tow'ring from his clear meridian height,
 He fills the spacious firmament with glory.
 So let them prosper, while thy vanquish'd foes
 In humble homage bow beneath thy feet!
 From sea to sea be thy great empire spread,
 And let the utmost isles thy glory see:
 The eastern kings their incense then shall bring,
 And sweet *Sabæa's* groves shall bloom for thee.

SOLILOQUY XXXIV.

LOOK down, with pity, gracious Lord, look down,
 From thy unbounded heights of happiness,
 On me a wretched, but a suppliant sinner.
 Thy times are always; mine will soon be past,
 And measur'd out; while thine are still unchang'd:
 In boundless life, and undiminish'd bliss
 Thou sitt'st secure, while all created things
 In a perpetual motion glide along,
 And ev'ry instant change their fleeting forms.
 O be not slack to hear! my time is wing'd,
 See how my sun declines! 'tis sinking fast,
 And dying into darkness; the night is near,
 The fatal night of death, when I shall sleep
 Unactive in the damp and gloomy grave.

This is the important hour, the hour of grace
 And offer'd life; salvation hangs upon it.
 Nor let my importunity offend thee,
 'Tis now, 'tis now or never I must speed;
 This day, this hour, this fleeting moment's more

Than I can boast, or truly call my own;
 Ev'n now it flies—'tis gone—'tis past for ever!

But oh! the strict account I have to give
 Remains uncancell'd; yet my pardon stands,
 Perhaps, unseal'd, or not to me confirm'd.
 Regard my anguish while I call aloud
 For mercy, and a signal of thy love.
 Before I die, O let my longing soul
 Receive an earnest of its future bliss!

SOLILOQUY XXXV.

BE thou alone advanc'd!—If there's a thought
 Of favour plac'd on me, let it be all
 Devoted to the Lord. Mayst thou stand high
 In ev'ry heart, tho' I am wholly lost
 In dark obscurity—be thou advanc'd!
 This is my noblest, my superior end,
 My great design, my everlasting view.

O be thy interest safe, thy cause secure!
 Whatever clouds hang on my future hours,
 I pass them all, thy sacred will be done!
 I am of no importance to myself,
 Be thou alone exalted! All my soul
 Bows to thy grandeur, offers every thought
 Of love and honour, friendship and esteem
 To thee; whatever kind impression's rais'd
 In any heart for me, let it be thine!

All glory be to thee! 'tis justly due;
 Mine is but borrow'd at thy gracious hands;
 My light is but a faint reflected ray,
 From thee its sacred source—O may it guide
 My soul with constant energy to thee!

Thou art my boast, my treasure and my joy!
 Content with thee, in solitary shades
 I am at rest, nor miss the vain delights
 This world can give, or with deceiving shews,
 And lying visions, promise to my hopes.

My eyes have ne'er beheld, nor heart conceiv'd
 The wonders of thy face; and yet unseen
 Thou dost attract and raise my warmest love:
 The cause is all divine, above the reach
 Of reason's boldest and most daring flight.

SOLILOQUY XXXVI.

O FAIREST of ten thousand! whose bright smiles
 Enlighten heav'n, and open Paradise
 In all its blissful and transporting scenes,
 Vouchsafe me but a short, a transient glimpse
 Of thy fair face, if I can gain no more.

Forgive the fond impatience of my heart,
 Which dwells on thee, and has no other joy,
 No entertainment in this lonesome world;
 'Tis all a dismal emptiness to me.

Hence all ye clouds, ye separating shades,
 Which hide his charming face! Ye days and hours
 Dance on your speedy course, and let us meet!
 Rise thou bright morning star, the joy of heav'n,
 The beauty and the pride of paradise,
 The bliss of angels, their eternal theme,
 While in high transports they enjoy thy smiles!

I must talk on, the glorious subject warms
 My wid'ning soul; I feel immortal life,
 And taste the joys of heav'n—Thou art my heav'n,
 The land of light and love, my fullest hope!
 I have no other wish in all the round
 Of endless years. Thou from the morning's womb
 Hast still the dew, the fragrant dew of youth:
 Eternal bloom sits smiling in thy looks,
 Heav'n opes in the splendour of thine eye,
 And streams in torrents of eternal light.

Thy voice is music, harmony itself
 In its transporting charms—Ye golden harps

Which angels tune, for ever silent lie;
 Let me but hear my Lord's sweet, gentle voice,
 Breathing celestial solace to my soul,
 And peace ineffable, the peace of God.

SOLILOQUY XXXVII.

O JESUS! let eternal blessings dwell
 On thy transporting name; let every tongue
 In heav'n and earth conspire, above, below,
 Where'er creation stretches out its bounds;
 Let them with me unite to praise my King,
 My Lord, my Life, my gracious Ransomer!
 Who bought my soul from hell at the high price
 Of his own sacred blood; amazing love!
 Unutterable grace! Here let me fix
 My soul in an eternal ecstasy.

Let me be wholly thine from this blest hour.
 Let thy lov'd image be for ever present;
 Of thee be all my thoughts, and let my tongue
 Be sanctify'd with the celestial theme.
 Dwell on my lips, thou dearest, sweetest name!
 Dwell on my lips, till the last parting breath!
 Then let me die, and bear the charming sound
 In triumph to the skies.—In other strains,
 In language all divine, I'll praise thee then;
 While all the Godhead opens in the view
 Of a Redeemer's love—Here let me gaze,
 For ever gaze; the bright variety
 Will endless joy and admiration yield.

Let me be wholly thine from this blest hour.
 Fly from my soul all images of sense,
 Leave me in silence to possess my Lord:
 My life, my pleasures flow from him alone,
 My strength, my great salvation, and my hope.
 Thy name is all my trust—O name divine!
 Be thou engraven on my inmost soul;
 And let me own thee with my latest breath,

Confess thee in the face of ev'ry horror,
That threat'ning death or envious hell can raise;
Till all their strength subdu'd, my parting soul
Shall give a challenge to infernal rage,
And sing salvation to the Lamb for ever.

To him, my glorious Ransomer, I'll sing;
To him my heart shall gratefully ascribe
The crown of conquest, his unquestion'd right:
While list'ning angels pleas'd shall hear me tell
The wonders of his love, the strange event
Of his surprizing grace.—Transporting theme!
Where shall the song begin?—Turn back the rolls
Of vast eternity—still, backward still
The dazzling records turn—Where shall I find
The glorious point? where fix the shining date,
When everlasting love design'd my bliss?

SOLILOQUY XXXVIII.

THOU who canst make a passage thro' the sea,
And find a way amidst the rolling waves;
Thou who canst open wide, and none can shut,
Unfold the gates of brass! break all the bars
Of opposition! let the mountains sink,
And ev'ry valley rise to level plains!
Be darkness light, and let the smiling sun
Of righteousness, the bright, the morning star,
Arise in all the glories of the Godhead!

Shine out, and let the clear distinguish'd rays
Convince thy proudest foes, and cheer the hopes
Of those that love thee, love thee, tho' unseen;
Whose wounded ears now bear the loud reproach
Of thy insulting foes, whose fainting hearts
Bleed in the wide dishonours of thy name.

O rend the skies! divide the firmament!
Break the long standing pillars of the earth!
Let the hills tremble! let the forests flame,
To make thy greatness known! Be thou confess!

Be thou in full divinity reveal'd!
 And let the wreck of nature grace thy triumph!
 Set open wide the everlasting gates!
 Ye heav'nly arches, lift your heads on high,
 And let the King of glory in the pomp
 Of majesty ineffable descend!
 The nations then shall own thee for their God,
 And ev'ry tongue confess th' Almighty Judge.
 When shall these eyes behold that welcome day,
 That glorious, happy, long-expected period?
 When shall my voice join with the gen'ral shout;
 Of nations, languages, and tribes redeem'd?
 When shall I hail the triumphs of that day,
 When thou shalt rise in the full heights of glory,
 Darken the sun, confound the brightest star,
 Blaze in the splendor of the Deity,
 Thy Father's image perfectly exprest?
 Then shall the loud, the universal shout,—
 'TIS FINISH'D! echo thro' the wide creation;
 Loud triumphs sound, and hallelujahs ring,—
The glory, the dominion is the Lord's,
And God omnipotent shall reign for ever!

SOLILOQUY XXXIX.

THY word is past, look on these sacred lines,
 This heav'nly volume; here, great God, are writ
 The records of thy truth, thy ancient works,
 The bright memorials of thy pow'r and love;
 To thy immortal honour, to the joy
 Of ev'ry saint, they stand collected here.

Confirm thy promis'd grace, which I have made
 My boast, my triumph and peculiar aid.
 O make me not asham'd! for I have spoke
 With confidence undaunted for thy name,
 Thy honour and approv'd veracity.
 And now I come distress'd, and looking round
 On human helps in vain; these lying aids
 Excite my scorn, I view them with contempt.

Counsel and wisdom, friendship's gentle voice,
 Is a deceitful sound: I dare not rest
 Below the skies for guidance or protection;
 On thee alone, and not on erring man,
 I cast myself: O kindly guide my steps
 In all the paths of righteousness and peace!
 On thee alone, the everlasting rock,
 On thee alone I rest; my father's God,
 My mother's early trust, to thee I look.
 O let my soul rejoice, rejoice in God,
 Boast in his truth, and triumph all the day
 In his almighty name, and gracious aid!
 Be his veracity and truth my song!

There is no help, no confidence below:
 But who relies on thy almighty arm
 A sure defence shall find; who on thy word
 Securely rests, shall never be deceiv'd.

Can the Most-High repent? can he recal
 His sacred oath, and make his promise vain?
 O that be far from thee, the truth divine,
 Th' eternal rectitude, whose plighted word
 Stands firmer than the basis of the earth!
 And when its mighty pillars to the depth
 Of their foundations sink, when yonder skies,
 Grown old, shall crack thro' all their crystal orbs;
 Thou undecay'd in endless equity,
 In glory and unspotted truth shalt shine.

SOLILOQUY XL.

I CALL not you that on *Parnassus* sit,
 And by the flow'ry banks of *Helicon*,
 Circle your brows with fading coronets;
 While some romantic hero you adorn
 With lying epithets, and airy praise:
 Or some fantastic lover's fate rehearse,
 In notes that with a soft, enticing art,

A charming, but pernicious magic draw
The chafest minds from virtue's sacred paths.

Too long inspir'd by these unhappy flames,
In rural shades I sung the boasted pow'r,
And own'd the false divinity of love ;
Reclaim'd, no longer I your aid implore,
But you, celestial muses, I invoke.
Ye muses, who above the lofty sky
Sit crown'd with wreaths of never-fading light,
And on your silver lutes, immortal songs,
Along the blissful streams that warbling flow,
With soft inimitable skill recite ;
Assist me, while with an advent'rous flight
To everlasting glories I aspire ;
While HE, the first almighty Cause, with you
In flowing numbers I attempt to sing.
From him, like you, I took the vital ray,
Him, as the spring of my existence, praise ;
Tho' not with you, his happier race, allow'd
To view the bright unveil'd Divinity.
By no audacious glance from mortal eyes
Those mystic glories are to be profan'd :
Yet we may safely in reflection meet
His scatter'd beams, and find in all his works
The God in shining characters impress.

I trace him round me now with vast delight,
Among the lavish springs that proudly roll
Their silver riches o'er the painted meads :
Here spreading into broad transparent lakes,
Smooth as the face of heav'n they silent flow ;
The sparkling sun the beauteous surface gilds,
Which double glory to the sky reflects :
Here under close impending shades they creep,
And roll along complaining to their shores.
The verdant meadows, and extended plains,
In all their pride and springing beauties drest,
The winding valleys and ascending hills,
The mossy rocks, the bow'rs and lofty groves,
The ev'ning close, and chaunt of various birds,

The sportive wind, and softly whisp'ring breeze,
Consenting, all acknowledge thou art far
More lovely and surpassing fair than they.

Thy glory in her silent course the moon,
And nightly lamps in their obscur'd sojourn;
The morning star with its bright circlet crown'd,
And early blushes of the day reveal.

The circling sun thy glory manifests;
Whether ascending from the eastern wave,
With glancing smiles he cheers the dewy fields;
Or mounted to the zenith's lofty height,
He blazes with transcendant glory crown'd;
Or down the steep of heav'n he rolls amain,
And ends his flaming progress in the sea;
From east to west thy greatness he proclaims,
And thro' his radiant kingdoms spreads thy praise.

Thou rid'st upon the wild tempestuous wind,
And flying storms obey thy pow'rful voice;
Sublime on clouds thy dark pavilions set,
With shades and gloomy majesty involv'd.

Thy hands the pointed lightnings lance around,
While peals of thunder shake the firmament:
At thy approach the kindling forests smoke,
And from their base the trembling mountains start;
The rivers ebb and flow at thy command,
Observe their wonted course, or run reverse;
At thy rebuke the frightened waves divide,
And with stupendous motion backward roll
Their crystal volumes to their inmost springs.

Thou all things canst—thy mighty mandates heard,
Necessity and nature are no more;
Th' obedient elements dissolve their league,
And wonderful effects attest the God.

Thus far we trace thee by unerring lights,
But what thou art beyond is still unknown;
We launch in vain into the deep abyss,
Thro' vast infinity thou fly'st our search.

SOLILOQUY XLI.

YE lagging months and years, take swifter wings,
 And bring the promis'd day, when all my hopes
 Shall be fulfill'd ; when that resplendent face,
 Which yonder folding clouds conceal, shall dawn
 With everlasting smiles, smiles that inspire
 Immortal life and undecaying joy.
 Blest period ! why art thou so long delay'd ?
 O stretch thy shining wings, and leave behind
 The lazy minutes in their tedious course !

I call in vain ; the hours must be fulfill'd,
 And all their winding circles measur'd out ;
 In grief and wild complaints I yet must wait
 The day, and tell my sorrows to the winds ;
 Forlorn I thro' the gloomy woods must stray,
 And teach the murmur'ing streams my tender theme :
 The woods and streams already know my grief,
 And oft are witness to the mournful tale ;
 While the pale moon in silent majesty
 Her midnight empire holds, and all the stars
 In solemn order on her state attend.

Thou moon, I cry, and all ye ling'ring stars,
 How long must you these tedious circles roll !
 When shall the great commission'd angel stay
 Your shining course, and with uplifted hand,
 Swear by the dread unutterable Name,
 ' That time shall be no more ?

Then you no more shall turn the rolling year,
 Nor lead the flow'ry spring, nor gently guide
 The summer on with all her various store ;
 Great nature then thro' all her different works
 Shall be transform'd, the earth and those gay skies
 Shall be no more the same ! A brighter scene
 Succeeds, and paradise in all its charms
 Renew'd ; but far the blissful state improv'd,
 And fit for minds to whom the mighty Maker

Shall give the glorious vision of his face,
Unveil'd and smiling with eternal love.

O infinite delight ! my eager soul
Springs forward to embrace the promis'd joy,
And antedates its heav'n. The lightfome fields,
And blissful groves are open to my view,
The songs of angels and their silver lutes
Delight me, while th' Omnipotent they sing.
On all his glorious titles long they dwell ;
But Love, unbounded Love, commands the song ;
Their darling subject this, and noblest theme.
Here let my ravish'd soul for ever dwell,
Here let me gaze, nor turn one careless look
On yonder hated world, here let me drink
Full draughts of bliss, and bathe in boundless floods
Of life and joy ; here let me still converse.

It cannot be ! mortality returns.
Ye radiant skies, adieu ! ye starry worlds,
Ye blissful scenes, and walks of paradise,
I must fulfil my day, and wait the hour
That brings eternal liberty and rest.

Yet while I sojourn in this gloomy waste,
And trace with weary steps life's doubtful road :
Permit me, ye gay realms, permit me oft
To visit you, and meditate your joys.
Whether my part in this great theatre
Be joyous or severe, let the fair hopes,
The charming prospect of eternal rest,
Be present with my soul, mix with my joys,
And soften all my intervals of grief.

SOLILOQUY XLII.

I WILL not let thee go without a blessing ;
By thy great name I enter my protest,
Never to leave thee, till I see thy word
Accomplish'd to my vows, till thou with full
And cloudless demonstration to my soul

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Reveal thy promis'd grace—Regard my sighs,
 My secret pantings to be near to thee;
 Wilt thou for ever fly my earnest search,
 Shut out my pray'r, and keep this painful distance?

Where is the obstacle, the fatal bar,
 The curst partition, that divides my soul
 From all its joys? 'Tis sin, detested sin!
 From hence arise these separating clouds,
 These sullen shadows that conceal thy face,
 And darken all the prospect of my bliss.

But thou the fair, the bright, the morning star,
 Canst with thy darting glories chase these shades,
 And break the thick, the complicated night.
 In great forgiveness thou wilt raise thy name;
 And much forgiven, I shall love thee much,
 And stand a glorious instance of thy grace;
 Where sin abounds, its lustre shall abound.
 My grateful heart and tongue to praises tun'd;
 Shall tell with transport the amazing heights
 Of love, of wisdom, of redeeming grace.

Jesus! my only hope, my advocate,
 My gracious mediator! O defend
 My trembling guilty soul, from all the storms
 Of wrath divine! be thou a hiding place,
 A covert from the wind, a safe retreat
 From all the terror of avenging pow'r
 And justice infinite! Thy blood can cleanse
 My deepest stains, and purify my soul
 From all its native, and contracted guilt:
 In that clear fountain of immortal life
 Let me be cleans'd and thoroughly sanctify'd.
 I come a helpless, miserable wretch,
 And throw myself, and all my future hopes,
 On mercy infinite; reject me not,
 Thou Saviour of the sinful race of men!

THE SUBMISSION.

HOWEVER hard, my God, thy terms appear,
 Howe'er to sense afflicting and severe,
 To any of thy articles I can agree,
 Rather than bear the thoughts of losing thee:
 Exact whate'er thou wilt, we'll never part,
 Nothing shall force thy image from my heart.
 Thou still art good, howe'er thou deal with me,
 Spotless thy truth, unstain'd thy purity:
 Amidst my sufferings still I'll own thee just,
 And in thy wonted mercy firmly trust,
 Whate'er becomes of such a wretch as me,
 Thy equal ways shall still unblemish'd be;
 The sons of men shall still thy grace proclaim,
 And place their refuge in thy mighty name;
 Thro' all the wide extended realms above,
 Bright angels shall proclaim thy wond'rous love:
 Ev'n I shall yet adore thy wonted grace,
 Tho' darkness now conceals thy lovely face.
 But, oh! how long shall I thy absence mourn?
 When, when wilt thou, my sun, my life, return?
 Thou only can'st my drooping soul sustain,
 Of nothing but thy distance I complain.

EXODUS III. XIV.
I AM THAT I AM.

WHATE'ER thou art, to thee, and thee alone,
 The first almighty cause of all, is known;
 Yet would I strive ambitiously to raise
 My voice to the delightful work of praise:
 But, oh! what human words those heights can reach?
 What bolder thought the flight divine can stretch?
 Ev'n angels, in their sweetest ecstacy,
 When they behold the smiling deity,

Their want of pow'r and eloquence confess,
 When they thy boundless glories would express;
 In heav'n they find no metaphors for thee,
 And what resemblance then can mortals see?

Yet I must talk, and talk of thee alone,
 Be to my tongue all other themes unknown!
 In holy songs I would my silence break,
 In raptures, everlasting raptures, speak.
 Oh, 'tis the work of heav'n, almighty king!
 To love, adore, and thy high praises sing;
 And this, my everlasting bliss shall be,
 My lips shall talk, my heart shall fix on thee,
 Thy excellence, and ev'ry glorious name
 To angels known shall feed the holy flame:
 I then shall see thee lovely as thou art,
 And feel what boundless joys thy smiles impart;
 The beatific scene, without controul,
 Shall open all its splendor on my soul.

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. THOMAS ROWE.

IN what soft language shall my thoughts get free,
 My dear Alexis, when I talk of thee?
 Ye muses, graces, all ye gentle train
 Of weeping loves, assist the pensive strain!
 But why should I implore your moving art?
 'Tis but to speak the dictates of my heart:
 And all that knew the charming youth will join
 Their friendly sighs and pious tears to mine:
 For all that knew his merit must confess,
 In grief, for him, there can be no excess.

His soul was form'd to act each glorious part
 Of life unstain'd with vanity or art.
 No thought within his gen'rous mind had birth,
 But what he might have own'd to heav'n and earth.

Practis'd by him each virtue grew more bright,
 And shone with more than its own native light.
 Whatever noble warmth could recommend
 The just, the active, and the constant friend,
 Was all his own——but, oh! a dearer name,
 And softer ties my endless sorrow claim;
 Lost in despair, distracted, and forlorn,
 The lover I, and tender husband mourn.
 Whate'er to such superior worth was due,
 Whate'er excess the fondest passion knew,
 I felt for thee, dear youth; my joy, my care,
 My pray'rs themselves were thine, and only where }
 Thou wast concern'd, my virtue was sincere.
 Whene'er I begg'd for blessings on thy head,
 Nothing was cold, or formal, that I said;
 My warmest vows to heav'n were made for thee,
 And love still mingled with my piety.

O thou wast all my glory, all my pride!
 Thro' life's uncertain paths, my constant guide:
 Regardless of the world, to gain thy praise,
 Was all that could my just ambition raise.

Why has my heart this fond engagement known?
 Or why has heav'n dissolv'd the tie so soon?
 Why was the charming youth so form'd to move?
 Or why was all my soul so run'd for love?
 But virtue here a vain defence had made,
 Where so much worth and eloquence could plead.
 For he could talk——'twas ecstacy to hear,
 'Twas joy, 'twas harmony to ev'ry ear;
 Eternal music dwelt upon his tongue,
 Soft and transporting as the muses' song:
 List'ning to him, my cares were charm'd to rest,
 And love and silent rapture fill'd my breast;
 Unheeded the gay moments took their flight,
 And time was only measur'd by delight.
 I hear the lov'd, the melting accents still,
 And still the kind, the tender transport feel:
 Again I see the sprightly passions rise,
 And life and pleasure sparkle in his eyes.

My fancy paints him now with ev'ry grace,
 But, ah! the dear delusion mocks my fond embrace;
 The smiling vision takes its hasty flight,
 And scenes of horror swim before my sight.
 Grief and despair, in all their terrors rise,
 A dying lover pale and gasping lies.
 Each dismal circumstance appears in view,
 The fatal object is for ever new.

His anguish, with the quickest sense I feel,
 And hear this sad, this moving language still:

My dearest wife! my last, my fondest care!
 Sure heav'n for thee will hear a dying pray'r;
 Be thou the charge of sacred providence,
 When I am gone, be that thy kind defence;
 Ten thousand smiling blessings crown thy head,
 When I am cold, and number'd with the dead.
 Think on thy vows, be to my mem'ry just,
 My future fame and honour are thy trust.
 From all engagements here I now am free,
 But that which keeps my ling'ring soul with thee.
 How much I love, thy bleeding heart can tell,
 Which does, like mine, the pangs of parting feel;
 But haste to meet me on those happy plains,
 Where mighty love in endless triumph reigns.

He ceas'd; then gently yielded up his breath,
 And fell a blooming sacrifice to death;
 But, oh! what words, what numbers can express,
 What thought conceive the height of my distress!
 Why did they tear me from thy breathless clay?
 I should have staid, and wept my life away.
 Yet, gentle shade, whether thou now dost rove
 Through some blest vale, or ever-verdant grove;
 One moment listen to my grief, and take
 The softest vows that constant love can make.

For thee all thoughts of pleasure I forego,
 For thee my tears shall never cease to flow;
 For thee at once I from the world retire,
 To feed, in silent shades, a hopeless fire.

My bosom all thy image shall retain,
 The full impression there shall still remain.
 As thou hast taught my constant heart to prove
 The noblest height and elegance of love;
 That sacred passion I to thee confine,
 My spotless faith shall be for ever thine.

*On the Anniversary Return of the Day on which
 Mr. Rowe died.*

UNHAPPY day! with what a dismal light
 Dost thou appear to my afflicted sight?
 In vain the cheerful spring returns with thee,
 There is no future cheerful spring for me.

While my Alexis withers in the tomb,
 Untimely cropt, nor sees a second bloom,
 The fairest season of the changing year,
 A wild and wintry aspect seems to wear;
 The flow'rs no more their former beauty boast,
 Their painted hue, and fragrant scents are lost;
 The joyous birds their harmony prolong,
 But, oh! I find no music in their song.

Ye mossy caves, ye groves, and silver streams,
 (The muses' lov'd retreats, and gentle themes)
 Ye verdant fields, no more your landscapes please,
 Nor give my soul one interval of ease;
 Tranquillity and pleasure fly your shades,
 And restless care your solitude invades,
 Nor the still ev'ning, nor the rosy dawn,
 Nor moon-light glimmering o'er the dewy lawn,
 Nor stars, nor sun, my gloomy fancy cheer,
 But heav'n and earth a dismal prospect wear:
 That hour, that snatch'd Alexis from my arms,
 Rent from the face of nature all its charms.

Unhappy day! be sacred still to grief,
 A grief too obstinate for all relief;
 On thee my face shall never wear a smile,
 No joy on thee shall e'er my heart beguile.

Why does thy light again my eyes molest?
 Why am I not with thee, dear youth, at rest?
 When shall I, stretch'd upon my dusty bed,
 Forget the toils of life, and mingle with the dead?

THE RESIGNATION.

'TIS done! the darling idol I resign,
 Unfit to share a heart so justly thine;
 Nor can the heavenly call unwelcome be,
 That still invites my soul more near to thee;
 Thou dost but take the dying lamps away,
 To bless me with thy own unmingled day.
 Ye shades, ye phantoms, and ye dreams, adieu!
 With smiles I now your parting glories view.
 I see the hand, I worship, I adore,
 And justify the great disposing pow'r.
 Divine advantage! O immortal gain!
 Why should my fond ungrateful heart complain?
 What'er of beauty in thy ample round
 The sun surveys, in thee is brighter found;
 What'er the skies, in all their splendid cost,
 Their beamy pride, and majesty can boast;
 What'er the restless mind of man desires;
 What'er an angel's vaster thought admires;
 In thee 'tis found in its unchanging height,
 Thou first great spring of beauty and delight!
 What have I lost of excellent, or fair,
 Of kind, or good, that thou canst not repair?
 What have I lost of truth or amity,
 But what deriv'd its gentle source from thee?
 What is there here of excellence, or grace,
 Which one bright smile from thee would not efface?
 At one kind look, one sparkling glance of thine,
 Created pride must languish and decline.
 'Tis done, at last, the great deciding part!
 The world's subdu'd, and thou hast all my heart;

It pants for joys which that can ne'er bestow,
 And spreads itself too wide for all below ;
 It leaves the vast creation far behind,
 And presses forward, free and unconfin'd.
 I see a boundless prospect still before,
 And dote upon my former joys no more ;
 Celestial passions kindle in my soul,
 And ev'ry low, inglorious thought controul.
 O come ! ye sacred gusts, ye pure delights,
 Ye heav'nly sounds, ye intellectual fights ;
 Ye gales of paradise, that lull to rest,
 And fill with silent calms the peaceful breast ;
 With you, transporting hopes that boldly rise,
 And swell, in blissful torrents, to the skies ;
 That soar with angels on their splendid wings,
 And search the arcana of celestial things.
 Here let me dwell, and bid the world adieu,
 And still converse, ye glorious scenes, with you.
 Keep far away, for ever far from hence,
 Ye gaudy shows, and flatter'ing snares of sense ;
 Ye gay varieties on earth, adieu !
 However soft and pleasing to the view.
 And all ye dazzling wonders of the skies,
 Ev'n you my now aspiring thoughts despise ;
 No more your blandishments my heart detain,
 Beauty and pleasure make their court in vain ;
 Objects divine, and infinite in view,
 Seize all my pow'rs, ye fading toys, from you.
 'Tis finish'd now, the great deciding part !
 The world's subdu'd, and thou hast all my heart ;
 It triumphs in the change, it fixes here,
 Nor needs another separation fear.
 No fatal chance through endless years shall rise,
 The series of my pleasures to surprise ;
 No various scenes to come, no change of place,
 Shall e'er thy image from my soul efface ;
 Nor life, nor death, nor distant height above,
 Nor depths below, shall part me from thy love.

AN EPISTLE FROM ALEXIAS,

A Noble Roman, to his Wife,

*Whom he left on his Wedding-Day, with a Design to
visit the Eastern Churches.*

ALL health to thee, still dearer than my life,
 My lovely mistress, and more charming wife!
 Warn'd by a heav'nly vision, from thy bed,
 And tender arms, yet unenjoy'd, I fled.
 Haste, cries the shining form, without pretence,
 Astonish'd man, 'tis heav'n commands thee hence;
 The mighty message leaves thee no defence.
 Haste, and the rest to providence resign,
 This deed shall in immortal legends shine.

Mute with surprise, I took my sudden flight,
 Assisted by the covert of the night:
 The friendly pow'r conducts me to the shore
 Of those lov'd regions I must view no more;
 The winds to sea the destin'd vessel bore.
 The deep, and all its stormy dangers past,
 We reach the happy Asian coasts at last:
 To all the Christian churches there as sent,
 With pious zeal to visit them I went.

Another heav'nly charge constrains me then
 To quit the dear society of men;
 In some remote and humble hermitage,
 Far from the world to spend my blooming age.
 Now thro' uncouth and pathless woods I stray,
 Frequented only by the beasts of prey,
 Who trembling haste at my approach away.
 O'er Lybia's scorching sands, or Scythian snows,
 Undaunted, innocence and virtue goes.
 All night, unguarded, in the woods I lie,
 The stars my lamps, the clouds my canopy.
 With wholesome fruits my hunger I suffice,
 My thirst a beauteous silver spring supplies.

To heaven alone in this retreat I live,
 And all my hours to strict devotion give;
 Deep contemplation, sacred hymns, and pray'r,
 In solemn turns, my constant leisure share.

Sometimes, my sinking forces to renew,
 The scenes of everlasting pain I view,
 The dreadful fate to curst apostates due:
 My shudd'ring fancy seeks the shades below,
 The realms of death, and dismal seats of wee;
 I trace the burning banks, the sulph'rous streams,
 And tremble at the never-dying flames.

A nobler view my virtue now excites,
 And pleasure's charming name my soul invites;
 The boundless joys, the crown, the vast reward,
 In heav'n for steadfast piety prepar'd.
 My tow'ring thoughts in raptur'd sallies rove,
 Through all the wide resplendent worlds above;
 I view the inmost glories of the skies,
 And paradise lies open to my eyes;
 Whole floods of joy come pouring on my soul,
 And high the flowing tides of pleasure roll.

These blissful prospects urge my virtue on,
 No toil too great for an immortal crown!
 No path that leads to happiness is hard,
 Short the fatigue, eternal the reward!
 The course of some few fleeting minutes o'er,
 And I shall gain the long expected shore;
 And from these dark tempestuous coasts remove
 To the calm skies, and peaceful climes above.

With transport there, with transport all divine,
 My lov'd Emilia, shall my soul meet thine:
 To endless years our raptures we'll improve,
 And spend a whole eternity in love.

THE PETITION.

YOU fairest offspring of immortal love,
 That revel in the fragrant bow'rs above,
 The brightest products of your Maker's skill,
 In visions to the gentle maid reveal
 Your glowing beauties, your celestial charms,
 And free her breast from all the wild alarms,
 The fatal sallies of an earthly flame;
 Let heav'n alone the reigning passion claim,
 At once unfold the sparkling scenes of joy,
 The raptures which your happy hours employ;
 While crown'd with mirth, with love and sacred song,
 Eternal years unclouded dance along.
 Describe the glittering natives of the skies,
 Their rosy bloom, soft smiles, and radiant eyes;
 With all your skill the favour'd nymph allure,
 And from the arts of mortal race secure:
 Be she your constant, your propitious care!
 O grant my wish, and hear the friendly pray'r!

 REVELATION,

CHAP. XVI.

ALREADY from before the sacred throne
 The sev'n avenging ministers are gone;
 Charg'd with the last great plagues behold they stand,
 With each his various mischief in his hand:
 Sev'n trumpets give the sign, at ev'ry call,
 In order they the wrathful dregs let fall.

A prelude sounds: The first his vial pours
 Amidst the air, ensu'd by sulph'rous show'rs;
 While from their caves portentous tempests rise,
 And pitchy clouds obscure the angry skies.

They sound again; the ocean's briny flood
 The second vial turns to streaming blood:

Again ; and lo ! a burning comet takes
 Its downward way, and drinks the fresher lakes ;
 The lakes, the swelling springs, and running streams,
 Are all a prey to its malignant beams.

His signal now the fourth great angel takes,
 And o'er the sun a livid venom shakes ;
 The beauteous orb a bloody tincture wears,
 And with a fierce malignant horror glares :
 The silver moon resigns her trembling ray,
 While all the faint nocturnal lights decay.

Another echoing clangor shakes the sky ;
 And open wide the infernal portals fly,
 Revealing all the dismal realms below,
 The dens of night, and seats of endless woe ;
 Ascending smokes pollute the sickly air,
 While ruddy flames amidst the darkness glare.

Now the sixth trumpet's direful sounds succeed ;
 And from their adamantine fetters freed,
 The raging fiends from long confinement come,
 With monstrous shapes in open air to roam :
 A gloomy host ! in terrible array
 They march along ; pale horror leads the way,
 And in its ghastliest form before them walks ;
 Behind them empty desolation stalks.

The sev'nth shrill trumpet utters now its voice,
 Thro' earth and hell resounds the dreadful noise :
 ' Arise, ye dead, arise to judgment ! come,
 ' And take, according to your works, your doom !'

Th' extended skies are rent from pole to pole,
 The light'nings flash, the final thunders roll,
 The graves divide, the startled dead awake,
 And hov'ring souls their former mansions take.

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THE
TRANSLATION OF ELIJAH.

HIS lecture to the sad young prophets done,
 And last adieus, the rev'rend seer goes on,
 Obedient as the sacred instinct guides,
 And now advanc'd to Jordan's verdant sides;
 Elijah, with his great successor stood,
 And gave a signal to the passing flood;
 Th' obsequious waters stay, for well they know
 What to his high authority they owe.
 While wave on wave, with silent awe, crowds back,
 To leave a clean, and spacious sandy track,
 Elijah on with his companion goes,
 Behind 'em soon the crystal ridges close,
 No more revers'd the troubled current flows. }
 Then forward still they went, discoursing high
 Of heav'nly bliss, and immortality,
 When from a cloud-breaks (like the purple dawn)
 By fiery steeds a fiery chariot drawn;
 A glittering convoy, swift as that descends,
 And in an instant parts the embracing friends;
 To the bright car conducts the man of God,
 And mounts again the steep ethereal road.
 The passing triumph lightens all the air
 With ruddy lustre, than high noon more fair,
 And paints the clouds, than evening beams more gay,
 Through which, with wond'rous speed, they cut their
 way.

Now lofty piles of thunder, hail, and snow,
 Th' artillery of heav'n, they leave below;
 Below the glimm'ring moon's pale regency
 They leave, and now more free ascend the sky.
 Breathing again immortal air, nor here
 Resent the pressure of the atmosphere.
 By holy ecstasies, and flames intense,
 Here purg'd from all the dregs of mortal sense;

With heav'nly lustre, eminently gay,
 Elijah wond'ring does himself survey;
 All o'er surveys himself, and then the skies,
 While new stupendous objects meet his eyes.
 With his new being pleas'd, thus, the first man
 As just to live and reason he began,
 On hills, and valleys, groves and fountains, gaz'd;
 With skies and light thus ravish'd, thus amaz'd.
 But now the utmost firmament they cleave,
 And all the starry worlds behind them leave;
 Hark, angels sing? of light appear new streaks!
 Celestial day with gaudy splendor breaks!
 On heaven's rich solid azure now they tread,
 The blissful paths that to God's presence lead;
 While to the new inhabitant all the way
 Loud welcomes on their harps, the guardians play:
 A thousand joyful spirits crowd to meet
 The glorious saint, and his arrival greet.

THE XXXVIIIth CHAPTER OF JOB TRANSLATED.

IN thunder now the God his silence broke,
 And from a cloud this lofty language spoke:
 Who, and where art thou, fond, presumptuous man?
 That by thy own weak measures mine would scan?
 Undaunted, as an equal match for me,
 Stand forth, and answer my demands to thee.
 And first, let thy original be trac'd,
 And tell me then what mighty thing thou wast,
 When to the world my potent word gave birth,
 And fix'd the centre of the floating earth?
 Didst thou assist with one designing thought,
 Or my ideas rectify in ought,
 When from confusion I this order brought?
 When like an artist I the line sketch'd out,
 And mark'd its wide circumference about,

Didst thou contribute, Job, the needful aid,
 When I the deep and strong foundations laid,
 And with my hand the rising pillars laid? }
 When from the perfect model of my mind,
 The vast and stately fabric was design'd;
 So wond'rous so complete in ev'ry part,
 Adorn'd with such variety of art,
 The sons of light the goodly frame survey,
 As their own seats magnificent and gay.
 Around the shining verge of heav'n they crowd,
 And from the crystal confines, shout aloud.
 For joy the morning stars together sang,
 And heav'n, all o'er, with glad preludiums rang.

Were the tumultuous floods by thee controul'd,
 When without bounds the foaming billows roll'd?
 Didst thou appoint them then their oozy bed,
 And humid clouds o'er all their surface spread,
 Affixing limits to th' imperious deep,
 The limits it perpetually shall keep;

Though mounting high, the angry surges roar,
 And dash themselves, with rage, against the shore?

When didst thou summon up the ling'ring day,
 And haste the lovely blushing morn away?
 Swift as my flaming messengers above,
 Its gaudy wings at my direction move.

Hast thou survey'd the ocean's dark abodes,
 The steep descents, the vaults, and craggy roads,
 Thro' which hollow rumour rush the nether floods? }

Or hast thou measur'd the prodigious store
 Of waves, that in those ghastly caverns roar?
 Or hast thou, Job, the fatal valley trac'd,
 And through the realms of death undaunted pass'd;
 Where the pale king a rusty sceptre wields,
 And reigns a tyrant o'er the dusky fields?

Dost thou the pure immortal fountain know,
 From whence those num'rous streams of glory flow, }
 Which feed the radiant lamps that in the ether glow? }

Or from what caves the sullen shadows rise
 When, like a deluge, night involves the skies?

How does the sun his morning beams display
Through golden clouds, and spread the sudden day;
When breaking from the east, all fresh and fair,
He dances through the glitt'ring fields of air?
At his approach all nature looks more gay,
Thro' ev'ry grove refreshing breezes play,
And o'er the streams, and o'er the meadows, stray. }

Dost thou the clouds amidst the air sustain,
And melt the floating rivers down in rain;
When over-charg'd, the yielding atmosphere,
No longer now the wat'ry load can bear?
On gloomy wings the sounding tempest flies,
And heavy thunders roll along the skies;
Around the airy vault fierce lightnings play,
And burn themselves, thro' solid clouds, away:
With water, who the wilderness supplies?
And tell me whence the midnight dews arise?
Or from what cold and petrifying womb
The ice and nipping hoary frost does come?
What secret pow'rs its fluid parts cement,
Congeal, and harden the soft element?
All still, and motionless the frozen deep,
No curling winds its shining surface sweep.

Canst thou the cheering influences stay
Of those mild stars which deck the spring so gay?
Or loose the sullen planet's icy bands,
Which frosts, and rough-tempestuous winds commands?
Canst thou bring out fair Maz'roth's sultry beam?
Or guide, thro' heav'n's blue tracks, the starry team?
Do all the shining, vast machines above,
By thy contrivance, in such order move, }

If so—still thy divinity to prove,
Set open now the flood-gates of the sky,
And call a mighty deluge from on high;
Kindle prodigious light'nings, and command
The burning flashes with a daring hand—
I'll then confess thou hast an arm like me;
And that thy own right-hand can succour thee.

HYMN I.

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THE glorious armies of the sky,
To thee, O mighty king!
Triumphant anthems consecrate,
And hallelujahs sing.

But still their most exalted flights
Fall vastly short of thee;
How distant then must human praise
From thy perfections be!

Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
When to my ravish'd sense
Each creature in its various ways
Displays thy excellence?

The active lights that shine above,
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their skilful Maker's praise
With silent elegance.

The blushes of the morn confess
That thou art much more fair;
When in the east its beams revive
To gild the fields of air.

The fragrant, the refreshing breath
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom,
In balmy whispers owns from thee
Its pleasing odours come.

The singing birds, the warbling winds,
And waters murm'ring fall,
To praise the first almighty cause,
With diff'rent voices call.

Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus,
And shall I silent be?
No, rather let me cease to breathe,
Than cease from praising thee.

HYMN II.

BEGIN the high celestial strain,
 My ravish'd soul, and sing
 A solemn hymn of grateful praise,
 To heaven's almighty king.

Ye purling fountains, as ye roll
 Your silver waves along,
 Whisper to all the verdant shores
 The subject of my song.

Retain it long, you echoing rocks,
 The sacred sound retain,
 And from your hollow winding caves
 Return it oft again

Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings
 To distant climes away,
 And round the wide-extended world
 My lofty theme convey.

Take the glad burden of his name,
 Ye clouds, as you arise,
 Whether to deck the golden morn
 Or shade the ev'ning skies.

Let harmless thunders roll along
 The smooth ethereal plain,
 And answer from the crystal vault
 To ev'ry flying strain.

Long let it warble round the spheres
 And echo thro' the sky.
 Till angels with immortal skill
 Improve the harmony.

While I with sacred rapture fir'd
 The blest Creator sing,
 And warble consecrated lays
 To heaven's almighty king.

H Y M N III.

THOU didst, O mighty God, exist

Ere time begun is race,
Before the ample elements

Fill'd up the voids of space.

Before the pond'rous earthly globe

In fluid air was stay'd,

Before the ocean's mighty springs

Their liquid stores display'd:

Ere thro' the gloom of ancient night

The streaks of light appear'd;

Before the high celestial arch,

On starry poles were rear'd:

Before the loud melodious spheres

Their tuneful round begun,

Before the shining roads of heav'n

Were measur'd by the sun:

Ere thro' the empyrean courts

One hallelujah rung,

Or to their harps the sons of light

Extatic anthems sung:

Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,

Or prais'd thy wond'rous name,

Thy bliss (O sacred spring of life!)

And glory was the same.

And when the pillars of the world

With sudden ruin break,

And all this vast and goodly frame

Sinks in the mighty wreck;

When from her orb the moon shall start,

The astonish'd sun roll back,

While all the trembling starry lamps

Their ancient course forsake:

For ever permanent and fix'd,
 From agitation free,
 Unchang'd in everlasting years
 Shall thy existence be.

HYMN IV.

TO thee, my God, I hourly sigh,
 But not for golden stores;
 Nor covet I the brightest gems
 On the rich eastern shores.

Nor that deluding empty joy
 Men call a mighty name;
 Nor greatness in its gayest pride,
 My restless thoughts inflame.

Nor pleasure's soft enticing charms
 My fond desires allure:
 For greater things than these from thee
 My wishes would secure.

Those blissful, those transporting smiles
 That brighten heav'n above,
 The boundless riches of thy grace,
 And treasures of thy love.

These are the mighty things I crave;
 O! make these blessings mine,
 And I the glories of the world
 Contentedly resign.

HYMN V.

IN vain the dusky night retires
 And sullen shadows fly:
 In vain the morn with purple light
 Adorns the eastern sky.

In vain the gaudy rising sun
The wide horizon gilds,
Comes glitt'ring o'er the silver streams,
And cheers the dewy fields.

In vain, dispensing vernal sweets,
The morning breezes play:
In vain the birds with cheerful songs
Salute the new-born day;

In vain! unless my Saviour's face
These gloomy clouds controul,
And dissipate the sullen shades
That press my drooping soul.

O! visit then thy servant, Lord,
With favour from on high;
Arise, my bright, immortal sun!
And all these shades will die.

When, when shall I behold thy face,
All radiant and serene,
Without these envious dusky clouds
That make a veil between?

When shall that long expected day
Of sacred vision be,
When my impatient soul shall make
A near approach to thee?

HYMN ON THE SACRAMENT.

AND art thou mine, my dearest Lord?
Then I have all, nor fly
The boldest wishes I can form
Unto a pitch more high.

Yes, thou art mine, the contract's seal'd
With thine own precious blood;
And ev'n almighty power's engag'd
To see it all made good.

My fears dissolve: for oh! what more
 Could studious bounty do?
 What further mighty proofs are left
 Unbounded love to shew?

My faith's confirm'd, nor would I quit
 My title to thy love,
 For all the valu'd things below,
 Or shining things above.

Nor at the prosp'rous sinner's state
 Do I at all repine;
 No, let 'em parcel out the earth,
 When heav'n and thou art mine.

HYMN.

Whom have I in heaven but thee, &c. Psalm lxxiii. 25.

THE calls of glory, beauty's smiles,
 And charms of harmony,
 Are all but dull insipid things,
 Compar'd, my God, with thee.

Without thy love I nothing crave,
 And nothing can enjoy;
 The proffer'd world I should neglect,
 As an unenvied toy.

The sun, the num'rous stars, and all
 The wonders of the skies,
 If to be purchas'd with thy smiles,
 Thou know'st I would despise.

What were the earth, the sun, the stars,
 Or heav'n itself, to me,
 My life, my everlasting bliss!
 If not secur'd of thee?

Celestial bow'rs, seraphic songs,
 And fields of endless light,
 Would all unentertaining prove,
 Without thy blissful sight.

SERAPHIC LOVE.

THOU beauty's vast abyss, abstract of all
 My thoughts can lovely, great, or splendid call;
 To thee in heav'nly flames, and pure desires,
 My ravish'd soul impatiently aspires.

With admiration, praise, and endless love,
 Thou fills the wide resplendent worlds above;
 And none can rival, or with thee compare,
 Of all the bright intelligences there.

What vapours then, what short-liv'd glories be
 The fairest idols of our sense to thee?
 Before the streaming splendour of thine eye,
 The languid beauties fall away, and die.

Farewel, then, all ye flat delights of sense!
 I'm charm'd with a sublimer excellence,
 To whom all mortal beauty's but a ray,
 A scatter'd drop of his o'erflowing day.

How strongly thou, my panting heart, dost move
 With all the holy ecstasies of love!
 In these sweet flames let me expire, and see
 Unveil'd the brightness of thy deity.

Oh! let me die, for there's no earthly bliss
 My thoughts can ever relish after this;
 No, dearest Lord, there's nothing here below,
 Without thy smiles, to please, or satisfy me now.

*The Beginning of the Fourth Book of Tasso's Jerusalem,
Translated.*

BUT while to bring about their great intent,
The Christian army all their vigour bent;
The potent enemy of human kind,
Revolv'd their happy progress in his mind.
His baleful eyes with hellish envy glare,
Half-suff'd murmurs show his inward care,
And hollow groans betray his deep despair:
With such a heavy, hoarse, and bellowing sound,
Wild bulls, when stung with grief, they trace the
ground,
Fill all the groves, and all the valleys round,
Collecting all the rage within his breast,
For means the active Christians to molest.
Fool! to believe with any force or skill,
T' oppose the methods of the eternal will;
And those avenging thunders to awake,
That plung'd him headlong down the flaming lake,
Regardless of that memorable day,
He summons now the states of hell away.
Thro' all the climes of endless darkness round,
The jarring calls of the hoarse trumpet sound;
Trembled the wide infernal caves again,
And long the murmur'ing air retain'd the sullen strain.
Not half so dreadful in a stormy wreck,
From lowering clouds the noisy thunders break;
Nor vapours close imprison'd in the earth,
With such wild rumour give themselves a birth.
In various troops, the gloomy deities
Together came, that share the vast abyss;
Unnumber'd forms, and monstrous all appear,
And deadly terror in their looks they wear;
With horrid snaky tresses some were crown'd,
Some stamp'd with brutal hoofs the burning ground;
Others more curst a human visage find,
But scaly serpents end below, and wind
In circling folds prodigious lengths behind:

And many a lewd, detested *Harpy* there,
*Centaur*s, and *Sphinx*'s hideous forms appear:
Hydra, and *Python*, hissing thro' the gloom,
 With *Gorgon* here, and barking *Scylla*, come:
 Giants and ghastly shapes that want a name,
 And fierce *Chimæra* spitting angry flame;
 And many a fiend and frightful monster more,
 With wild confusion crowd the lofty door.
 Great *Lucifer*, the regal seat commands,
 Shaking a rusty sceptre in his hands:
 Nor *Alpine* hill, nor some exalted rock,
 That proudly stands the raging ocean's shock,
 Nor half so tall the *Atlantic* mount appears;
 So vast his bulk, so high his tow'ring front he rears.
 A horrid majesty furrounds his face,
 Its terror, pride, and growing rage increase.
 His redd'ning eyes like fatal comets glare,
 And shoot malignant venom thro' the air:
 Beneath his breast descends a loathsome beard,
 His mouth a deep polluted gulf appear'd;
 Whence issue sulphur, smoke, and pois'nous steams,
 With mutt'ring thunder, and destructive flames.
 He spake; all hell astonish'd at the noise
 Stood mute, grim *Cerberus* restrains his voice;
Cocytus stops, the snakes to hiss forbear,
 While thro' the sounding deep these dreadful words we
 hear:

Infernal Gods, worthy the thrones of light,
 And monarchies of heav'n. your native right,
 Whom from the realms of bliss, your ancient lot,
 The just, the glorious cause for which we fought,
 With me to this opprobrious dungeon brought. }
 Other success, ev'n he that rules the skies,
 Expected from our noble enterprize:
 But unmolested now he reigns above,
 And us from thence as conquer'd rebels drove.
 From a serene, and everlasting day,
 From stars, and from the sup'r delightful ray;

To shades, and endless horrors we retire,
 Nor dare again to those gay climes aspire.
 But I the effects of all his wrath disdain,
 Till one curst thought exasperates my pain;
 That racking thought I never can sustain:
 I could with joy in heav'n resign my place,
 But rage to see it fill'd with man's degen'rate race;
 To see vile dust exalted to supply
 Our once illustrious stations in the sky;
 And what distracts me more——
 As all too little to our mighty foe
 Appear'd, that he for worthless man could do;
 The ruin'd wretches forfeiture to pay,
 He gave to death his darling son a prey;
 Victorious o'er the meagre king, in state
 He proudly enters the infernal gate;
 Within my gloomy confines dar'd to tread,
 And here in scorn his shining banners spread,
 Millions of captive souls, our destin'd prey,
 He led triumphant from the shades away:
 And, what my discontent and pain renews,
 The ancient enterprize he still pursues;
 And while we idly here consume the day,
 To him the *Asian* empire drops away,
 And false *Judea* shortly owns his sway:
 Loud hymns in ev'ry language to his name
 They sing, and spread around the world his fame.
 Inscrub'd in brass, and lasting marble, they
 His glory down to future times convey.
 To him alone devoted flames arise,
 And vows, and od'rous incense mount the skies.
 No blazing fire upon our altar shines,
 Neglected stand our temples, and our shrines:
 No more with gifts they crowd our rich abodes,
 Nor fall before us as assisting Gods.
 Empty of human souls our regions grow,
 While all the roads of hell unpeopled show:

And can we tamely suffer this? And rests
 No spark of ancient vigour in your breasts?
 Have you forgot when in bright arms we shone,
 Engag'd with heav'n, and shook his lofty throne?
 Our native vigour, our immortal flame,
 And ardent thirst of glory, is the same.
 But why, you dear companions of my woe,
 In pleasing mischief are you grown so slow?
 Lost here in sloth and darkness we remain,
 While new allies the prosp'rous Christians gain:
 Haste, then, with all the rage of hell assail
 Our dreaded foes, by arts or force prevail;
 In all their solemn councils raise dissent,
 Ungrounded jealousies, and discontent:
 Let some the slaves of shameful passions prove,
 Plung'd in the soft, licentious joys of love;
 And others treacherously the cause decline,
 Confound their army, sink the curst design.

ON THE CREATION.

NOR yet the crude materials of the earth,
 Were form'd; nor time, nor motion yet had birth;
 Nor yet one solitary spark of light
 Glar'd thro' the dusky shades of ancient night;
 Nor on the barren wastes of endless space,
 As yet were circumscrib'd the bounds of place:
 When at the Almighty's word, from nothing springs
 The first confus'd original of things.
 Whatever now the heav'ns wide arms embrace,
 Together then lay blended in a mass;
 The dull, the active, the refin'd, and base,
 The cold, the hot, the temp'rate, moist and dry,
 All mingled in profound disorder lie;

In one prodigious undistinguish'd heap,
 The extremest contraries of nature sleep:
 Nor yet the sprightly seeds of fire ascend,
 Nor downwards yet the pond'rous atoms tend.
 A monstrous face the new creation wears,
 And void of order, form, and light, appears;
 Till the Almighty *fiat* , once again
 Pronounc'd, did motion to each part ordain,
 Awoke the tender principles of life,
 And urg'd the glowing elemental strife.
 And now confusions infinite arise,
 From nature's most remote antipathies:
 But while against their furious opposites,
 Each hostile atom all its force unites,
 Their own lov'd species, thro' the formless mass,
 With am'rous zeal officiously they trace,
 And join, and mingle in a strict embrace. }
 The lively shining particles of light,
 On dazzling wings attempt their nimble flight.
 The fine transparent air, with mighty force,
 Thro' fix'd and fluid, upward takes its course.
 The grosser seeds with heavy motion press,
 And meeting in the midst, the central parts possess;
 While the united waves, without controul,
 About the slimy surface proudly roll,
 Till an imperial word their force divides,
 And lo! the deep by smooth degrees subsides;
 And lo! the rising stately mountains leave
 Their oozy beds! and lo! the valleys cleave, }
 The congregated waters to receive:
 And down the sinking billows calmly go;
 Part to the subterranean caves below, }
 And part around the hills in circling currents flow;
 And now the slimy, soft, fermented earth,
 Prepar'd to give her various species birth,
 Obedient to the voice, produces all
 Her boundless stores at her Creator's call.
 A sudden spring at his command arose,
 And various plants their verdant tops disclose;

The teeming ground to rising groves give way,
 Which leaves and blossoms instantly display,
 And every branch with tempting fruit looks gay. }
 When he again, whose active word fulfill'd
 Exactly all the mighty things he will'd,
 Commands, and strait the heav'nly arches rise,
 And kindling glories brighten all the skies.
 A sudden day with gaudy lustre gilds
 The expanded air, the new-made streams and fields;
 Ten thousand sprightly dazzling lights advance,
 And trembling rays in the wide ether dance:
 The sun, beyond them all immense and gay,
 Assumes the bright dominion of the day;
 And whirling up the skies with rapid force,
 Along the radiant zone begins his destin'd course.

And now another efficacious word,
 The air, and earth, and wat'ry region stor'd:
 The num'rous vehicles for breath prepar'd,
 The mighty summons of their Maker heard;
 And from the bosom of their native clay
 Sprang into life, and caught the vital ray.
 Millions of footed creatures range the woods,
 Millions with fins divide the crystal floods;
 Millions besides, with wanton liberty,
 On painted wings, rise singing to the sky.

But last of all, two of a nobler kind, }
 After the brightest model in his mind,
 With care the great Artificer design'd: }
 Beyond his other works, complete and fair,
 He form'd with ev'ry grace the lovely pair,
 Adorn'd with beauty, crown'd with dignity,
 Immortal, god-like, rational, and free:
 Serene impressions of a stamp divine,
 Upon their matchless faces clearly shine:
 In deep suspence, and at themselves amaz'd,
 With curious eyes they on each other gaz'd:
 Themselves, and all the fair creation round
 Survey, and still fresh cause of wonder found.

For now, in their primæval lustre gay,
 The earth and heav'ns their utmost pride display.
 The blazing sun from his meridian height,
 Thro' an unclouded sky darts round his flaming light.
 The fields, the floods, and all the enlighten'd air,
 In open day look ravishingly fair.
 The bright carnation, and the fragrant rose,
 Their beauties fresh with heav'nly dew disclose.
 The noble amaranths shew their purple dye,
 Splendid, as that which paints the morning sky.
 Ten thousand od'rous flow'rs of various hue,
 In ev'ry shade and plain spontaneous grew;
 And down the smooth descent of verdant hills,
 From marble fountains gush a thousand rills:
 Thro' many a pleasant shade they murmur'ing go,
 And mingle with the larger streams below,
 Which thro' the flow'ry valleys softly flow; }
 And all along their lovely spacious banks,
 Immortal trees are plac'd in equal ranks,
 Whose charming shades might God himself delight,
 And angels from their heav'nly bow'rs invite.
 Here gentle breezes, from their fragrant wings,
 Shed all the odours of a thousand springs:
 Harmonious birds among the branches sing,
 And all the groves with cheerful echoes ring.
 Hail! mighty Maker of the universe!
 My song shall still thy glorious deeds rehearse:
 Thy praise, whatever subject others chuse,
 Shall be the lofty theme of my aspiring muse.

IN PRAISE OF MEMORY.

Inscrib'd to the Honourable the Lady Worsley.

BEST gift that heav'n's indulgence cou'd bestow!
 To thee our surest happiness we owe:
 Thou all the flying pleasures dost restore,
 Which, but for thee, blest *Mem'ry*, were no more:

For we no sooner grasp some frail delight,
But ready for its everlasting flight,
E'er we can call the hasty bliss our own,
If not retain'd by thee, it is for ever gone.

Thou to the fond successful lover's heart
A thousand melting raptures dost impart;
When, yet more lovely than herself, and kind,
Thou bring'st his fancy'd mistress to his mind;
The flatt'ring image wears a livelier grace,
A softer mien, and more enticing face.

Thou from the flying minutes dost retrieve
The joys, *Clorinda's* wit and humour give;
Those joys that I had once possess'd in vain,
Did not the dear remembrance still remain:
She speaks, methinks, and all my soul inspires,
Brightens each thought, and gives my muse new fires;
'Tis she that lends my daring fancy wings,
Softens my lyre, and tunes its warbling strings.

Thou only to the guilty art severe,
Who the review of their past actions fear;
But to the innocent and virtuous mind,
Art still propitious, smiling still, and kind.
To thee we all those charming pleasures owe,
The pleasures that from gen'rous actions flow,
And they are still the noblest we possess below.

AN
IMITATION
OF A

PASTORAL OF MRS. KILLEGREW'S

MYRTILLA.

LET fragrant eastern breezes round thee play,
And op'ning blossoms still adorn thy way;
Let bubbling fountains murmur to thy sleep,
And *Pan* himself the while protect thy sheep;

Thy wanton herds thro' verdant pastures stray,
Pastures like thee, all flourishing and gay.
And when with guiltless sports the rival swains,
For rural glory strive upon the plains,
Still, young *Alexis*, may the prize be thine,
And on thy brows the fairest garland shine.

ALEXIS.

Unfading wreaths may'st thou, *Myrtilla*, gain,
And deathless honours by thy verse obtain;
May such smooth numbers warble from thy tongue,
As late the skilful *Melibæus* sung.

MYR.—No such ambitious aim my mind pursues,
'Tis love, O charming youth! inspires my muse;
Could I but please thee with my artless lays,
I proudly should neglect all other praise;
Would'st thou be grateful, ev'ry grove, and stream,
And hill, and lawn, should echo with thy name;
Each rock, each winding cavern and retreat,
The soft enchanting accents should repeat:
And if my muse immortal fame could give,
Thy name in deathless numbers should survive.

ALEX.—Secure of fame, he needs no further crave,
Who such a lasting monument may have:
But oh! his glory ne'er can be improv'd,
Who by the bright *Lycoris* has been lov'd.

MYR.—Fond youth, in yonder solitary shade,
I saw *Narcissus* with the perjur'd maid;
A thousand tender things she look'd, and said;
Her ravish'd eyes upon his beauty fed;
With flow'rs his graceful flowing hair she dress'd,
And ev'ry smile her secret flame confest.

ALEX.—What pass'd before I saw my lovely fair,
Deserves not now my jealousy or care:
Had I at first the fickle beauty known,
She had been constant then, and all my own.

A
DESCRIPTION

OF THE
ENCHANTED PALACE AND GARDEN OF
ARMIDA.

*Whither Two Knights from the Christian Camp
were come in search of Rinaldo;*

Translated from

The Beginning of the Sixteenth Book of Tasso's Jerusalem.

THE palace in a circling figure rose,
Its lofty bounds a sylvan scene inclose;
Expanded there a beauteous garden lay,
Where never-fading flow'rs their pride display:
A thousand *Damons* kept their lodgings round,
Whose arts with endless labyrinths confound }
Each passage to the fair enchanted ground.
A hundred gates adorn the stately place,
The chief of which the heroes wond'ring pass:
The folding doors on golden hinges turn,
With polish'd gold the radiant pillars burn;
But all the dazzling precious metal's cost,
Was in the rich, unvalu'd sculpture lost.
The figures which the spacious portals grace,
With human motion seem to leave their place;
In ev'ry visage, an expressive mind }
Th' inimitable artist had design'd,
And life in all their looks and gestures shin'd.
Nor speech was wanting, fancy that supplies,
They breathe, and speak, while each consults his eyes.
The story first with *Hercules* begins;
With virgins seated here, he tamely spins:
The god-like man, who hell's strong passage gain'd,
And heav'n, and all its rolling orbs sustain'd,

G

A spindle wields, and with soft tales beguiles
 The flying hours; fond *Love* stands by and smiles;
 His useleſs club the fair *Iole* holds,
 The lion's rugged ſkin her tender limbs infolds.

Remote from this, a ſea its ſurges rears,
 Hoary with foam the azure field appears;
 Two warlike fleets advance on either ſide,
 And o'er the waves with equal terror ride:
 The flaſhes which from brandiſh'd weapons came,
 With dreadful ſplendour all the deep inflame.
 Conſpicious far the bright *Egyptian* queen,
 Urging the fierce encounter on is ſeen:
Antonius here conducts the eaſtern kings,
 The mighty *Romans* there illuſtrious *Cæſar* brings.
 As when two floating iſles amidſt the main,
 Puſh'd on by winds, each other's ſhock ſuſtain,
 And mountains claſh with mountains on the }
 wat'ry plain;

With ſuch a force the hoſtile fleets engage,
 Their thund'ring chiefs oppos'd with equal rage;
 While javelins, darts, and flaming torches fly,
 And foreign ſpoils above the waters lie.
 To *Cæſar* now the victory inclines,
 The beauteous queen the liquid field reſigns;
 She flies, nor would the fond *Antonius* ſtay,
 But madly leſt the ſcarce decided day, }
 And threw the empire of the world away.
 Nor touch'd with fear, nor conquer'd by his foes,
 Th' unhappy man the doubtful field forgoes,
 But by his love betray'd; yet gen'rous ſhame
 And martial honour oſt his thoughts reclaim:
 And now he wou'd the fainting fight renew,
 And now the charming fugitive purſue;
 With her inglorious to the ſhore he flies,
 And careleſs there, and loſt in pleaſure, lies;
 Abandon'd looſely to her fatal charms,
 Reſolves to ſoften fate in *Cleopatra's* arms.

The champions all theſe coſtly wonders view,
 And thro' the palace now their courſe purſue:

As wild *Meander* winds along his shores,
 Now sinks, and now his silver wave restores ;
 Now to the ocean runs in various ways,
 And backward now in wanton motion plays ;
 Such crooked paths, such labyrinths they pass,
 As they the dubious structure's windings trace ;
 And thro' th' uncertain maze they still had err'd,
 But the wise *Magus*' scheme their passage clear'd ;
 Whence disengag'd, before their ravish'd eyes
 The beauteous garden's pleasant prospect lies ;
 The shining lakes, and moving crystal here,
 The flow'rs, and various plants at once appear ;
 At once a shady vale, and sunny hill,
 And groves, and mossy caves the landscape fill ;
 At once itself the charming scene reveals,
 And all its wise contriver's art conceals :
 Nor art does copying nature here appear,
 But sportive nature imitating her.
 The air was mild, and calm the morning breeze,
 Which breath'd eternal verdure on the trees ;
 The trees their branches proudly here display,
 With full-ripe fruits, and purple blossoms gay ;
 Beneath one spreading leaf, a bending twig
 Presents the immature, and rip'ning fig :
 Depending on a loaded branch are seen
 The gold, the blushing apple, and the green :
 The lofty vines their various clusters show ;
 Ungrateful those, while these with *Nectar* flow :
 The joyful birds beneath the happy shade,
 In guided parts a tuneful concert made.
 The whisp'ring winds, and waters murm'ring fall,
 With trembling cadence softly answer'd all :
 Now ceas'd the birds, the winds and waters high,
 In warbling sounds return the harmony ;
 But falling, now the birds resume their part,
 Yet scarce this order seems the effect of art :
 But one with gaudy plumes, among the rest,
 And purple bill, superior skill exprest ;

Now imitating human words begun,
 The sweet, the shrill, the melting note her own:
 The wing'd musicians all stood mute to hear,
 The winds suspend their murmurs in the air,
 And list'ning staid while she her song recites,
 Which in alluring strains to love invites:
 Her part perform'd, the feather'd chorus round,
 Thro' all the groves their glad assent resound.
 The pensive doves in sighs their pain reveal,
 The whisp'ring trees a passion seem to feel:
 The floods, the fields, and lightsome air above
 Confess the flame, and gently breathe out love.

Unconquer'd yet the stedfast knights remain,
 And all the tempting baits of vice disdain;
 But now retir'd beneath a pleasant shade,
 The lovers at a distance they survey'd:
Armida seated on the flow'rs they find,
 And in her lap *Rinaldo's* head reclin'd;
 Inspiring love, and languishing her air,
 Unbound and curling to the winds her hair:
 Her careless robes flow with an am'rous grace,
 And rosy blushes paint her lovely face.
 Fix'd on her charms he fed his wanton fires,
 And feeding still increas'd his fierce desires;
 Plung'd in licentious pleasures thus he lay,
 And melts his life ingloriously away.

At certain times *Armida* to her cells
 Retires to practise her mysterious spells:
 The hour was come, she sighs a soft adieu,
 And from his arms unwillingly withdrew.
 In glitt'ring armour rushing from the wood,
 Before him strait the pious heroes stood.
 As the fierce steed, for justs and battle bred,
 Now useless grown, with herds in pastures fed,
 Ranges at large, and lives ignobly free
 From former toils, if arms he chance to see,
 Or hears from far the trumpet's sprightly sounds,
 He neighs aloud, and breaks the flow'ry bounds;

Longs on his back to feel the hardy knight,
 Measure the lifts, and meet the promis'd fight.
 Their fight the brave *Rinaldo* thus alarm'd,
 Recall'd his honour, and his courage warm'd;
 Its long inglorious sleep his virtue broke,
 And martial ardour sparkled in his look.
 When with a friendly scorn *Ubaldo* held,
 Before the youth, his adamantinè shield;
 Surpriz'd he meets his own reflection there,
 His gaudy robes hung loose, his flowing hair }
 Clouds with rich perfume, and sweetens all the air.
 A bright, but useless sword adorns his side;
 Asham'd he views this nice fantastical pride,
 And, like a man that long in idle dreams
 Has lain, deluded to himself he seems:
 Enrag'd the hateful object now he flies,
 Confus'd and silent, downward bends his eyes;
 Half wish'd the cleaving ground might open wide,
 Or overwhelming seas his shame would hide.
Ubaldo sees the time, and thus begun:

While fame, while so much glory may be won,
 While *Asia*, while all *Europe* are in arms,
 And shake the universe with loud alarms;
Bertoldo's son alone, exempt from fear,
 Remains a woman's noble champion here.
 What lethargy, what fatal spells controul
 Thy vig'rous honour, and unman thy soul?
 Come on! the camp, and mighty *Godfrey* send,
 Fortune and victory thy sword attend; }
 The destin'd hero thou the doubtful war to end:
 Conclude the conquest o'er thy pagan foes,
 What might can thy resistless arm oppose?

Speechless he stood; and now a decent shame,
 And now a gen'rous pride, his looks inflame:
 He rends the badges of his lewd disgrace,
 And flies with horror the detested place.

THE
STORY OF ERMINIA.

Translated from
THE SEVENTH BOOK OF TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

*Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable the Lady
Viscountess Weymouth.*

ERMINIA, by the centinels surpriz'd,
Fled all the night, in burnish'd arms disguis'd;
And all the day thro' pathless woods she stray'd,
Of ev'ry whisp'ring breath of wind afraid:
But now the sun his shining progress ends,
Deserts the skies, and to the sea descends;
The nymph arrives where wealthy *Jordan* flows,
And on his flow'ry borders seeks repose;
Soft sleep, that wish'd relief to mortals brings,
Spreads o'er the beauteous maid his downy wings;
But restless love his empire still maintains,
And o'er her dreams in airy triumph reigns.
At last the birds salute the rising light,
And wanton winds the rosy morn invite;
They curl the streams and dance along the waves,
Glide thro' the woods, and whisper in the leaves:
Each painted blossom opens to the day,
With them, *Erminia's* eyes their charms display:
With pensive looks, the prospect round she view'd,
The shepherds tents, and rural solitude:
Each rustling noise awakes her former fears,
Till thro' the boughs a tuneful note she hears:
The fields and floods the cheerful sound retain,
And sportive echoes mock the jovial swain;
Who careless near the banks of *Jordan* sat,
Nor fear'd the stars, nor curs'd relentless fate:
Pleas'd with his honest art, he baskets wove;
Three sprightly boys to imitate him strove.

The princess nearer drew, with wild affright
 The children fled the unaccustom'd fight;
 Till the bright helmet from her head she took
 Reveal'd a female face and modest look:
 The golden tresses o'er her shoulders fell,
 And all their fears her charming eyes dispel:
 Her face no more a martial terror boasts,
 When thus the wond'ring shepherd she accosts:

Thrice happy man, the gods peculiar care
 Protects thee from the wasteful rage of war:
 I come not here to offer hostile wrongs,
 To interrupt thy labours, or thy songs;
 But by what methods hast thou found defence
 Against the sword's impartial violence;
 While clashing arms, and the shrill trumpet's sound,
 With endless jars perplex the regions round?

My humble state, fair maid, the swain replies,
 Beneath the turns of changing fortune lies:
 While lightning blasts the mountains lofty brow,
 The humble valley smiles secure below.
 From all the tumults which distract the great,
 We live exempt in this obscure retreat;
 The gods themselves the rural life approve,
 And kindly guard the innocence they love:
 In groves we sleep, from spoil and rapine free,
 Content with little, blest in poverty.
 This life (which yet ambitious men despise)
 Before a court's licentious joys, I prize:
 Nor pride, nor fordid avarice, molest
 The soft tranquillity within my breast.
 Unartful meats supply my frugal board,
 And drink, the pure untainted springs afford;
 No poisons thro' their channels are convey'd,
 Nor are we here in golden cups betray'd:
 These youths, my sons, to labour us'd, like me,
 Attend my flocks with cheerful industry.
 Nor think these shades can no delights afford;
 With various harmless beasts the woods are stor'd,

Among the boughs melodious birds reside,
And scaly fish along the rivers glide.

Yet other motives did my youth engage,
And wild ambition fir'd my blooming age;
I scorn'd the peasant's care and humble toils,
And left my native shores, for foreign soils;
And in th' *Egyptian* court my suit preferr'd:
My suit, the condescending noble heard.
The royal gardens soon were made my care;
I learn'd the fatal snares of greatness there,
Its impious methods, and unconstant state;
But learn'd, alas! the dear mistake too late:
My prime was past, my airy wishes cross'd,
And all my dreams of rising fortune lost;
With weeping eyes, the country scenes I view'd,
And blest'd my once inglorious solitude?
The smooth tranquillity, the gay content,
In which my former happy days were spent.
Resolv'd again those pleasures to pursue,
With just remorse, I bid the court adieu.
The day was doubly fortunate for me,
Which set me from its gaudy bondage free.

His wife discourse th' attentive princess pleas'd,
And half the tempest of her soul appeas'd:
She now resolves to try, far from the strife
Of factious courts, an unambitious life.
She paus'd—then thus, with gentle words, began
T' address the hoary venerable man:

If, by the disappointments thou hast prov'd,
Thy kind relief, and pity may be mov'd,
Conduct me to some hospitable cell,
And let me in these calm recesses dwell:
There quiet shades, perhaps, will ease my grief,
And give my restless passions some relief.
By thy example taught, I shall grow wise;
With that, a tear grac'd her prevailing eyes:
Some pitying drops the careful shepherd shed,
And to his cottage the fair stranger led.

A father's kind indulgence fills his breast ;
 His wife, with joy, receives the royal guest ;
 Who now her nodding helmet lays aside,
 Her gilded arms, and ornamental pride ;
 Then in a sylvan dress, the graceful maid,
 All negligent, her decent limbs array'd ;
 But nothing rustic in her careless mien,
 The princess still thro' all disguise was seen :
 Majestic beauty lighten'd in her face,
 She mov'd, and spoke, with an unvulgar grace ;
 An air of grandeur, not to be suppress'd,
 Her noble mind and high descent confess'd.
 Yet to the fold her bleating flocks she drove,
 And with her native delicacy strove :
 Sometimes along the fresh enamel'd meads,
 Her harmless charge, with gentle pace she leads ;
 And, oft beneath some laurel's shade reclin'd,
 With *Tancred's* name, she wounds the tender rind :
 Each tree that flourish'd in the conscious grove,
 The records bore of her successful love.
 And when the tragic story she review'd,
 The sad description all her grief renew'd ;
 With love and melting sorrow in her eyes,
 Ye verdant plants, the pensive charmer cries,
 Ye pines, and spreading laurels, as ye grow,
 Retain the deep inscriptions of my woe ;
 Some wretched maid, undone by love, like me,
 Shall mourn my injur'd faith, and partial destiny.

But if my charming hero here should stray,
 As grant, ye blest propitious powers, he may !
 And wand'ring, find in ev'ry shade his name,
 My secret care, and undiscover'd flame,
 Long after death has clos'd my wretched eyes,
 And in the grave this mortal relique lies ;
 Some tender sigh, some grateful tear may prove
 The late success of my unblemish'd love.
 My hov'ring ghost, pleas'd with that soft return,
 The rigor of my fate no more should mourn.

With these complaints, she soothes her fond desires,
 And vainly to the fields and shades retires;
 The fields and shades indulge her fatal fires:
 While *Tancred*, yet a stranger to her charms,
 Among the toils of war, and fierce alarms,
 Pursues a nobler fate, in military arms.

A PASTORAL

ON

THE NATIVITY OF OUR SAVIOUR.

In Imitation of an Italian Pastoral.

MENALCAS.

SOME mighty things these awful signs portend!
 Amaz'd we see new stars the skies ascend;
 A thousand strange usurping lights appear,
 And dart their sudden glories thro' the air;
 A dazzling day, without the sun returns,
 And thro' the midnight's dusky horror burns.

PALEMON.

And, in the depth of winter, spring appears,
 For lo! the ground a sudden verdure wears;
 The op'ning flow'rs display their gaudiest dye,
 And seem with all the summer's pride to vie.

URANIO.

Nor without myst'ry are these joys that roll
 In torrents thro' my now prophetic soul,
 And softly whisper to my ravish'd breast,
 That more than all the tribes the race of *Judah's* blest.

MENA.—But see the eastern skies disclose a light
Beyond the noontide's flaming glories bright;
This way its course the sacred vision bends,
And with much state and solemn pomp descends.
Sonorous voices echo from afar,
And softly warble thro' the trembling air:
The circling spheres the charming sound prolong,
And answer all the cadence of their song:
And now the sacred harmony draws near,
And now a thousand heav'nly forms appear.

ANGELS.

Immortal glory give to God on high,
Thro' all the lofty stations of the sky;
Let joy on earth, and endless peace ensue,
The great Messiah's born, thrice happy men! to you.

URA.—The great Messiah born! transporting sound
To the wide world spread the blest accents round:
What joy these long expected tidings bring?
To us is born a Saviour and a King!

ANG.—An infant in a virgin's arms he lies,
Who rides the winds, and thunders thro' the skies;
The God to whom the flaming seraphs bow,
Descends to lead the life of mortals now.

MENA.—Surprizing power of love!
Ev'n God himself thy mighty force does prove;
Thou rul'st the world below, and govern'st all above. }

PALE.—You shining messengers, be farther kind,
And tell us where the wond'rous child to find.

ANG.—Your glad conductors to the place we'll be,
Eager as you this mystic thing to see.

URA.—Some present to the infant king let's bear,
For zeal shou'd always liberal appear.

ANG.—Come on, we'll lead you to the poor abode,
 Where in a manger lies the incarnate God;
 Reduc'd among the sordid beasts to rest,
 Who all the spacious realms of light possess'd;
 And he whose humble ministers we were,
 Becomes a tender virgin's helpless care.
 Thro' heav'n, but now, the hasty tidings rung,
 And anthems on the wond'rous theme they sung.

PALE.—But to what happy maid of human race
 Has heav'n allotted this peculiar grace?

ANG.—Ye echoing skies, repeat *Maria's* name;
Maria thro' the starry worlds proclaim:
 In her bright face celestial graces shine,
 Her mind's enrich'd with treasures all divine,
 From *David's* royal house descends her noble line. }
 But see the humble seat, the poor abode,
 That holds the virgin with the infant God.

MENA.—Thee, virgin-born, thus prostrate, I adore,
 And offer here the choice of all my store.
 Untill'd the earth shall now vast harvests yield,
 And laughing plenty crown the open field.
 Clear rivers in the deserts shall be seen,
 And barren wastes cloth'd in eternal green.
 Instead of thorns, the stately fir shall rise,
 And wave his lofty head amidst the skies;
 Where thistles once, shall fragrant myrtles grow,
 The beauteous rose on ev'ry bush shall glow, }
 And from the purple grape rich wines, unpress'd,
 shall flow.

PALE.—Great star of *Jacob*, that so bright dost rise,
 Turn, lovely infant, thy auspicious eyes;
 This soft and spotless wool to thee I bring,
 My earliest tribute to the new-born king.
 With thee each sacred virtue takes its birth,
 And peace and justice now shall rule the earth,

Thou shalt the bliss of paradise restore,
 And wars and tumults shall be heard no more.
 The wolf and lamb shall now together feed,
 And with the ox the lion's savage breed.
 The child shall with the harmless serpent play,
 And lead, unhurt, the gentle beast away.
 And where the sun ascends the shining east,
 And where he ends his journey in the west,
 Thy glorious name shall be ador'd and blest.

URA.—The hope of *Israel*, hail!——with humble
 zeal

To thee, unquestion'd Son of God, I kneel:
 All hail to thee! of whom the prophets old
 Such mighty things to our forefathers told.
 Thy kingdom shall from sea to sea extend,
 And reach the spacious world's remotest end.
 The spicy isle, and *Saba's* wealthy king,
 To thee from far shall costly presents bring.
 Thy steadfast throne shall stand for ever fast,
 And thy dominion time itself out-last.

This gentle lamb, the best my flocks afford,
 I bring an offering to all nature's Lord.

ANG.—And we, the regents of the spheres, thus low
 Before mankind's illustrious Saviour bow:
 Astonish'd, in an infant's form we see
 Disguis'd the ineffable Divinity;
 Who arm'd with thunder, on the fields of light
 O'ercame the potent Seraphim in fight.
 Thus humbled—O unbounded force of love!
 Subdu'd by that, from all the joys above,
 Thou cam'st the wretched life of man to prove.
 And thus our ruin'd numbers wilt supply,
 And fill the desolations of the sky.

Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the fields, let us lodge in the villages. Cant. vii. 11.

THOU object of my highest bliss,
And of my dearest love,
Come, let us from this tiresome world,
And all its cares remove.

Among the murm'ring crystal streams,
The groves, and flow'ry fields,
Let's try the calm and silent joys
That blest retirement yields.

There, far from all the busy world,
To thee alone I'll live,
And taste more pleasure in thy smiles
Than all things else can give.

My pure desires, and holy vows,
Shall centre all in thee ;
While ev'ry hour to sacred love
Shall consecrated be.

HYMN.

BEFORE the rosy dawn of day,
To thee, my God, I'll sing ;
Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre !
Awake, each charming string !

Awake ! and let thy flowing strain
Glide through the midnight air,
While high amidst her silent orb
The silver moon rolls clear.

While all the glitt'ring starry lamps
Are lighted in the sky,
And set their Maker's greatness forth
To thy admiring eye :

While watchful angels round the just,
 As nightly guardians wait,
 In lofty strains of grateful praise
 Thy spirit elevate.

Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre!
 Awake each charming string!
 Before the rosy dawn of day,
 To thee, my God, I'll sing.

Thou round the heav'nly arch dost draw
 A dark and sable veil,
 And all the beauties of the world
 From mortal eyes conceal.

Again, the sky with golden beams
 Thy skilful hands adorn,
 And paint, with cheerful splendor gay,
 The fair ascending morn.

And as the gloomy night returns,
 Or smiling day renews,
 Thy constant goodness still my soul
 With benefits pursues.

For this I'll midnight vows to thee,
 With early incense bring;
 And e'er the rosy dawn of day,
 Thy lofty praises sing.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

*The Fallen Angels and a Human Spirit just
 entered into the other World.*

HUMAN SPIRIT.

LONG struggling in the agonies of death,
 With horror I resign'd my mortal breath:
 With horror long the fatal gulph I view'd,
 And shiv'ring on its utmost edges stood;

'Till forc'd to take the inevitable leap,
 I hurry'd headlong down the gloomy steep:
 And here of every hope bereft, I find
 Myself a naked, an unbody'd mind.
 My lov'd, my fond officious friends in vain,
 My fleeting soul endeavour'd to retain;
 In vain its blooming mansion did invite;
 Grandeur, and wealth, and love, and soft delight,
 With tempting calls in vain its flight would stay,
 When forc'd by the severe decree away.
 'Tis past—and all like a thin vision gone,
 For which I have my wretched soul undone;
 And wand'ring on this dark, detested shore,
 My eyes shall view the upper light no more.

FALLEN ANGEL.

Then welcome to the regions of despair!
 Thy ruin cost us much design and care,
 And thou had'st 'scap'd, but for one happy snare;
 And in the blissful skies supply'd the place
 Of some fall'n spirit of our nobler race:
 Thou coul'd the thirst of wine or wealth controul,
 And no malicious sin has stain'd thy soul;
 But for the joys of one forbidden love
 Hast lost the boundless ecstasies above.

Human Spi.—And all was freely, freely all was lost;
 How dear has one short dream of pleasure cost!
 But yet this fatal, this enchanting dream,
 I should, perhaps, beyond ev'n heav'n esteem,
 Were it as permanent: but, ah! 'tis gone,
 And I a wretch abandon'd and undone,
 Of God, of every smiling hope, am left,
 And all my dear delights on earth bereft;
 While here for gilded roofs, and painted bow'rs,
 For pleasant walks, and beds of fragrant flow'rs,
 I find polluted dens, and pitchy streams,
 And burning paths, with beds of raging flames;

Instead of music's sweet inspiring sound,
 Repeated yells, and endless groans go round;
 And for the lovely faces of my friends,
 I meet the ghastly visages of fiends;
 A thousand nameless terrors are behind,
 Despair, confusion, fury, seize my mind:
 But will my griefs no happy period find?

Fallen Ang.—Count all the twinkling glories of the
 sky,
 Count all the drops that in the ocean lie;
 Of all the earthly globe the atoms count,
 Eternal years thy numbers still surmount.
 Millions of tedious ling'ring ages gone,
 Thy misery, thy hell, is but begun.
 As fix'd, as permanent, thy bliss had been,
 But for one darling, one beloved sin;
 Cold to the baits of any other vice,
 Beauty alone could thy fond thoughts entice;
 By this (or all our stratagems had fail'd),
 By this we o'er thy temp'rate youth prevail'd.
 Poor, sottish soul! below our envy now,
 For what a toy didst thou a heaven forego!

Human Spi.—O tell me not from what fair hopes I
 fell!
 Just missing heaven, but aggravates my hell.

Fallen Ang.—Thou know'st not what thou'st lost,
 but we too well
 The glories of that happy place can tell.
 There endless heights of ecstasy they prove,
 There's lasting pleasure and immortal love,
 There flowing pleasures in full torrents roll;
 For pleasure's form'd, this loss must rack thy soul.

Human Spi.—With how much cruel art you aggravate
 My misery's intolerable weight!

Fallen Ang.—Our envy once, thou'rt now become
 our scorn,
 In vain for thee the Son of God was born;
 That mighty favour, that peculiar grace,
 Too glorious for the fall'n angelic race,
 Serves only to exasperate thy doom,
 And give th' infernal shades a darker gloom.

Human Spi.—Oh! that's the wounding circumstance
 of all,
 To lower depths of woe I cannot fall:
 Ye curst tormentors, now your rage is spent,
 Your fury can no further hell invent;
 A Saviour's title, a Redeemer's blood,
 Their worth, till now, I little understood.

HYMN.

IMMORTAL fountain of my life,
 My last, my noblest end;
 Eternal centre of my soul,
 Where all its motions tend!

Thou object of my dearest love,
 My heav'nly paradise,
 The spring of all my flowing joys,
 My everlasting bliss!

My God, my hope, my vast reward,
 And all I wou'd possess;
 Still more than these pathetic names,
 And charming words express!

THE APPEAL.

TO thee, great Searcher of the heart,
 I solemnly appeal,
 Who all the secrets of my soul,
 And inmost thoughts can't tell.

Even thou, th' unerring judge of all
 Dost my dread witness prove;
 That thee, beyond what'er the world
 Can tempt me with, I love.

That thou, whatever else I miss,
 Whatever else I lose,
 Art my exceeding great reward,
 And highest bliss I chuse.

Leave me of wealth, of honour, friends,
 And all things else bereft;
 But of thy favour, gracious God,
 Let me be never left!

O hear! and grant thy boundless love's
 Inestimable store,
 And I'll hereafter close my lips,
 And never urge thee more.

With this alone I'll be content;
 But, Lord, of this deny'd,
 I shou'd despise the noblest gift,
 Thou cou'dst bestow beside.

Among the brightest joys of life,
 I shou'd no pleasure know,
 But murm'ring to the sullen shades
 Of endless night would go.

*Te'l me, O thou whom my Soul loveth, where thou feedest,
 where thou makest thy Flock to rest at Noon. Cant. i. 7.*

O LOVELIER to my ravish'd eyes
 Than all they ever saw,
 Much dearer than the light I view,
 Or vital breath I draw!

Eternal treasure of my heart,
 Whom as my soul I love,
 O, tell me, to what happy shades
 Thou dost, at noon, remove!

O, tell me where, by crystal streams,
 Thy snowy flocks are led,
 And in what fruitful meadows they
 Are by thy bounty fed!

For thee I languish all the day,
 For thee I hourly pine;
 As flow'rs that want the cheering sun,
 Their painted heads decline.

Ah! why from my impatient eyes
 Dost thou thyself conceal;
 Whilst I in vain, in lonely shades,
 My restless pain reveal?

TO

MR. WATTS,

ON HIS

POEMS SACRED TO DEVOTION.

TO murmuring streams, in tender strains,
 My pensive muse no more
 Of love's enchanting force complains,
 Along the flow'ry shore.

No more *Myrtillo's* fatal face,
 My quiet breast alarms,
 His eyes, his air, and youthful grace
 Have lost their usual charms.

No gay *Alexis* in the grove
 Shall be my future theme;
 I burn with an immortal love,
 And sing a purer flame.

Seraphic heights I seem to gain,
 And sacred transports feel;
 While, Watts, to thy celestial strain
 Surpris'd I listen still.

The gliding streams their course forbear,
 When I thy lays repeat;
 The bending forest lends an ear,
 The birds their notes forget.

With such a grateful harmony
 Thy numbers still prolong,
 And let remotest lands reply,
 And echo to thy song.

Far as the distant regions, where
 The beauteous morning springs,
 And scatters odours thro' the air
 From her resplendent wings;

Unto the new found realms which see
 The latter sun arise,
 When with an easy progress he
 Rolls down the nether skies.

TO CLEONE.

FROM the bright realms and happy fields above,
 The seats of pleasure and immortal love;
 Where joys no more on airy chance depend,
 All health to thee from those gay climes I send!
 For thee my tender passion is the same,
 Nor death itself has quench'd the noble flame;
 For charms like thine for ever fix the mind,
 And with eternal obligations bind.
 And when kind fate shall my *Cleone* free
 From the dull fetters of mortality,
 I'll meet thy parting soul, and guide my fair,
 In triumph, thro' the lightsome fields of air;
 Till thou shalt gain the blissful seats and bow'rs,
 And shining plains deck'd with unfading flow'rs.
 There nobler heights our friendship shall improve,
 For flames, like ours, bright spirits feel above,
 And tune their golden harps to the soft notes of love.
 The sacred subject swells each heav'nly breast,
 And in their looks its transports are express.

TO CLORINDA.

'TIS not *Clorinda's* noble air,
Her shape, nor lovely eyes,
(Tho' match'less all, exact and fair)
That thus our hearts surprize.

She by some mightier pow'r invades,
And triumphs o'er our souls;
At once with softest art persuades,
And with bold force controuls.

'Tis in *Clorinda's* charming mind,
The sweet attraction lies;
There all that fire and life we find,
Which sparkles in her eyes.

In her a thousand graces shine,
That might our envy move;
Which yet our thoughts alone incline
T' oblige, admire, and love.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord is my defence and guide,
My wants are by his care supply'd:
He leads me to refreshing shades,
Thro' verdant plains, and flow'ry meads;
And there securely makes me lie,
Near silver currents rolling by.
To guide my erring feet aright,
He gilds my path with sacred light;
And to his own immortal praise,
Conducts me in his perfect ways.
In death's uncomfortable shade,
No terror can my soul invade:
While he, my strong defence, is near,
His presence scatters all despair:

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My spiteful foes, with envy, see
 His plenteous table spread for me :
 My cup o'erflows with sparkling wine,
 With fragrant oils my temples shine.
 Since God hath wond'rous mercies shew'd,
 And crown'd my smiling years with good;
 The life he graciously prolongs,
 Shall be employ'd in grateful songs;
 My voice in lofty hymns I'll raise,
 And in his temple spend my days.

ON THE DEATH OF
 THE HON. HENRY THYNNE,

Only Son of the Right Hon. Thomas Lord Weymouth.

YE stately buildings, and ye fair retreats,
 That lately seem'd of guiltless joys the seats :
 You groves, and beauteous gardens, where we find
 Some graceful tracts of *Weymouth's* active mind ;
 Put off your cheerful looks, and blooming air,
 And wear a prospect suited to despair ;
 Such as the melancholy muse requires,
 When fun'ral grief the mournful song inspires.
 The muses here *Amyntos* should deplore,
 Who visits these delightful walks no more.
 The noble youth, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
 The boasted hope and glory of his race,
 No more shall these inviting shades frequent ;
 What merit can the fatal hour prevent ?

Lament, ye gloomy grots, and charming bow'rs,
 Pine at your roots, ye various plants and flow'rs ;
 Decay'd may all your painted blossoms fall,
 Nor let the genial ray your life recal ;
 Nor e'er again your gentle tribute bring,
 (Gay nature's pride) to crown the fragrant spring :
 Tho' in her prime the lovely season here,
 Till now has triumph'd round the changing year ;

And blooming still the wintry turns defy'd;
Nor blasting air, nor nipping frost has try'd;
While the glad sun ev'n linger'd in his race,
And blest with constant smiles the happy place.

He tender myrtles mourn, nor let your boughs
Hereafter deck one joyful lover's brows.
Ye folding bays, and laurel's sacred shade,
At once let all your wreathing glories fade.
May raging tempests in the grove contend,
And from the stately firs their branches rend:
Nor let their shade receive the feather'd throng,
Which cheer the ev'ning with their tuneful song;
Nor ever here let balmy *Zephyrs* stray,
And with their fragrant breath perfume the op'ning
day.

Ye swelling fountains, be for ever dry,
Or far from these unhappy borders fly:
Nor let the skill of any daring hand,
To grace these walks your dancing spouts command;
Nor sportive *Tritons* from their native course
Aloft in air the silver currents force;
While deep cascades the musing thought delight,
And rushing waves to soft repose invite.

Let the proud pedestals no longer prop
Their marble loads, but into ruins drop;
The forms of heroes, and poetic gods,
But ill-become these desolate abodes:
Amyntas is no more; who best could trace
Their fine proportions, judge of ev'ry grace,
The speaking gesture and pathetic face,
Whatever air a nobler thought express,
An image met in his own gen'rous breast;
Nor sculpture, nor heroic numbers told
A great design, or glorious name inroll'd,
But mov'd in him an emulating flame;
And, had occasion try'd, his deeds had been the same.

Accomplish'd youth; why wast thou snatch'd away?
A thousand lives should have redeem'd thy stay.

Must worth, like thine, so short a period find,
 And leave so many useless things behind,
 Unthinking forms, the burthen of the state;
 While a whole nation suffers in thy fate?

ON LOVE.

VICTORIOUS love, thou sacred mystery!
 What muse in mortal strains can speak of thee?
 We feel th' effect, and own thy force divine,
 But vainly would the glorious cause define.
 In part, thy pow'r in these cold realms is known;
 But in the blest celestial seats alone,
 Thy triumphs in their splendid heights are shown.
 Thy gentle torch, with a propitious light
 And spotless flame, burns there for ever bright.
 Expressless pleasure, and transporting grace,
 With lasting beauty, shine upon thy face.
 By ev'ry tongue thy charms are there confess'd,
 And kindle joys in ev'ry heav'nly breast:
 For thee they touch the soft melodious string,
 And love in glad triumphant accents sing,
 Almighty love, whence all their raptures spring.

A PASTORAL.

SYLVIA, the pride of all the rural train,
 By *Celadon* was lov'd, but lov'd in vain.
 His graceful form by nature seem'd design'd
 To charm the sweetest of the beauteous kind.
 With vain *Narcissus* in his blooming pride,
 Or *Hyacinth*, the shepherd might have vy'd,
 He danc'd—not *Paris* with a nobler mien,
 On *Xanthus*' borders trac'd the level green.
 Tuneful his voice—but *Phoebus* lov'd in vain,
 Nor met success with his immortal strain:

More wild than *Daphne*, o'er the flow'ry mead,
 Coy *Sylvia* her intreating lover fled.
 Nor could his melting numbers once prevail
 To gain attention to his am'rous tale;
 Till mov'd with pity for his restless care,
 Her fellow nymphs detain the flying fair;
 Intreated half, and half compell'd her stay;
 Beneath a shade that screen'd the burning ray
 They sit; their bleating flocks around them stray:
 While thus th' unhappy youth, in mournful strains,
 Of his ungrateful shepherdess complains:

Returning springs the faded year renew,
 And summer gales the wintry storms ensue;
 But no vicissitude of joy I prove,
 No change of season to my hopeless love.
 The falling sun in western shades declines,
 Refresh'd again the purple morning shines;
 But no kind smiles with dawning rays appear
 In *Sylvia's* eyes, my gloomy breast to cheer.

The silver moon wheels her pale course above,
 And midnight stars in solemn order move,
 Envy itself, and faction find repose;
 While no relief my wilder passion knows:
 Or if disorder'd slumbers close mine eyes,
 Coy *Sylvia* still before my fancy flies;
 Thro' dusky groves and vales I seem to trace
 Her fleeting form, that mocks my fond embrace;
 I wake to new despair, and tell my pain
 To whisp'ring winds and sounding rocks in-vain:
 Yet these, relentless fair, more kind than thee,
 In sighing echoes seem to plead for me.
 Gay nature now to gentler thoughts invites,
 And the fair season calls for soft delights;
 The vig'rous sun smiles on the fruitful earth,
 And gives a thousand beauteous flow'rs their birth;
 The conscious trees their verdant branches spread,
 Inviting lovers to their friendly shade:
 These scenes were made for love; each whisp'ring stream,
 And painted vale, require the tender theme.

Love triumphs here, and on the peaceful plains
 The gentle god his empire still maintains;
 The busy city's restless noise he shuns,
 And far from factious courts affrighted runs;
 Hither his quiver, and his torch he brings,
 And hov'ring round the air with downy wings,
 Among the swains his sportive darts he flings. }
 Th' immortal race oft seek the calm retreats,
 And for their pleasures chuse the rural seats.
 In the *Sabaean* groves, and *Cyprian* bow'rs,
 The queen of beauty spent her softest hours:
 The fair *Aurora* too, a nymph divine,
 With rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes like thine,
 But gentler far, on *Haemus* dewy head
 Pursu'd a youth, who her embraces fled.
Diana's self, thy boasted goddess, lov'd,
 Nor still, like thee, inflexible has prov'd:
Mæander's winding banks, and *Lycus'* shore
 Have heard her oft her rig'rous fate deplore;
 The *Carian* hills were witness to her grief,
 There wand'ring round, she vainly sought relief;
 Nor roves a savage huntress as before,
 Her hand a pointed jav'lin shakes no more, }
 While thro' the woods she tracks the foaming boar.
 To diff'rent cares her thoughts were now confin'd,
Endymion's image had possess'd her mind;
 On *Latmos'* top the lovely youth she found,
 Gently reclin'd upon the verdant ground, }
 His senses all in balmy slumbers drown'd.
 Not young *Adonis* ever look'd more fair;
 An am'rous breeze plays with his careless hair:
 The virgin goddess fix'd her wond'ring sight;
 Above her own transparent orb roll'd bright, }
 And all the stars lent their officious light.
 She views his blooming charms with fond surprize,
 Unusual transports in her bosom rise;
 An unaccustom'd with her breast inspires;
 And now she checks, now soothes her wild-desires, }
 Approaches softly now, and now retires:

At last resolv'd, a modest kiss she steals,
While *Venus* laughing, all the theft reveals.

Thus gods and men to *Love's* imperial sway
Submit, and his resistless laws obey:

And trust me, *Sylvia*, some propitious hour
Shall yet arrive, when thou shalt feel his pow'r.

The shepherd ceas'd, the nymphs his numbers praise;
Ev'n *Sylvia*, soften'd by his melting lays,
Returns a smile; then with a decent pride
Retires, and strives her alter'd thoughts to hide.

TO CHLOE.

AN EPISTLE.

FAIR *Chloe*, leave the noisy town, and try
What artless sweets the country scenes supply:
While the young year in all its pride invites,
And promises a thousand gay delights;
While the glad sun his fairest light displays,
And op'ning blossoms court his cheerful rays,
The nymphs for thee shall deck some rural bow'r,
With every verdant branch and painted flow'r;
To thee the swains full canisters shall bring,
Of all the fragrant treasures of the spring:
While some young shepherd in the sounding grove
Shall tune his reed for thee to strains of love.
Nor from the soft, enchanting accents run,
For who the pleasing charms of love would shun?
Such love as in these guiltless seats is known,
Such as a state of innocence might own.
No frauds, no treach'rous arts are practis'd here,
No perjur'd vows deluded virgins fear.
The gentle god with mild indulgence sways,
And ev'ry willing heart his laws obeys,

All hail, ye fields, and ev'ry happy grove!
 How your soft scenes the tender flame improve,
 And melt the thoughts, and turn the soul to love! }
 'Twas here *Myrtillo's* charms my bosom fir'd,
 While all the god the am'rous youth inspir'd;
 Divine his art, prevalling was his tongue,
 While in the shades the skilful shepherd sung;
 On downy wings young *Zephyrs* took the sound,
 And cheer'd the plains, and all the valleys round:
 The list'ning streams were conscious of his flame,
 And ev'ry nymph acquainted with my name.
 No nymph but envy'd me *Myrtillo's* praise,
 For I had all his vows and tender lays.
 Nor could such truth and merit plead in vain,
 I heard his sighs, and pity'd all his pain;
 While *Venus* smil'd propitious from above,
 And crown'd our vows, and blest our mutual love.
 May prosp'rous fates attend the happy day,
 And circling joys for ever make it gay!
 From thence we date our bliss, and still improve
 Our soft delights, as thro' the woods we rove:
 In flow'ry meadows, groves, and fragrant bow'rs,
 Serene and free, we spend the lightsome hours.

Thus live the *Dryades*, thus the sacred race,
 That haunt the valleys, and the fountains grace;
 The rural scenes indulge their warm desires,
 Heighten their joys, and feed immortal fires.
Diana, who in heav'n could guard her breast,
 In *Latmos'* flow'ry fields the god confest.
 No name, but his, among the swains is known,
 Superior love is all the pow'r they own;
 Their willing tribute to his shrine they bring,
 Turtles, and lambs, and all the blooming spring, }
 While to their tuneful harps his praise they sing.
 Young *Zephyrs* bear the charming accents round,
 And rocks and mossy caves retain their sound;
 Tygers and wolves grow wild, the tim'rous fawns,
 Undaunted, skip along the open lawns;

Roses and myrtles bloom, the am'rous doves,
And all the warbling chorus own their loves :
The nodding groves, and falling floods reply,
And all confess the pow'rful deity.

THE
CONFLAGRATION.

AN ODE.

SUPINE as men before the deluge lay,
In melting joys and luxury dissolv'd,
Till swift destruction swept them all away,
The stupid world will then be found,
In all licentiousness and sin involv'd,
When loud to judgment the last trumpets sound.

Then time shall be no more,
Nor months and years proportion'd by the sun ;
Which ne'er again shall run,
With vig'rous pride the shining zodiac o'er.

A sudden change the living shall translate
To an immortal from a mortal state :
While those that slumber in the grave awake
In crowds, their former vehicles to take,
Indu'd with principles that may sustain
Celestial pleasure, or infernal pain.

And now begins the universal wreck ;
The wheels of nature stand, or change their course,
And backward hurrying with disorder'd force,
The long establish'd laws of motion break.
The resurgent rivers to their fountains run,
Their ancient paths and well-known channels shun.
The seas their sandy banks deride,
And know their bounds no more,
Against the rocks, with stormy pride,
The angry billows roar :

Now swelling, like transparent mounts appear,
 Which to the clouds their lofty summits rear,
 And mingle with the virgin waters there:
 Here, like the mouth of hell, vast whirlpools yawn,
 And down the rapid gulph whole floods and isles are
 drawn.

Prodigious thunders shake the sky,
 As from their cells with clam'rous rage they break:
 Prodigious lightnings kindle as they fly,
 And trace the clouds with many a fiery streak:
 While in the darken'd air
 With horrid beams malignant comets glare.
 Encount'ring tempests strive,
 Which mighty winds across each other drive,
 Loos'd from the spacious cavities below,
 From all the adverse points of heav'n they blow,
 And murmur from afar with stormy sound;
 While burning bolts and hail-stones rake the ground.
 Resistless whirlwinds bluster here and there,
 Trees from their roots, stones from their rocks they
 tear.

The central fire within its prison raves,
 And all the globe with strong concussions shakes,
 As from its urn in sulph'rous waves
 The dreadful element breaks;
 Thro' all the gloomy vaults around it flows,
 'Thro' ev'ry cleft and winding fissure glows,
 And wild excursions makes:
 Its course no subterranean damps oppose,
 From vein to vein the active particles take fire,
 And towards the surface of the globe aspire;
 Whole groves, and hills, and buildings undermine,
 Whole groves, and hills, and palaces drop in;
 Wide gapes the direful gulph, and where
 Tall mountains stood, prodigious chasms appear.
 With wilder fury here

The fierce materials outward rush,
 And where ev'n now, a level plain was spread,
 Vast rocks and frowning steeps erect their hideous heads:
 From whose dark entrails livid torrents gush,
 And glowing cataracts spout:

Like *Ætna* now the new *Volcano* roars,
 Unweildy stones, and burning craggs throws out,
 With show'rs of sand, and seas of melted ores.

While louder still on high the trumpets sound,
 And reach the dreary kingdoms under ground.
 Hell's deep foundations the strange echoes shake,

With terrors fill each raging fiend,

The earth with strong concussions rend,
 And wide disclose the vast infernal lake,
 With all the execrable dens below,
 The dwellings of unutterable woe.

Thick steams from the unbottom'd gulph arise

And blacken all the skies:

The startled sun winks at the horrid sight,
 And robs the moon of all her silver light:
 While ev'ry gay, ethereal flame expires,
 Or to its first original retires.

Now mightier pangs the whole creation feels;
 Each planet from its shatter'd axis reels,
 And orbs immense on orbs immense drop down,
 Like scatt'ring leaves from off their branches blown.

Again the great archangel's summons fly
 Thro' earth, thro' hell, and all the ample vaults on
 high

Wide fly the portals of eternal day,

To give the King of glory way:

And lo! the Son of God descends,

Heav'n's everlasting frame beneath him bends;

On loursing clouds he sits inthron'd,

Whence ruddy flames, and pointed lightnings play,

And bellowing thunders with shrill voices sound:

To judge the world he comes with awful state,
Ten thousand times ten thousand on him wait ;

Cherub and Seraphim,
With mighty chiefs, and splendid dignities,
Dominions, potentates and pow'rs,
Of heav'nly thrones the num'rous regencies.

And (if a muse might dare
Things so extremely distant to compare)
Like *Hesperus* leading on the countless stars,
The God before his radiant train appears ;
Divine his form, ineffable his air,
At once benignant, solemn, and severe ;
Around him dart refulgent beams,
And from his eyes approachless glory streams.

The waters see, and downward sink,
The mountains melt like wax before the fire,
The folding heav'ns together shrink,
And with a mighty noise the clashing orbs retire.
Despairing, trembling, mad, the vicious fly,
And to the falling rocks for shelter cry ;
To hell's impenetrable shades would run,
The face of their vindictive judge to shun.
The shudd'ring fiends t' avoid his sight,
Beneath the burning deeps would hide ;
Unable now to bear celestial light,
Or the resplendence of his looks abide.

Unmov'd alone the virtuous now appear,
And in their looks a calm assurance wear,
Nor hell nor all its horrors fear.
From east, from west, from north, and south they come,
To take from the most righteous judge their doom ;
Who thus to them, with a serene regard ;
(The books of life before him laid,
And all the secret records wide display'd)
'According to your works be your reward ;
'As my reproach and cross you did not fear,
'To men and angels I approve you here ;

' Possess immortal kingdoms as your due,
' Prepar'd from an eternal date for you.'

The glitt'ring legions shout above,
And down ten thousand heav'nly guardians fly,
T' attend their joyful charges to the sky:
And upward now with wond'rous pomp they move,
Melodious welcomes they receive on high,
With shining robes, victorious palms and crowns,
Celestial dignities, and everlasting thrones;
While beauty, life, and joy, with love divine,
Break from their eyes, and on their faces shine.

Th' apostate spirits rage, as when they fell
From off th' ethereal battlements to hell,
To see the humble race of man supply
Their once illustrious stations in the sky.
The sinners gnash their teeth for envy too;
To whom thus speaks the wrathful Deity:

' From me, accurst! for ever go,
' And dwell with endless burnings, endless night and
' woe.
' In vain in your adversity you cry,
' Inexorable to your cries I'll be,
' As you were once to me.'

Like stings these fatal accents wound,
And all the wretched sinners pleas confound;
Opprest with shame, confusion, and despair,
They sink, nor can the heavy judgment bear.
The unfathom'd deep to swallow them gapes wide;
And now without controul
The fiery surges roll,
And hell extends itself on ev'ry side!
Where, without intermission, without end,
Howling and lamentations loud ascend;
With flames and hellish smother, which appear
To form about the globe a dreadful atmosphere.

Why vice was prosp'rous, virtue why distressed,
 With all the deep writ sense,
 The dark mysterious ways of providence,
 To men and angels now are manifest.

A

LAPLANDER'S SONG TO HIS MISTRESS.

SHINE out, resplendent God of day,
 On my fair *Orramoore* ;
 Her charms thy most propitious ray,
 And kindest looks allure.

In mountain, vale, or gloomy grove,
 I'd climb the tallest tree,
 Could I from thence my absent love,
 My charming rover see.

I'd venture on a rising cloud,
 Aloft in yielding air ;
 From that exalted station proud,
 To view the smiling fair.

Should she in some sequester'd bow'r,
 Among the branches hide,
 I'd tear off ev'ry leaf and flow'r,
 Till there she was descri'd.

From ev'ry bird I'd steal a wing,
 To *Orramoore* to fly ;
 And urg'd by love, would swiftly spring
 Along the lightsome sky.

Return, and bless me with thy charms,
 While yet the sun displays
 His fairest beams, and kindly warms
 Us with his vital rays.

Return before that light be gone,
 In which thou shouldst appear;
 Unwelcome night is hast'ning on
 To darken half the year.

In vain, relentless maid, in vain
 Thou dost a youth forsake,
 Whose love shall quickly o'er the plain,
 Thy savage flight o'ertake.

Should bars of steel my passage stay,
 They could not thee secure:
 I'd thro' enchantments find a way
 To seize my *Orramoor*.

A HYMN OF THANKS,

ON

MY RECOVERY FROM THE SMALL-POX.

MY God, my great deliv'rer, and my trust,
 My life, my love, and ev'ry tender name
 That makes my gratitude and homage just;
 Let heav'nly ardour all my soul inflame!

To thee my muse some tuneful gift would bring,
 And humbly consecrate her noblest verse;
 Fain would she touch for thee her sweetest string,
 And in immortal strains thy love rehearse.

But, oh! what words of men can reach the theme?
 What human eloquence expresses thy praise?
 Immense thy pow'r, unspeakable thy name,
 Thy throne surrounded with majestic rays.

Yet let my grateful zeal accepted prove,
 Since weak mortality can give no more;
 I cannot speak, 'tis true, but I can love,
 I love, and what I cannot praise, adore.

A PASTORAL,

In imitation of Drayton's Second Nymphal.

CLEON and *Lycidas* were jolly swains,
 Their worth distinguish'd on th' *Arcadian* plains.
Cleon, a hardy youth, on mountains bred,
 O'er craggy rocks his browzing goats he led;
 At rural festivals he still appear'd,
 A challenger in ev'ry combat fear'd:
 For none like him the weighty sledge could throw,
 Or manage with more dextrous art the bow;
 In wrestling skill'd, and foremost in the race,
 Advent'rous still, and eager for the chace;
 Thro' savage woods, o'er hills with summits hoar,
 Arm'd with a spear, he trac'd the tusky boar.

But *Lycidas* among the nymphs was bred,
 The flow'ry vales he sought, and verdant mead, }
 And there, by purling streams, his flocks were fed.
 His goodly stature, and well-featur'd face,
 Of ev'ry shepherdess obtain'd the grace.
 His flaxen hair, in ringlets from his crown,
 Beneath his shoulder's carelessly hung down.
 Whene'er he danc'd, *Apollo's* self was seen,
 In the proportion'd step, and graceful mien;
 He spoke so fine, so artfully he sung,
 None but *Myrtilla* could resist his tongue.
 No charms but her's his numbers could inspire:
 The nymph was fam'd, a sylvan god her sire,
 Her mother of the *Naiads* beauteous race;
 From her she took the sweetness of her face.
 Not *Venus'* self could boast a face more fair,
 More rosy lips, or more enticing hair.
 Her blooming innocence, her lovely eyes,
 And perfect shape, did ev'ry heart surprize.
 Her voice cou'd ev'n a rising torrent stay,
 A hungry lion's fiercest rage allay, }
 And keep the list'ning savage from his prey.

The maid by gentle *Lycidas* was lov'd,
 Nor wilder *Cleon* less enamour'd prov'd;
 The lovers both attend the usual hour,
 That brought *Myrtilla* from her fragrant bow'r,
 To breathe the balmy morning's pleasant air:
 When full of warm desires the swains prepare,
 With songs and promis'd gifts, to gain the fair. }

LYCIDAS.

A snowy lamb I've bred, so full of play,
 'Twill entertain my shepherdess all day;
 To thee, when hungry, it will bleat, as proud
 From thy fair hands alone to take its food;
 Then to express its joy, with many a bound
 And airy frisk, 'twill seem to scorn the ground:
 And this, with all my future vows, are thine,
 If thou, for me, my rival wilt decline.

CLEON.

My proffers now, and artless language hear,
 And turn from his smooth tales thy list'ning ear,
 For I can boast a kid more white than milk,
 And softer far than the *Siberian* silk;
 Whene'er you walk, 'twill walk as gently by,
 And at your feet, whene'er you sit, will lie;
 If o'er the plains you run with nimble pace,
 'Twill skip along, and seem to urge the race:
 And this, bright maid, I frankly offer thee,
 To quit my rival, and to live with me

MYRTILLA.

Have you, indeed, such valu'd things in store,
 And never boasted of your wealth before?
 Your offers, gentle youths, I own most fair,
 And such a kid and lamb are wond'rous rare.
 What virtue so severe, what maid so vain,
 Such lovers, and such presents to disdain?
 Yet *Minn*, my dog, I dare a wager lay,
 As many tricks as both of them shall play.

LYC.—But I two sparrows will on thee bestow,
 Their plumes unfoil'd, and white as falling snow;
Venus herself had warm'd them in her breast,
 Had her unlucky son but found the nest.
 The sprightly birds are bred so tame, they'll stand,
 And chirp, and sweetly prattle on thy hand;
 Wanton, among thy curling locks they'll creep,
 And, if permitted, in thy bosom sleep.

CLE.—Fair nymph, his boasted sparrows do not mind,
 As good in ev'ry common bath I'll find.
 But I a pair of am'rous doves will bring,
 With shining plumes, and nicely-chequer'd wing;
 Their changing necks more various colours show,
 Than *Iris* paints on the celestial bow;
 Should *Cythera* on them cast an eye,
 The birds she'd with her golden apple buy.

MYRT.—With such fine doves and sparrows will
 you part,
 Unthinking youths! to gain a trifling heart?
 On *Venus*, who so well their worth must know,
 The wondrous birds you'd better far bestow:
 Your costly zeal the goddess may reward,
 And your soft vows propitiously regard.

LYC.—To crown thy temples garlands I'll compose
 Of full-blown lilies, and the budding rose;
 With those the golden hyacinth I'll twine,
 And blushing pinks, and purple vi'lets join;
 Fresh nosegays from the fields each day I'll bring,
 Make up of all the sweetness of the spring.

CLE.—His wreaths and painted nosegays will decay,
 And lose their proudest beauty in a day:
 But I've a gift which all his trifles mocks,
 As towards the beach I lately drove my flocks,
 Three coral-sprigs I found among the rocks: }

These nicely plac'd among thy braided hair,
As little ornaments may serve my fair.

MYRT.—With yellow hyacinths, pinks and v'lets
blue,

In garlands wreath'd, and painted nosegays too,
With coral-sprigs so deck'd, and wond'rous fine,
A lady of the *May* I shall out shine.

But while I trim my braided locks so gay,
And waste in dressing half the fleeting day,
My flocks, I fear, would, thus neglected, stray. }

LYC.—As on *Alpheus'* banks my sheep were fed,
I form'd a little barge of bending reed;
So closely wrought, and twist'd round the sides,
That on the dancing wave secure it rides:
In this, if thou wilt try the silver stream,
Another sea-born goddess thou shalt seem;
While twelve white swans, with wreathing woodbines
ty'd,
And tassell'd flow'rs, the floating pomp shall guide.

CLE.—On yonder hill, with lofty forests crown'd,
A nymph of bright *Diana's* train I found,
Who from her sisters heedlessly had stray'd;
And, by a brutal *Satyr* seiz'd, the maid
On her chaste goddess call'd aloud for aid: }
I to her succour running, nimbly threw
A bearded arrow, which the monster slew;
On me the grateful virgin would bestow
Her painted quiver, and her polish'd bow.
The bow and gilded shafts thou may'st command,
And both are worthy of *Diana's* hand:
Thus arm'd, with me thou thro' the woods shalt rove,
And seem another goddess of the grove.

MYRT.—Thro' savage woods to hunt wild beasts
with thee,
To love must needs a mighty motive be;

But I the dang'rous pleasure dare not prove,
 Ev'n to be thought a goddess of the grove:
 Nor less I fear to try the promis'd boat,
 And venture on the dancing waves to float.
 I've no ambition o'er the floods to ride,
 Tho' drawn by swans, with wreathing woodbines ty'd:
 Rather secure thro' peaceful vales I'd stray,
 And watch my flocks in humble shades all day.
 But if a tender thought could warm my breast,
 In two such worthy lovers I were blest;
 Whose merits with such equal claims appear,
 That 'twere injustice either to prefer;
 While both rejected, both must be content;
 And treated thus, you've nothing to repent,
 But that, like me, an hour you've idly spent. }

AN

ODE ON BEAUTY.

BEAUTY, my soft transporting theme,
 Assist my muse and all my soul inflame;
 With ev'ry grace, and ev'ry tender charm,
 Exalt my fancy, and my bosom warm.

Thou canst the coldest breast inspire
 With sacred rapture, and refin'd desire:
 Not glory, friendship, wealth or liberty,
 Attract and charm like thee.

The prince, the swain, the tim'rous, and the brave,
 Thou, by a sov'reign title, dost inflave:
 Thee, ev'n the saint and libertine obey,
 And uncontroll'd and boundless is thy sway.

By thee the holy hermit fir'd,
 In ecstasies sublime,

Far from the sensual crowd retir'd,
 Spends all his happy time;

While smiling forms, and glorious visions roll
 Uninterrupted thro' his ravish'd soul.

Nor human minds alone thy pow'r confess,
 A kind of homage brutes themselves express;
 Vanquish'd by thee, fierce lions quit their prey,
 And harmless o'er the *Lybian* deserts stray.

With admiration, ecstasy, and love,
 Thou fill'st the num'rous shining worlds above:
 There are thy triumphs shown,
 For thee each heav'nly lyre is strung;
 Thy force to no celestial breast unknown,
 Is the perpetual subject of their song.

The mighty Being whom we all adore,
 Immortal Beauty! owns thy pow'r:
 A whole eternity roll'd on,
 While with his own supreme perfections he
 Solac'd himself, immensely blest in thee,
 And pleas'd with the bright images which shone
 In his own beatific mind,
 He all things visible by them design'd,
 And after those complete ideas wrought.
 When from the black abyss of night
 He drew the beauteous light,
 And comely order from confusion brought;
 He rais'd the sparkling arches of the skies,
 And bade the sun in golden splendor rise;
 He gave the moon her silver blaze,
 And lent the glimm'ring stars their rays.
 To him the morning owes her crimson vest;
 His skill with flow'rs the smiling valleys drest,
 And cloth'd with various furs the beast;
 In shining scales he arm'd the finny race,
 And gave the painted birds their plummy grace.
 Nor here creation ceas'd;
 With the great work th' almighty Maker pleas'd,
 Still from a brighter copy of his mind,
 He man with godlike faculties design'd:
 Surveying then the universe around,
 The universe his approbation found,
 In ev'ry part with perfect Beauty crown'd.

ON LOVE.

VENUS, the beauteous offspring of the day,
 From thy bright orb dart one propitious ray;
 Awake the gentlest passions in my breast,
 And be thy pow'r thro' all my soul confess.
 From faithless waves thou art but feign'd to rise,
 Nor gloomy *Saturn* gave thee to the skies;
 No wanton crowds at *Cyprus* thee invoc'd,
 Nor impious incense on thy altars smok'd.

Divine thy lineage, thy resplendent star,
 With cheerful glory glads the fields of air:
 From thee the sweet, the fertile spirit flows,
 That (source of life) thro' total nature glows,
 And bids her jarring parts one beauteous *ALL* com-
 pose. }

The poets justly would thy pomp display,
 In dazzling triumph rolling o'er the sea:
 While all the ranks of life, or sense, that rise
 In fields, or floods, or thro' the spacious skies,
 Confess the force of thy inspiring flame,
 And pay their homage to thy mighty name.

TO

MRS. ARABELLA MARROW,
 IN THE COUNTRY.

WHATE'ER delights the verdant field,
 The grove, and mossy fountain yield;
 Whate'er the gentle, blooming spring,
 Or summer in their glory bring;
 Let them all conspire to bless
Belinda, in her soft recess.
 All ye tuneful feather'd throng,
 Salute her in your artless song.
 Ye *Zephyrs*, flying thro' the vales,
 Meet her with your fragrant gales.

Ye purling brooks, indulge her sleep,
 And gently by your borders creep.
 Whene'er she wanders o'er the green,
 Let all *Arcadia* there be seen.
 May the charming visions rise,
 That dance before the poet's eyes,
 When the solitary muse
 Does rural shades its subject chuse;
 While nymphs, like *Stairs*, adorn the scene,
 Graceful, like her's, their looks and mien.

Hence, ye gilded toys of state,
 Ye formal follies of the great,
 Nor e'er disturb this peaceful seat. }
 No sound of faction hither fly,
 Ambition, hate, or jealousy;
 No envious tattle enter here,
 That wrongs the innocent and fair:
 But let the graces and the loves
 Wander round these gentle groves,
 And banish from *Belinda's* breast,
 Whatever may her joys molest;
 While here she finds that soft repose,
 Which from virtue only flows.

A PASTORAL.

IN vain my muse would imitate the strains
 Which charm'd the nymphs on *Windfor's* verdant
 plains;

Where *Pope*, with wond'rous art in tuneful lays,
 Won from *Apollo's* hand immortal bays.

The morning scarce appear'd, when *Phillis* rose,
 And call'd *Aminta* from a short repose:
 With cautious steps they left the peaceful bow'r,
 Both, by appointment, chose the silent hour,
 To tell, in rural strains, their mutual care,
 And the soft secret of their breasts to share:

Securely seated near the purling stream,
By turns they sing, while love supplies the theme.

PHILLIS.

The starry lights above are scarce expir'd,
And scarce the shades from open plains retir'd ;
The tuneful lark has hardly stretch'd her wing,
And warbling linets just begin to sing ;
Nor yet industrious bees their hives forsake,
Nor skim the fish the surface of the lake.

AMINTAS.

Nor yet the flow'rs disclose their various hue,
But fold their leaves, oppress'd with hoary dew ;
Blue mists around conceal the neighb'ring hills,
And dusky fogs hang o'er the murmur'ing rills ;
While *Zephyr* faintly sighs among the trees,
And moves the branches with a lazy breeze :
No jovial pipe resounds along the plains,
Safe in their hamlets sleep the drowsy swains.

PHIL.—For me *Myrtillo* sighs ; the charming youth
Persuades with so much eloquence and truth,
Whene'er he talks, my flocks unheeded stray,
To hear him I could linger out the day,
Untir'd till night, till all the stars were gone,
Till o'er the eastern hills the morn came on.

AMIN.—For me *Silvander* pines, as full of truth,
In secret too, perhaps, I love the youth ;
Yet treat him ill, while with dissembled pride
I mock his vows, his soft complaints deride ;
And fly him swifter than a sportive fawn
Skips thro' the woods, and dances o'er the lawn.

PHIL.—Unpractis'd in the turns of female art,
My looks declare the meaning of my heart ;
To own so just and innocent a flame,
Can fix no blemish on a virgin's name.
When first my lips the tender truths express'd,
A thousand joys *Myrtillo*'s eyes confess'd.

AMIN.—No boasting swain such truths from me
 shall hear,
 Such words shall never reach *Silvander's* ear.
 With *Thiſbe* once, his favour'd dog, I play'd,
 Which from his master thro' the woods had stray'd;
 Still on the path my watchful eyes I kept,
 When from the thicket the pleas'd owner stept;
 His smiling looks an inward joy confess'd,
 To find by me the darling dog careſs'd:
 Surpriz'd, from off my lap his dog I threw,
 And swift as lightning thro' the forest flew.

PHIL.—Whene'er *Myrtillo's* sportive kid I find,
 With wreathing flow'rs his twisted horns I bind,
 And fondly stroke him in his master's sight,
 Nor e'er abuse the harmless thing in spite,
 Or think the guiltless favour worth my flight. }

AMIN.—The nymphs and swains *Apollo's* revels
 grac'd,
 In sprightly dances the smooth green they trac'd;
Silvander begg'd I would his partner stand,
 I turn'd, and gave to *Corilas* my hand.

PHIL.—I to *Myrtillo* did my hand refuse;
 But after that, no other swain would chuse:
 At *Cynthia's* revels *Hylas* strove in vain,
 And *Lycidas* the favour to obtain.

AMIN.—A basket of the finest rushes wrought,
 With jess'min, pinks, and purple v'lets fraught,
 With modest zeal, to me *Silvander* brought: }
 His present I rejected with disdain,
 And threw the fragrant treasures on the plain.
 Soon as the youth retir'd, with wond'rous care
 I search them round, nor would one blossom spare;
 With some, in wreaths, my curling locks I grac'd,
 And others nicely in my bosom plac'd.

PHIL.—Fresh sprigs of myrtle oft my breast adorn,
And roses gather'd in a dewy morn:
Of all the garden's flow'ry riches, these
Myrtillo loves, and I his fancy please.

AMIN.—*Silvander* told a secret in my ear,
Which twice I made pretences not to hear;
He nearer drew, invited to the bliss,
And in the am'rous whisper stole a kiss.
My rising blushes the bold theft reveal'd,
Dorinda scarce from laughing out with-held:
I left the shepherd, feign'd myself enrag'd,
And with his rival in discourse engag'd.

PHIL.—In yonder bow'r I sat, when tow'rd's the
place
Myrtillo hasten'd with a lover's pace;
I feign'd myself to careless sleep resign'd,
My head against a mossy bank reclin'd;
Approaching near, sweet may thy slumbers be,
He softly cry'd, and all thy dreams of me!
I laugh'd, nor longer could conceal the cheat,
But told the am'rous youth the fond deceit.

AMIN.—When in the echoing vale *Silvander* plays,
And on his reed performs the rural lays;
Behind the shading trees I oft retire,
And undiscover'd, the sweet notes admire:
But when in public I his numbers heard,
To his, unskilful *Egon's*, I prefer'd;
Tho' with the swan's expiring melody,
The cuckow's tiresome note as well may vie.

PHIL.—Whate'er *Myrtillo* dictates meets applause,
His voice attention still as midnight draws;
His voice more gentle than the summer's breeze,
That mildly whispers thro' the trembling trees;

Soft as the nightingale's complaining song,
Or murmur'ing currents as they roll along;
Without disguise the skilful youth I praise,
Admire his numbers, and repeat his lays.

TO
PHILOMELA.

Occasioned by her Poem on the Death of her Husband.

WHILE you in soft harmonious strains bewail
Your dear *Alexis*, we attend the tale,
And lose our grief, as kinder thoughts prevail.

Justly you tell what merit in him shone,
Yet, tho' unartfully, you then make known,
In more resplendent characters, your own.

'Twas thought unjust by his unspotted mind,
Such matchless worth should be to *one* confin'd;
So modestly he all his right resign'd.

Since then you must the *sacred passion* move
In each admiring swain, how can you prove
To him more faithful, than once more to love?

THE
RESIGNATION.

'TIS done! the darling idol I resign,
Unfit to share a heart so justly thine;
Nor can the heav'nly call unwelcome be,
That still invites my soul more near to thee;
Thou dost but take the dying lamps away,
To bless me with thy own unmingl'd day.



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Ye shades, ye phantoms, and ye dreams, adieu!
 With smiles I now your parting glories view.
 I see the hand, I worship, I adore,
 And justify the great disposing Pow'r.
 Divine advantage! O immortal gain!
 Why should my fond, ungrateful heart complain?
 Whate'er of beauty in his ample round
 The sun surveys, in thee is brighter found;
 Whate'er the skies, in all their splendid cost,
 Their beamy pride, and majesty can boast;
 Whate'er the restless mind of man desires;
 Whate'er an angel's vaster thought admires;
 In thee 'tis found in its unchanging height,
 Thou first great spring of beauty and delight!
 What have I lost of excellent, or fair,
 Of kind, or good, that thou can'st not repair?
 What have I lost of truth or amity,
 But what deriv'd its gentle source from thee?
 What is there here of excellence, or grace,
 Which one bright smile from thee would not efface?
 At one kind look, one sparkling glance of thine,
 Created pride must languish and decline.

'Tis done, at last, the great deciding part!
 The world's subdu'd, and thou hast all my heart;
 It pants for joys which that can ne'er bestow,
 And spreads itself too wide for all below;
 It leaves the vast creation far behind,
 And presses forward free and unconfin'd:
 I see a boundless prospect still before,
 And dote upon my former joys no more;
 Celestial passions kindle in my soul,
 And every low, inglorious thought controul.
 O come! ye sacred gifts, ye pure delights,
 Ye heav'nly sounds, ye intellectual sights;
 Ye gales of paradise that lull to rest,
 And fill with silent calms the peaceful breast;
 With you, transporting hopes, that boldly rise,
 And swell, in blissful torrents, to the skies;

That soar with angels on their splendid wings,
 And search th' *arcana* of celestial things.
 Here let me dwell, and bid the world adieu,
 And still converse, ye glorious scenes, with you.
 Keep far away, for ever far from hence,
 Ye gaudy shews, and flatt'ring snares of sense;
 Ye gay varieties on earth, adieu!
 However soft, and pleasing to the view:
 And all ye dazzling wonders of the skies,
 Ev'n you my now aspiring thoughts despise;
 No more your blandishments my heart detain,
 Beauty and pleasure make their court in vain;
 Objects divine and infinite in view,
 Seize all my pow'rs, ye fading toys, from you.

'Tis finish'd now, the great deciding part!
 The world's subdu'd, and thou hast all my heart;
 It triumphs in the change, it fixes here,
 Nor needs another separation fear.
 No fatal chance thro' endless years shall rise,
 The series of my pleasures to surprise;
 No various scenes to come, no change of place
 Shall e'er thy image from my soul efface;
 Nor life, nor death, nor distant height above,
 Nor depths below, shall part me from thy love.

TRANSLATED FROM

THE ITALIAN OF PETRUCCI.

Contentatevi, o cieli chiarissimi, &c.

PERMIT me, O ye radiant skies,
 On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
 While you the envious curtains prove,
 That from my sight conceal my love.
 I know my guilty eyes unmeet
 The splendor of the stars to greet,
 And more deserve to view below
 The caves where streams of sulphur glow:

These prospects all my soul confound,
 My hopes in vast despair are drown'd;
 Till I the glorious methods trace,
 The triumphs of almighty grace;
 When thus my soul transported cries,
 Permit me, O ye radiant skies,
 On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
 While you the envious curtains prove,
 That hide the object of my love.

Ye starry lights, ye gaudy flames,
 That deck the spheres with golden beams,
 You, that pave the milky way,
 You that constant rules obey,
 Or wand'ring, thro' the ether, stray;
 In your gay courses ye declare
 How much more bright those glories are,
 By everlasting love prepar'd.
 Unshaken virtue to reward.
 Thy joys, vain world, no more invite
 My flatter'd sense to false delight;
 Celestial objects fire my soul,
 And ev'ry humbler with controul.

 Permit me then, ye radiant skies,
 On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
 For you the envious curtains prove,
 That from my sight conceal my love.

But while I fondly gaze on you,
 And bid all human things adieu,
 Your beauties all my pain renew.
 Then view the anguish of my breast,
 With love, impatient love, distress;
 Those interposing clouds divide,
 That all my joys and treasure hide;
 But you are deaf.—Ye sons of light,
 That gaze on the transporting sight,
 And lose yourselves in vast delight;
 That know the boundless heights of love,
 Yet nothing but its pleasures prove:

Oh! tell me where my Lord to find,
 For you are still to mortals kind;
 Yet now, regardless of my care,
 You leave to winds my fruitless pray'r:
 Permit me then, ye radiant skies,
 On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
 Since you the envious curtains prove,
 That from my sight conceal my love.

Thou charming author of my pain,
 Let me at last my suit obtain;
 Or if deny'd so high a grace,
 In the bright skies to view thy face,
 Thy paths I'd thro' some desert trace;
 Savage as that, where thou the scorn
 Of tempting fiends, for me hast borne;
 Or to the dismal garden's shade,
 Where terrors did thy soul invade;
 Or let me climb, to follow thee,
 The painful steep of *Calvary*:
 However gloomy be the place,
 May I but there behold thy face;
 A paradise to me 'twill prove,
 High heav'n, and all the joys above:
 But, ah! my pray'rs are still deny'd,
 And still thou dost thy beauties hide.

 Permit me then, ye radiant skies,
 On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
 Since you the envious curtains prove,
 That hide the object of my love.

ON THE DIVINE GOODNESS.

AWAKE, my soul, and to th' Almighty King,
 In lofty strains, triumphant praises sing;
 Let all thy pow'rs their noblest force excite,
 And spread his glory with sincere delight;
 Extol him with uninterrupted joy,
 And let his love thy longest breath employ.

O come, you blest adorers of his name,
 And listen while his goodness I proclaim :
 But, oh ! my trembling tongue attempts in vain
 The boundless subject, in a mortal strain ;
 Some angel lend me his melodious lyre,
 And with celestial skill my breast inspire ;
 On wings of sacred rapture let me rise,
 And join my hallelujahs with the skies.
 But, mighty God, how shall a mortal worm,
 A span of earth, the glorious task perform ;
 Swallow'd in pleasure and divine surprize,
 I view thy love's unbounded mysteries :
 In all thy wond'rons paths I gladly trace
 Indulgent goodness and stupendous grace.
 When I the dreadful precipice survey,
 Where thoughtless and insensible I lay ;
 While fiery billows rolled along below,
 And gaping gulphs shew'd scenes of endless woe :
 'Twas then, 'twas then, unmeasurable love
 Did to my soul its glorious methods prove.

PSALM LXIII.

O GOD, my first, my last, my stedfast choice,
 My boundless bliss, the spring of all my joys !
 I'll worship thee before the silver moon,
 With silent pace has reach'd her clondy noon ;
 Before the stars the midnight skies adorn,
 Long, long before the slow approach of morn.
 Thee I'll invoke, to thee glad anthems sing,
 And with my voice join each harmonious string :
 The midnight echoes at thy name shall wake,
 And on their wings the joyful burthen take ;
 While one bright smile from thee, one pleasing ray,
 Thro' the still shades shall dart celestial day.
 As the scorch'd trav'ler in a desert land,
 Tracing, with weary steps, the burning sand ;

And fainting underneath the fierce extremes
Of raging thirst, longs for refreshing streams,
So pants my soul, with such an eager strife
I follow thee, the sacred spring of life.

Open the boundless treasures of thy grace,
And let me once more see thy lovely face;
As I have seen thee in thy bright abode,
When all my pow'rs confess the present God.

There I could say, and mark the happy place,
'Twas there I did his glorious footsteps trace;
'Twas there (O let me raise an altar there!)
I saw as much of heav'n as mortal sense could bear;
There from his eyes I met the heav'nly beam,
That kindled in my soul this deathless flame.

Life, the most valu'd good that mortals prize,
Compar'd to which, we all things else despise;
Life, in its vig'rous pride, with all that's stor'd
In the extent of that important word;
Ev'n life itself, my God, without thy love,
A tedious round of vanity would prove.
Grant me thy love, be that my glorious lot,
Swallow'd in that, be all things else forgot!
And while those heav'nly flames my breast inspire,
I'll call up all my pow'rs and touch the tuneful lyre;
With all the eloquence of grateful lays,
I'll sing thy goodness, and recite thy praise.
The charming theme shall fill my soul employ,
And give me foretastes of immortal joy;
With silent rapture, not to be express'd,
My eager wishes here shall richly feast.
When sullen night its gloomy curtain spreads,
And soothing sleep its drowsy influence sheds,
I'll banish flatt'ring slumbers from my eyes,
And praise thee till the golden morning rise;
Those silent hours shall consecrated be,
And thro' the list'ning shades I'll send my vows to thee.

PSALM LXXII.

BLEST Prince of righteousness and peace,
 The hope of all mankind!
 The poor, in thy unblemish'd reign,
 Shall free protection find.

Secure of just redress, to thee
 Th' oppress'd his cause shall bring;
 While with the fruits of sacred peace
 The joyful fields shall spring.

Thro' endless years thy glorious name
 The righteous shall adore,
 When sun and moon have run their course,
 And measure time no more.

Thou shalt descend like the soft drops
 Of kind celestial dews;
 Or as a show'r, whose gentle fall
 The joyful spring renews.

The just shall flourish in thy days,
 And sacred truth abound,
 While in the skies the changing moon
 Restores her nightly round.

Peace shall with balmy wings o'ershade
 Our favour'd walls around:
 With grass the meads, with plenteous corn,
 The mountains shall be crown'd.

A handful scatter'd on the earth,
 Shall rise a wond'rous crop!
 The loaded stalks shall bend like trees
 On Lebanon's high top.

Thy glory no eclipse shall see,
 But shine divinely bright,
 While from his orb the radiant sun
 Darts undiminish'd light.

Converted nations, blest in thee,
 Shall magnify thy grace,
 Call thee their glorious Ransomer,
 And hope of all their race.

With love and sacred rapture fir'd,
 Thy lofty name we'll sing:
 Thou only wond'rous things hast done,
 The everlasting King!

From all the corners of the earth
 Let grateful praise ascend:
 Let loud *Amens*, and joyful shouts,
 The starry convex read.

PSASM CXLVI.

PREPARE the voice, and tune the joyful lyre,
 And let the glorious theme my soul inspire:
 To thee, my God, I sing; thy mighty name
 With heav'nly rapture shall my soul inflame.
 My tuneful homage shall like incense rise,
 And glad the air, and reach th' approving skies;
 While life and breath remain, the sacred song
 Shall fill my breast, and dwell upon my tongue.

As some fair structure, whose firm basis lies
 On strength of rocks, the threat'ning winds defies;
 So stedfastly my hopes on Heav'n are plac'd,
 Nor earth, nor hell, my confidence can blast.
 Let others still for human help attend,
 And on the flatt'ries of the great depend;
 Relentless death shall mock their airy trust,
 And lay their boasted confidence in dust.
 As the fantastic visions of the night,
 Before the op'ning morning take their flight,
 So perish all the boasts of men, their pride,
 And vain designs, the laughing skies deride.

But he alone securely guarded lives,
 To whom the mighty God protection gives;
 The mighty God, who made the steadfast earth,
 And gave the springs that swell the ocean birth;
 Who form'd the stars, and spread the circling skies,
 And bade the sun in all his glory rise:
 No breach of faithfulness his honour stains,
 With day and night his word unchang'd remains:
 On human woes he looks with pitying eyes,
 To help th' oppress'd, and answer all their cries;
 The orphan's soft complaint, and widow's tears,
 Obtain redress, and fix his list'ning ears:
 His throne from changes stands for ever free,
 And his dominion shall no period see.

CANTICLES,

CHAP. VI. VER. V.

O VEIL thy heav'nly beauties from my sight?
 I cannot yet sustain celestial light.
 The dazzling lustre of thy eyes controul,
 Their pointed glories wound my tender soul;
 I cannot yet these sacred transports bear,
 Too feeble I, thou too divinely fair.
 Return to the gay climes of day again,
 Celestial frames thy splendor may sustain;
 Acquainted with those bright, those blest extremes
 With steadfast eyes they meet thy glorious beams;
 Unveil'd they view the radiant Deity,
 Lost in the heights of blissful ecstasy;
 But, oh! these sights are too sublime for me;
 These raptures would my brittle frame destroy,
 And overcome me with excess of joy:
 Then veil thy heav'nly beauties from my sight,
 I cannot yet sustain celestial light.

CANTICLES,

CHAP. VIII. VER. VI.

O SET me as a signal on thy heart,
 And let the deep impressi'on ne'er depart!
 O let me ne'er by thee abandon'd prove!
 I were undone, if thou should change thy love;
 I could no greater mis'ry undergo,
 'Twere hell itself, the blackest hell of woe!
 My hopes, my joys are plac'd in thee alone,
 Robb'd of thy smiles and favour, all were gone.
 My life, my happiness depends on thee,
 Without thee what were all the world to me:
 I should detest the light and vital air,
 And waste my days in sorrow and despair.
 Forgive my fears, the sure effect of love,
 Its mighty force and violence they prove.
 The thoughts of losing thee I cannot bear,
 Less cruel death, than that tormenting fear;
 It blasts my blooming joys, disturbs my rest,
 And fills with deep anxiety my breast:
 That thou mayst once my wretched soul desert,
 This cruel doubt wounds my desponding heart.



A HYMN.

In Imitation of Canticles, V. v. 6, 7.

YE pure inhabitants of light,
 Ye virgin minds above,
 That feel the sacred violence,
 And mighty force of love.

By all your boundless joys, by all
 Your love to human kind,
 I charge you to instruct me where
 My absent Lord to find.

I've search'd the pleasant vales and plains,
 And clim'd the hills around ;
 But no glad tidings of my love,
 Among the swains have found.

I've oft invoc'd him in the shades,
 By ev'ry stream and rock ;
 The rocks, the streams, and echoing shades,
 My vain industry mock.

I trac'd the city's noisy streets,
 And told my cares aloud ;
 But no intelligence could meet
 Among the thoughtless crowd.

I search'd the temple round, for there
 He oft has blest my sight,
 And half unveil'd, of his lov'd face,
 Disclos'd the heav'nly light.

But with these glorious views, no more
 I feast my ravish'd eyes,
 For veil'd with interposing clouds,
 My eager search he flies,

O could I in some desert land
 His sacred foot-steps trace,
 I'd with a glad devotion kneel,
 And bless the happy place.

I'd follow him o'er burning sands,
 Or where perpetual snow
 With horrid aspect clothes the ground,
 To find my Lord I'd go.

Nor stormy seas should stay my course,
 Nor unfrequented shore,
 Nor craggy *Alps*, nor desert wastes
 Where hungry lions roar.

Thro' ranks of interposing deaths
 To his embrace I'd fly,
 And to enjoy his blissful smiles,
 Would be content to die.

CANTICLES,

CHAP. I. VERSE VII.

O TELL me thou, for whom I prove
 The softest languishments of love,
 Thou, dearer than all human things,
 From whom my purest pleasure springs,
 Thou lovely object of my care,
 Whom more than life I prize by far;
 O tell me in what verdant mead,
 Or flow'ry vale, thy flocks are fed;
 Or by what silver current's side,
 Thou gently dost their footsteps guide?
 Instruct me to what shade they run,
 The noon-day's scorching heat to shun.
 They follow thee, they hear thy voice,
 And at the well known sound rejoice:
 O let me too that music hear,
 Let one kind whisper reach mine ear;
 My soul shall that soft call obey,
 Nor longer from thee wildly stray.

CANTICLES,

CHAP. V.

THE night had now her gloomy curtains spread,
 And ev'ry cheerful beam of light was fled;
 This dismal night, my Lord, who ne'er before
 Had met a cold refusal at my door,
 Approach'd, and with a voice divinely sweet,
 My ears with these persuading words did greet:
 ' My fairest spouse, my sister, and my love!
 (But, ah! no more these charming names could move)
 ' Arise, for thro' the midnight shades and dew
 ' I thee, the object of my cares, pursue.'
 His heav'nly voice and moving words I heard,
 And knew the blest design my Lord prepar'd;

But long, with poor excuses, I delay'd,
 And careless stretch'd on my enticing bed.
 Tir'd with my cold delay, 'Farewel,' he cries:
 These killing words my fainting soul surprize;
 With fear distracted to the door I run,
 But, oh! the treasure of my life was gone;
 Yet of his recent presence signs I found,
 For heav'nly fragrance fill'd the air around.
 I rove wherever love directs my feet,
 And call aloud, but no return could meet;
 Echoes alone to my complaint reply
 In mournful sounds, as thro' the shades I fly.
 I from the watchmen hop'd, in vain, relief,
 With cruel scorn they mock'd my pious grief.
 But you, *Jerusalem's* fair daughters, you
 That know what pity to my cares is due,
 O! if you meet the object of my love,
 Tell him what torments for his sake I prove;
 Tell him how tenderly his loss I moan,
 Tell him that all my joys with him are gone,
 Tell him his presence makes my heav'n; and tell,
 O tell him, that his absence is my hell!

What bright perfections does he then possess,
 For whom thou dost this tender grief express:

O! he's distinguish'd from all human race,
 By such peculiar, such immortal grace,
 That you among ten thousand may descry
 His heav'nly form, and find for whom I die.
 There's nothing which on earth we lovely call,
 But he surpasses, far surpasses all,
 He's fairer than the spotless orbs of light,
 Nor falling snow, compar'd to him, is white.
 The roses that his lovely face adorn,
 Out-blush the purple glories of the morn.
 The waving ringlets of his graceful hair,
 Black as the shining plumes the ravens wear.
 His eyes would win the most obdurate heart,
 Victorious love in ev'ry look they dart.

His balmy lips diffuse divine perfumes,
 And on his cheek a bed of spices blooms,
 His breast, like polish'd iv'ry, smooth and fair,
 With veins which with the sapphires may compare.
 Stately his height, as those fair trees which crown,
 With graceful pride, the brow of *Lebanon*.
 His voice so sweet, no harmony is found
 On earth to equal the delightful sound.
 He's altogether lovely—This is he
 So much belov'd, so much ador'd by me.

ON THE

PICTURE OF KING GEORGE I.

SUCH native goodness, such a regal grace,
 Was never stamp'd on any vulgar face;
 The sacred characters so clearly shine,
 'Twere impious not to own the *right divine*.

TO MR. PRIOR,

IN QUOT
 ON HIS SOLOMON.

A MUSE devoted to celestial things,
 Again for thee profanes th' immortal strings;
 The stars, the myrtle shade, and rosy bow'r,
 She quits, to revel in thy iv'ry tow'r;
 The music of the spheres and heav'nly throngs
 She minds no more to listen to thy songs.
 Incharmed with thy lovely *Hebrew* king,
Gabriel in vain displays his purple wing;
 Boasts of his golden zone, and bright attire,
 His starry crown, soft voice, and charming lyre;
 With all his fine address, and glitt'ring shew,
 The muse abandons the celestial beaut

Perverted by the *Jewish* monarch's eyes,
 She fondly turns apostate to the skies,
 And envies *Abra's* beauty, while it shines
 With undecaying bloom in *Prior's* lines.

A SONNET.

Translated from the Italian of Signior Rolli.

Canzonetta XXIII.

GLIDE gently on thou murm'ring brook,
 And soothe my tender grief;
 'Twas here the fatal wound I took,
 'Tis here I seek relief.

With *Silvio*, on the verdant shore
 I fondly sat reclin'd,
 Believ'd the charming things he swore,
 Too credulous and kind!

While thus he said; 'This purling stream
 ' Back to its spring shall flow,
 ' O *Pastorella*! e'er my flame
 ' The least decay shall know.'

Ye conscious waves, roll back again!
 Back to your crystal head!
 The false, ungrateful, perjur'd swain,
 Has broke the vows he made.

And yet he swore, till the last breath
 Of life he should resign,
 Till fate should close his eyes in death,
 His steadfast love was mine.

Perhaps some fairer shepherdess
 His faithless breast has warm'd,
 And those kind vows and soft address,
 Her guiltless heart has charm'd.

But tell the nymph, thou gentle stream,
 If e'er she visits thee,
 The treach'rous youth has vow'd the same,
 Yet broke his faith with me.

AN
ANSWER TO AN ITALIAN SONG,
THAT BEGINS THUS :

*Venere bella, per un instante,
Deh, mi concede le grazie tutte
Del dio d'amor, &c.*

THE soft petition soon ascends,
Nor wanders thro' the air,
Smiling the Queen of love attends
To her new vot'ry's pray'r.

Ask any thing, the Goddess cries,
In this propitious hour;
My breast is fill'd with glad surprize,
To hear thee own my pow'r.

To thee my charms and gentle art,
With pleasure I resign:
Cupid presents thee ev'ry dart,
His conqu'ring bow is thine.

Had I describ'd my tender care
In thy harmonious strain,
Adonis had been won to hear
A Goddess tell her pain.

THE

DESCRIPTION OF THE DROUGHT.

*Translated from the beginning of the XIIIth book of
Tasso's Jerusalem.*

WHILE Godfrey in his active mind revolves
The martial plan, and mighty things resolves,
Now enter'd the celestial Crab, the sun,
With beams direct, unusual heat darts down;

The sacred troops, for warlike toil unfit,
 Drooping beneath their useless armour sit.
 Each gentle star's extinguish'd in the skies,
 While in their stead ill-boding planets rise;
 Which on the army noxious fervors shed,
 And thro' the air a baleful influence spread.
 Horrors on horrors rise, a fatal night
 Succeeds the fatal day's malignant light;
 The fatal day's malignant light reveals
 Signs of new terror, and augmented ills.
 The sun all dreadful in his rising seems,
 With sanguine tresses, and polluted beams;
 With blood disstain'd his radiant face appears,
 And sad presages all his aspect wears:
 Till having gain'd the zenith's burning height,
 He darts a stronger, and more piercing light;
 Blasts all the verdant beauty of the meads,
 While ev'ry plant and flow'ry blossom fades.
 Mountains and valleys desolate appear,
 The cleaving hills all wither'd, curst, and bare,
 The dismal marks of Heav'n's displeasure wear. }
 The rivers at their inmost springs decay,
 While horrid signs the fiery clouds display,
 The airy space a smoking furnace seems,
 With stifling vapours, and pernicious steams.
 To cool the air no gentle gales arise,
 Each Zephyr silent in his cavern lies;
 Only the south from *Afric's* burning sands,
 With scorching blasts infests the *Christian* bands:
 Nor milder breezes with the ev'ning come,
 But sultry still, and all inflam'd the gloom;
 While gliding fires, and comets strangely bright,
 Glare thro' the sable shadows of the night.
 The languid moon sheds from her silent sphere
 No cooling dews the thirsty ground to cheer.
 The flow'rs decay, each tree and verdant plant
 Pine at their roots, and vital moisture want.
 From these unquiet nights sleep takes its flight,
 In vain the troops the drowsy god invite.

But thirst, of all their ills the worst, remains,
 He dies who drinks, he dies who'er abstains;
 For poisons, mingled by the Pagan king,
 Infected ev'ry stream, and bubbling spring.
 Like gloomy *Styx*, or cursed *Acheron*,
 The black, contagious, troubled waves roll on.
 Scarce silver *Sitoh* glides above its sands,
 Whose streams before supply'd the *Christian* bands:
 But now the swelling *Pa*, that mighty stream,
 To fate their thirst would scarce sufficient seem;
 Nor *Ganges*, nor great *Nile*, when all around
 His rising waves o'erflow their loftiest bound.
 The tempting thought of cool unsully'd streams,
 And bubbling springs, the fierce disease inflames;
 And he who had observ'd some crystal pool,
 Or down the *Alps* a living torrent roll,
 Recals the flatt'ring images again,
 Which still exasperates his fervid pain.
 The mightiest chiefs, with noble heat inspir'd,
 Whom neither arms, nor toilsome march had tir'd,
 Projected now, and gasping on the ground,
 Unweildy burthens to themselves are found;
 While inward fires, by slow degrees, exhaust
 Their vital springs, and manly vigour waste.
 The steed, late fierce, now scorns his proffer'd meat,
 And falters in his once imperious gait;
 His former victories are all contemn'd,
 With martial glory now no more inflam'd:
 His rich caparisons no more adorn,
 But as a loath'd, inglorious load are worn.

CANTICLES,

CHAP. II. VER. VIII, IX.

IS it a dream? or does my ravish'd ear
 The charming voice of my beloved hear?
 Is it his face? or are my eager eyes
 Deluded by some vision's bright disguise?

'Tis he himself! I know his lovely face,
 It's heav'nly lustre, and peculiar grace.
 I know the sound, 'tis his transporting voice,
 My heart assures me by its rising joys.
 He comes, and wing'd with all the speed of love,
 His flying feet along the mountains move;
 He comes, and leaves the panting heart behind,
 His motion swift and fleeting as the wind.
 O welcome, welcome, never more to part!
 I'll lodge thee now for ever in my heart;
 My doubtful heart, which trembling scarce believes,
 And scarce the mighty ecstacy receives.

VERSES

Presented to

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS AMELIA,

At Marlborough, June the 18th, 1728.

YE Sylvan shades, ye fair enchanting fears,
 Of peace and guiltless love the soft retreats;
 Be all your flow'ry elegance display'd,
 To charm, with Nature's pomp, the royal maid.
 Let ev'ry prospect wear a lively grace,
 Clear as the blooming beauties of her face.
 Ye various plants, your fragrant tribute bring,
 The painted product of the lovely spring.
 Ye whispering breezes, and refreshing gales,
 That fly with downy wings along the vales,
 Take the soft music of *Amelia's* name,
 Breathe it to ev'ry list'ning grove and stream.
 Let Nature shew a pleasure unconfin'd,
 And speak the sense of *Hertford's* gen'rous mind.

TRANSLATION OF
 PART OF THE THIRD SCENE OF THE THIRD ACT
 OF
 PASTOR FIDO.

MYRTILLO.

UNGRATEFUL nymph! thy too severe command,
 To narrow bounds would limit those desires,
 Whose vast extent scarce human thought can grasp.
 That I have lov'd, and lov'd thee more than life,
 If still thou doubt, the fields, the conscious groves,
 The savage race can tell; and these hard rocks,
 Soften'd by my complaints, can witness too.

Look on thyself, thy matchless beauty proves
 The justice, truth, and grandeur of my flame.
 Whate'er the earth, or azure skies can boast
 Of excellence, 'tis all summ'd up in thee.
 So high the spring of my unbounded passion,
 'Tis nature, 'tis necessity——As flame
 Ascends, as water sinks, as floats the air,
 As rests the earth, as roll the circling spheres;
 With such perpetual force, my eager soul,
 In all its restless motion, tends to thee,
 As its superior bliss: and who would tear
 My constant heart from thee, as well might change
 Great Nature's long establish'd laws, turn back
 The shining planets from their ancient course,
 And from its steadfast centre shake the world.

But since thy harsh commands enjoin my tongue,
 In brief to tell the story of my pain;
 If I must speak no more, my parting breath
 Shall tell thee that I die a victim to thy scorn.

FROM THE SAME.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

AMARILLIS alone.

MY life, my lov'd *Myrtillo*! could'st thou view
 My secret inclinations, this severe,
 This cruel *Amarillis*, soon would find
 From thee that pity, thou dost now implore.
 I love, and am belov'd; yet what avails
 The soft engagement, but to make us wretched?

O why, ye deaf, inexorable pow'rs,
 Will ye for ever part what love unites?
 Or rather why, too fond, perfidious love,
 Wilt thou unite what sacred rites divide?
 Happy the savage race, that thro' the woods
 Pursue their pleasures unconfin'd by laws!
 Too rigid laws that nature would restrain!
 Or too imperfect nature that resists!

O Sacred virtue! let my tongue recal
 These impious accents; thine's a name divine,
 And still my soul pays homage to thy pow'r:
 To thee I sacrifice these wild desires,
 And fall a victim to thy holy rigor.

TRANSLATION OF
 PART OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK
 OF
 TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

THE vast machine was scarce in ashes sunk,
 Which from their walls the fearful *Pagans* drove,
 When new designs the curst magician forms:
 How to prevent the *Gauls* from fresh supplies

Of useful timber from the neighb'ring wood,
That might more formidable engines raise,
And *Sion's* trembling walls again alarm.

At distance from the *Christian* camp there rose,
Amidst a silent, solitary vale,
A lofty forest thick with ancient trees,
Whose folding branches all beneath diffuse
A dusky horror, and malignant shade.
Nor here the radiant sun at brightest noon
E'er smiles with cheerful rays, but feebly casts
A dim, discolour'd, and uncertain light ;
Uncertain as the cloudy skies display,
While rising night, and parting day contend.

But when the sun the gay horizon leaves,
Blackness and terror all the place possess,
Blackness and terror, imitating hell ;
Which mortal eyes with fearful darkness veils,
And fills with deep anxiety the soul.
Nor here for shade the shepherd leads his flock,
Nor here the herdsman drives his grazing charge :
No pilgrim enters here, unless misled ;
But hastens far with cautious steps away,
And beckons trav'lers from the fatal road.

The goblins here nocturnal revels keep,
A monstrous congress, in the gloom they meet ;
With dragons wings some break the tortur'd air,
Others, with cloven hoofs, skip o'er the hills :
A lewd assembly, who with tempting wiles,
And soft, fallacious images, entice
The minds of men from virtue's sacred ways.
With he'llish rites, and execrable pomp,
Their impious banquets here they nightly keep.

The *Pagans* this assert, nor lift an axe
Within the confines of the haunted grove ;
Which yet the *Christians* boldly violate,
And carry thence materials for the war.

Amidst the deepest silence of the night,
Isinnes hither comes to prove his arts ;

And uncouth figures on the ground inscribes,
Thrice shakes his wand, and murmurs potent words,
And invocation sinful to recite.

The twinkling glories that adorn the sky
Look pale, and sicken at the dreadful sound :
The troubled moon withdraws her feeble beam,
And wraps her silver horn in folding clouds.

Millions of spirits by his charms compell'd,
Astonish'd from their sev'ral quarters come :
By thousands some the realms of air forsake ;
While others thro' the cleaving earth ascend,
All black and sullen from the gloomy deep.

Take you, the wizard cries, these trees in charge,
As souls their bodies, animate each trunk,
Secure them from the bold encroaching Gauls,
And force them, terrify'd, from hence to fly.

Displeas'd, the tardy spirits undertake
A task that kept them from the war ; and lodge
In ev'ry sprig, and ev'ry leaf possess.

Ismenes joyful to the king returns,
And boasting, all his curst success relates.
He adds, your regal seat is now secure,
Nor can your foes their proud machine repair :
But still their worst misfortunes are behind.
Within the course of some revolving days,
Hot *Mars* and *Phœbus* in the *Lion* meet,
With angry aspects, and malignant rays ;
Whence heat so strong and violent ensues,
That nothing shall its fierce extremes allay ;
Nor winds, nor clouds, nor dews, nor cooling show'rs :
Not more intemp'rate flames the *Indian* burn.
This all the stars and face of heav'n predict.
To us the disadvantage will be less,
With swelling springs, and grateful shade supply'd.
By Heav'n abandon'd, first their camp shall fall
An easy conquest to th' *Egyptian* troops.
Thus sitting, you the victory may gain,
And try no more the doubtful chance of war.
But if the proud *Argantes* this withstands,

Your conduct must his headlong rage restrain.
 Leave all beyond to Heav'n, which soon will bring
 Triumph to you, confusion to your foes.

These speeches soothe the king, who now commands
 The breaches of the wall to be repair'd:
 The cheerful citizens and slaves assist
 To mend the wall, and fortify the town.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF —.

TO thee my muse's softest skill I owe,
 For thee, *Aminor*, I indulge it now,
 Yet by my praise I would not make thee less,
 But something great and worthy thee express;
 Yet while I strive the daring thought to paint,
 Its beauties in the flat expression faint.

For there's in thee I know not what divine,
 Which must the brightest metaphors out-shine.
 When angels cloth'd in human forms appear,
 Such grandeur, such benignity they wear:
 If they discourse, like thine must be their sense,
 Like thine their accent, and their eloquence!

Not all the gaudy pageantries of state,
 But thy own native lustre makes thee great.
 In all things modest, fortunate, and brave,
 To custom, vice, nor virtue's self a slave;
 That's reason, thought, and gen'rous choice in thee,
 And not the low effect of dull necessity.
 With beauty thou, and blooming life art crown'd,
 While flatt'ring pleasures court thee all around;
 But thou, with en heroical disdain,
 Unconquer'd, unseduc'd, dost still remain,
 And with a philosophic pride engage
 The num'rous follies of a vicious age;
 Nor breaks the sun less sully'd from a cloud,
 Than thou from all the vices of a crowd.

ON
AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT
TO

DRAW LORD BOYLE'S PICTURE.

IN vain, with mimic skill, my pencil tries
To paint the life that sparkles in those eyes.
What art, what rules of symmetry can trace
That air of wit, that bloom, and modest grace?
What soft degrees of shade or light express
The inward worth those speaking looks confess;
'Tis more than beauty here that charms the sight,
And gives our minds an elegant delight,
Were virtue seen by mortal eyes, she'd wear
Those peaceful smiles, and that engaging air.

ON THE

DEATH OF THE HON. MRS. THYNNE.

IF virtue can immortal honour give,
Thy worth the muse's boasted theme shall live.
But mine's a private, unambitious part,
Where nature dictates, negligent of art:
In shades retir'd, I breathe my secret grief,
And soothe my sorrows, hopeless of relief.

O sacred shade! the impious wish forgive,
That fain would have thee yet a mortal live;
That fain would bring thee from celestial joys,
To these wild seats of vanity and noise.
Could tears prevail, how many weeping eyes
Would join with me to tempt thee from the skies!
A just compassion, sure, would touch that mind
Which here was gentle, and sincerely kind;
The gen'rous disposition reigns above;
Distinguish'd in the peaceful realms of love.

Would Heav'n permit, I could my sorrows paint,
 Invoking thee as some protecting saint;
 Such warm devotion rises in my breast,
 So bright a flame thy virtues have impress'd!
 I talk to winds—the happy spirit roves
 Thro' lightsome plains, and ever-verdant groves,
 Pleas'd with harmonious strains, nor lends an ear
 To the ungovern'd language of despair.

Yet let my grief the rites of friendship pay,
 And weep my sorrows o'er thy breathless clay,
 Visit with just respect thy silent tomb,
 And soothe my anguish in the mournful gloom.

O could I hear thy gentle voice again,
 Or one short moment's sight of thee obtain;
 If but to take a last, a sad adieu—
 What vain ... my wild thoughts pursue?
 The shades of death are drawn, perpetual night
 For ever hides thee from my longing sight;
 Fix'd destiny shall ne'er that bliss restore,
 Till earth, and sea, and heav'n shall be no more.

But, sacred friendship, thy superior flame
 Shall time out-live, and be unchang'd the same.
 When all the fond relations nature knows,
 When all the ties that human laws impose,
 Are cancell'd, when the mighty league expires,
 That holds the universe, when yon gay fires
 Have wasted all their glory; thou shalt rise
 In triumph o'er the ruins of the skies:
 Thy pow'r, immortal friendship, then confess,
 Shall fill with transport ev'ry heav'nly breast.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. JOHN LORD ORBERRY.

IMMORTAL friendship, thou unblemish'd name!
 Why should I fear t' admit thy sacred flame?
 Why with fantastic rules thy force controul,
 And damp the noble ardour in my soul?

When thou art banish'd from the human breast,
 Envy and rage the gloomy seat infest.
 Thy gentle warmth inspires the worlds above,
 Those pure abodes of innocence and love.

Then come, a welcome inmate to my breast,
 And be thy pow'r thro' all my soul confest!
 When such distinguish'd merit is in view,
 The sacred tribute is intirely due.

A HYMN.

FROM RACINE's *ATHALIA*.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

TH' Almighty's grandeur fills the universe,
 E'er time had birth his empire was the same.
 Let heav'n and earth his benefits rehearse,
 Adore his greatness, and invoke his name.

In vain our impious foes
 A rig'rous silence on our tongues impose;
 Tho' ev'ry tongue should silent lie,
 His glory with th' instructing sun would fly
 Around the world, and fill the vaulted sky.

From him the fruits receive their blushing pride;
 By him, in all their various hues,
 The gaudy flow'rs are dy'd;
 His bounty with the ev'ning's gentle dews,
 And morning gales, the verdant fields renews.

At his command the sun displays
 Its vital warmth, and spreads its golden rays,
 Nor chiefly here his goodness stands confest,
 Of all his gifts to man his law exceeds the rest.

TO MR. THOMSON.

On the Countess of ———'s praising his Poems.

SECURE of glory, crown thy head with bays,
Ambition sets its bounds in *Delia's* praise;
What she approves eternity shall claim,
And give the favour'd muse unrival'd fame:
She well can judge, who knows with tuneful art,
In tender strains to move the coldest heart.

When thro' the flow'ry vale, and dusky groves,
Her muse retir'd, with guiltless freedom roves,
With new delight we seek the calm abodes,
Detest the town, and wander thro' the woods;
The sylvan scene, conscious of joy appears,
And charms like thy own summer ev'ning wears;
No longer the sad nightingales complain,
But learn from her's a more exalted strain:
Her tuneful numbers ev'ry care beguile,
And make the solitary prospect smile.

But when she sets the lyre to themes divine,
An angel speaks in every flowing line:
She takes from vice its undeserv'd applause,
And dares assert abandon'd virtue's cause.
Express'd in heav'nly eloquence we find
The perfect image of her beauteous mind;
Her beauteous mind, that with distinguish'd grace
Shines in her eyes, and sparkles in her face,
Gives ev'ry blandishment, and charming air,
Makes all harmonious, and completely fair.

AN

ODE ON VIRTUE.

CELESTIAL Virtue, offspring of the sky,
For thee alone I touch the trembling string:
Assist thy modest votary,
And take the humble incense that I bring:

Excuse at least the doubtful song,
 While mortal lays the lofty subject wrong.
 Thy charms, bright Virtue, all mankind confess;
 And ev'n the monster Vice,
 When she th' unpractis'd sinner would entice,
 To meet his first attempt she borrows thy address;
 Is bashful yet and nice,
 A virgin delicacy seems to wear:
 For should her own deformity
 Without disguise appear,
 What doating wretch but would the terror fly?
 What desp'rate fool, should she unveil her face,
 Would tempt perdition for the curst embrace?
 Preceding times in great examples shew
 What human minds, inspir'd by thee, can do.
 By gen'rous principles and honour led,
 The lovely *Syrian*, in his blooming age,
 Refus'd the fond *Egyptian's* bed,
 And stedfastly repuls'd her am'rous rage.
 When ancient *Tanis* in her glory stood,
 Proud of her palmy groves and sacred flood;
 Which gently flowing from its heav'nly source,
 Enrich'd her level borders with its course:
 Vast pyramids, with elevated heads,
 Pointed the plains, and stretch'd their spiral shades }
 To distant woods, and far-extended meads.
 Rich *Thebes*, devoted to the God of day,
 Stood, like her own resplendent planet, gay,
 The lofty domes with golden lustre shone,
 An hundred gates adorn'd the pop'lous town;
 The buildings all were rais'd with wond'rous cost,
 With silver foliage the high roofs emboss'd;
 Well-finish'd sculpture on the walls was shewn;
 For art was here in full perfection known,
 E'er *Phidias* wrought in *Parian* stone,
 Or *Greece* her skilful *Dædalus* could boast.
 Th' *Egyptian* court with soft *Affrica* vy'd
 In all her luxury and pride:

But *Pharaoh's* age no promis'd heir supply'd;
His beauteous daughter all his hopes betray'd,
To *Isis* she herself had vow'd

A consecrated maid:

The sacred crescent on her breast she wore,
Her robe with golden stars was spangled o'er.

To *Nilus'* banks the pious fair,
Performing holy rites, did now repair;
When from the shore an infant's feeble cries

Her virgin train surprize:

Among the reeds a lovely boy they found,
His temples with an ambient glory crown'd;
Divine presages sparkled in his face,
Unvulgar beauty, and expressless grace.
The Gods have thus, the joyful princess cry'd,
My father's wishes with an heir supply'd.
Young *Moses*, her adopted son she nam'd;
But when his years had reach'd their manly prime,

The title he disclaim'd;

Govern'd by motives more sublime,
While heav'nly Virtue his high thoughts inflam'd.

By heav'nly Virtue led,

Th' *Egyptian* court, and all its pomp he fled;
And wand'ring far away on *Midian* plains,
An humble life he chose among the swains.

In moving lays he taught the rural throng
Celestial truths; while list'ning to his strain,

The flying winds their breath retain,
And winding currents slowly glide along.
Of chaos and the world's great birth he sung,
How from the word divine the fair creation sprung.
High *Horeb* from his cloudy summit heard
The tuneful sounds, long e'er the *Thracian* bard,
On *Hæmus'* banks, in potent numbers strove
A savage nation wisely to improve.

When on *Bethoron's* plains great *Joshua* chas'd

The *Amorean* kings;

Left darkness o'er their flight her veil should cast,
And from his sword protect them with her wings,

Forward before his wond'ring troops he sprung,
 Pois'd in his hand a trembling jav'lin hung;
 Mov'd by an instigation all divine,
 Heroic Virtue, the great hint was thine,
 When on the sparkling skies
 The daring warrior fix'd his eyes,
 Some God the soldiers in his face regard,
 While from his lips these mighty words they heard:
 Thou sun, he boldly cry'd, thou sun, stand still,
 Nor stretch thy shades on *Gibeah's* lofty hill;
 And thou, fair moon, retard thy hasty flight,
 And gild the vales of *Ajalon* at night!
 Astonish'd nature instantly obey'd,
 And in a deep suspense the heav'nly motions stay'd.

Nor leave the tuneful heroine un-nam'd,
 Ye virgin muses, who her breast inflam'd,
 Virtue no brighter votary can boast,
 No brighter names in all her list appear;
 The warrior's crown, and poet's wreath she claim'd,
 She touch'd the lyre, and shook the pointed spear,
 The life and glory of the *Hebrew* host:
 Old *Kishon* to her aid his billows brought,
 And on her side the marshall'd planets fought.

The *Medes* subdu'd, and *Ecbatana* raz'd;
 The haughty *Persian* with fresh laurels grac'd,
 To *Jordan's* banks his num'rous forces led.
 Wide as the eastern rule is spread,
 The distant realms his glad assistants come:
 From *Serica*, and *Oxus'* borders some,
 From *Indus'* and imperial *Ganges'* shores,
 And where *Iaxartes'* rapid current roars,
 The hardy race on wild *Hyrkania* bred,
 Advanc'd with bold intrepid breasts.
 The tall *Armenians* with their waving crests,
 And *Parthians* with their backward bows,
 A dreadful scene on *Hebron's* plains disclose.

But none in courage or in splendor vy'd
 With the gay troops that left the flow'ry fields,
 Where royal *Ulai* rolls his crystal tide ;
 Their helmets gold, and gold their blazing shields,
 With dancing plumes and *Tyrian* scarves, from far
 They shone the pride and terror of the war :
 With airy feet their courfers spurn'd the plains,

In silver trappings deck'd ;

With silver curbs and scarlet reins
 Their fiery rage their graceful riders check'd.
 Encamp'd before the sacred hill they lay,
 Where *Salem's* lofty tow'rs their strength display.

While to their great forefather's aid
 With stedfast zeal the sons of *Israel* pray'd ;
 The potent pray'r prevails ; a *Hebrew* dame
 By Heav'n was destin'd to the great event,
 To fix a scandal on th' *Affryan* name,
 A lasting scandal, and immortal shame.
 Led by the mighty impulse, *Judith* went
 Undaunted to the *Persian* leader's tent ;
 The chief with wonder gazes on the fair,
 Her gesture free, engaging all her air.

A nice reserve and modest pride

Chasten'd the native softness in her looks descry'd.
 Her features nobly turn'd, her cheeks disclose
 A fresher blush than paints the blooming rose.
 Her eyes were black, and black her shining hair :
 Black as the midnight clouds, which sometimes grace
 With chequer'd shades the moon's resplendent face ;
 Part to the sight was in loose curls expos'd,

The rest a spangled caul inclos'd :

To that a white transparent veil was join'd,
 Which negligently hover'd to the wind.
 With envious art a shade of finest lawn

Was o'er her swelling bosom drawn ;
 A sparkling diamond hung at either ear,
 And rubies round her swelling neck appear.

Her robes were costly silk, and ev'ry fold
Vary'd with blue and winding streaks of gold.

She soon protection and redress obtain'd;

While from the *Persian* chief

Her moving words procur'd belief,

And easy credit gain'd.

A rich pavilion to his own adjoin'd,

Was to the fair that night assign'd,

Assur'd from all a just respect to find.

The charming *Hebrew* with her maid retir'd,

And left the gen'ral with her beauty fir'd;

But gentle sleep his am'rous cares appeas'd,

While thro' the camp the midnight riot ceas'd.

Darkness and silence now combine

To favour *Judith* in her great design.

Undaunted Virtue fill'd her breast,

Undaunted Virtue her whole soul possess;

While by a glimm'ring taper led,

She found the sleeping warrior's bed:

His sword with an audacious air she took,

And freed her nation at one noble stroke.

By *Grecian* heroes wonders have been done,

And lasting fame for great achievements won;

But all they tell wild fictions prove,

Of fated armor, and assisting *Jove*.

No partial Goddess to *Achilles* brought

A spear and seven-fold shield by *Vulcan* wrought.

No *Pallas* to the field *Atrides* led,

Nor grac'd the chariot with young *Diomed*.

When from his raging sword the *Trojans* fled;

But Virtue own'd the *Argive's* cause,

Avenging breach of faith and hospitable laws:

Their best success was owing still to thee,

Their prosp'rous genius thou, and aiding deity.

At ancient *Rome* thy name was long ador'd,

For thee they drew, for thee they sheath'd the sword.

Great *Numa* oft convers'd with thee,

Amidst the gloomy night's solemnity.

While the pale moon with silver beams
 Chequer'd the shades, and glimmer'd on the streams,
Egeria or *Urania*, nymphs divine,
 He oft invoc'd by some clear fountain's fall:
 However nam'd, the lovely form was thine
 That answer'd still his call;

From thee he learn'd by gentle arts t' assuage
 The *Sabines* sullen hatred, and the *Roman* rage.

Nor *Faunus* gave (as story tells)
 The peaceful prince fantastic spells;
 To charm fierce lions from their prey,
 Or swelling torrents in their banks to stay;
 To turn the lightning's fatal force,
 Or break the raging thunder's course;
 These great effects, celestial Piety,
 These great effects belong alone to thee.

Manlius and great *Camillus* owe to thee
 Their fame and glorious immortality.

Horatius fought by thee sustain'd,
 When singly he th' unequal war maintain'd;
 In vain to pass the bridge the *Tuscan* strove,
 Backward whole squadrons with his spear he drove;
 Fix'd as his country's guardian God,
 On *Tyber's* banks the hero stood,
 And stain'd the foaming stream with hostile blood.

In vain ill omens would *Flaminius* fright;
 In vain his courser, with unusual fears,
 Still backward from the fight
 The furious warrior bears;

Unmanag'd o'er the wide campaign he flew,
 And from his seat the daring rider threw;

The daring rider mounts again,
 And urg'd the battle on the destin'd plain;
 Unterrify'd with *Hannibal's* great name,
 And full of martial flame,

Still foremost on the glitt'ring spears he prest.
 The *Roman* Genius, for his life distress'd,

With a prodigious earthquake shook the ground;
 The violent force
 Pour'd back the rivers to their inmost source,
 Revers'd the floods, and chang'd their native course.
 Thrice from the skies portentous thunders sound,
 And thrice ill-boding lightnings blaz'd around;
 Nor earthquakes, lightnings, nor the thund'ring skies,
 A breast with virtue guarded can surprize:

Still resolute and bold,
Flaminius on the thickest dangers flies,
 And bravely met the fate the warning Gods foretold.

If ever praise to *Roman* worth was due,
 If ever Virtue could distinction claim,
 Great *Scipio*, thy illustrious name
 Shall stand the foremost in the lists of fame,
 And future times thy triumphs shall renew.

The conduct of *Fabricius*' age,
 And young *Mimutius*' martial rage,
 In thee were eminently found:
 With all that men revere, or Heav'n applauds,
 Thy glorious life was crown'd.

Rome's mighty empire seem'd alone on thee
 Dependent for security:
 Without thee, ev'n her boasted Gods
 Had ill defended their own gay abodes.
 Whatever wreaths at *Thebes* or *Troy* were gain'd,
 Whatever fame at *Salamis* obtain'd,
 Or at *Arbella*'s fatal field;

Their most illustrious deeds to thine must yield.
 Nor wast thou in thy public life mote great,
 Than in thy last retreat

To the *Linternian* shades, thy humble seat.
 In all things thou wast modest still and brave,
 Neither to Vice, nor Virtue's self a slave;
 Virtue was choice, delib'rate choice, in thee,
 Not philosophic pride, nor dull necessity.

Bright Goddess, what resistless charms are thine,
That men for thee all human things forego,

And willingly resign

The dearest ties and softest names below?

By what strange arguments dost thou engage

Unpractis'd youth, and spiritless old age,

To brave, for thee, the fiercest tyrant's rage?

Bright Goddess, thou the cause alone canst tell,

And all the sacred mystery reveal.

'Tis done! immortal light without controul

Comes rushing like a mighty torrent on my soul.

Transporting scenes are open'd to my eyes,

I see the inmost glories of the skies;

I see the bright distinguish'd crown,

That led the conqu'ring martyrs on;

I walk among the mansions of the Gods,

The soft recesses, and the blest abodes;

I trace the happy vales and lightsome plains,

Where pleasure, peace, and love triumphant reigns:

Thro' all the region round

The voice of festival, and nuptial songs

Perpetually resound.

Ineffable the rest,

And by immortal tongues

Alone to be express'd.

All hail, ye scourges, flames and tort'ring wheels!

Your force no more the shiv'ring fancy feels.

Enlighten'd thus, *Romanus* try'd

The tyrant's utmost cruelty and pride.

Lucius, with these bright prospects fir'd,

And young *Hormisila*, their tormentors tir'd:

Rhea and *Dionysia* trampled down

Opposing hell, and gain'd the martyr's crown.

With arts more fatal *Decius* strove

Nicetas' fortitude to move.

In a delicious garden's soft retreat

The youth was gently laid,

Wrapt in a silken net,

A flow'ry couch beneath him spread,
 Where fragrant jess'mines lent a grateful shade :
 A dying breeze, a fountain's easy fall,
 Mix'd with melodious birds, for gay delights did call.
 While a young harlot, in the tempting pride
 Of airy life and wanton beauty, try'd
 With guilty blandishment and art,
 Obscene caresses and licentious song,
 To poison with contagious flames his heart,
 To tempt the saint his holy vows to wrong ;
 Unconquer'd yet the youthful saint remain'd,
 And all her proffer'd charms and lewd address disdain'd.

Eulalia to the stern tribunal press'd,
 And boldly there the *Christian* faith profess'd :
 The savage judge suspends her doom,
 Touch'd with her dawning charms and early bloom.
 To *Jove's* high shrine they led the tender maid ;
 The priest in his fantastic pomp array'd,

A golden censer brought,
 With consecrated odours fraught,
 Which fiercely from his hand the virgin caught ;
 Beneath her feet the smoking gums she trod,
 Derides the bigot and insults his God :

Unmov'd the senseless idol stands,
 With useless thunder in his passive hands ;
 But all their rage his wild adorers show,
 And in their cruelty

Surpass'd the fiends below.

Their scourges, pincers, and their racks they try'd ;
 By more than human fortitude sustain'd,
 The suffering maid her constancy retain'd :
 Be all the pow'rs of death and hell defy'd !
 Your malice can no more, she faintly cry'd,
 And smiling on her curst tormentors, dy'd.

Nor Virtue with preceding times is lost,
 Nor *Rome* alone illustrious names can boast ;
 The charming Goddess has not left the stage,
 A thousand great examples grace the present age :

But virtue ne'er with brighter pomp was seen,
Nor wore a nobler form than in the *British* * Queen.

Thou art thy own immense reward,

Should man no future state regard:

Were fields of light, and gay ethereal plains,

The sanguine flights of visionary brains;

The happy mind, possess'd of thee

Would find unmingled joy, and true felicity.

Were there no gloomy shores, no burning lakes,

No chains of darkness, nor infernal racks;

Were hell a wild, enthusiastic dream,

A statesman's trick, a poet's lying theme,

A pious fraud, a black deceit

Of mercenary priests, the world to cheat;

Yet still within itself a guilty mind

The emphasis of ev'ry plague would find.

* Written before the Year 1710.

THE
HISTORY OF JOSEPH.

A POEM, IN TEN BOOKS.

BOOK I.

An invocation of the Divine Spirit. A description of the temple of Moloch, in the valley of Hinnon, where a congress of infernal powers are met to contrive some method to extirpate the Hebrew race.

CELESTIAL muse, that on the blissful plain
Are oft invok'd, to guide th' immortal strain;
Inspir'd by thee, the first-born sons of light
Hail'd the creation in a tuneful flight;
Pleas'd with thy voice, the spheres began their round,
The morning stars danc'd to the charming sound:
Yet thou hast often left the crystal tow'rs,
To visit mortals in their humble bow'rs.

Favour'd by thee, the courtly swain of old,
Beneath mount Horeb sacred wonders told
Of boundless chaos, and primæval night,
The springs of motion, and the seeds of light.
The sun stood still, to hear his radiant birth,
With the formation of the balanc'd earth.
The moon on high, check'd her nocturnal car,
And list'ning staid, with ev'ry ling'ring star.
The hills around and lofty Sinah heard
By whose command their tow'ring heads were rear'd.
The flow'rs their gay original attend;
Their tufted crowns the groves, adoring, bend.
The fountains rose, the streams their course with-held,
To hear the ocean's wond'rous source reveal'd.
The birds sit silent on the branches near,
The flocks and herds their verdant food forbear.

The swains forgot their labour, while he sung;
 How, from the dust, their great forefather sprung:
 A vital call awoke him from the ground,
 The moving clay obey'd th' almighty sound.
 Thus sung in lofty strains the noble bard;
 The heav'ns and earth their own formation heard.

But thou, propitious Muse, a gentler fire
 Didst breathe, and tune to softer notes the lyre,
 When royal Lebanon heard the am'rous king
 The beauties of his lov'd Egyptian sing:
 The sacred lays a mystic sense unfold,
 And things divine in human types were told.
 Disdain not, gentle pow'r, my song to grace,
 While I the paths of heav'nly justice trace;
 And twine a blooming garland for the youth,
 Renown'd for honour, and unblemish'd truth.

Let others tell of ancient conquests won,
 And mighty deeds, by favour'd heroes done;
 (Heroes enslav'd to pride, and wild desires,)
 A virgin Muse, a virgin theme requires;
 Where vice, and wanton beauty quit the field,
 And guilty loves to steadfast virtue yield.

Jacob, with heav'n's peculiar favour blest,
 Leaving the fertile regions of the East;
 (Where Haron, then a noble city, stood,
 Between fair Tigris, and Euphrates' flood;)
 From Laban fled, and by divine command
 Pursu'd his journey to his native land.
 Loaded with wealth, his num'rous camels bore
 His wives, his children, and his household store:
 Of purchas'd slaves, he led an endless train,
 His stocks and herds engross'd the wide campaign.

The shepherd's art was all his fathers knew,
 His sons the same industrious life pursue.
 The God his pious ancestors ador'd,
 Th' Almighty God, at Bethel, he implor'd:
 An altar there, with grateful vows he rear'd,
 Where twice the radiant vision had appear'd;
 The pow'rs of hell, the dreadful omen fear'd: }

Each demon trembles in his hollow shrine,
The raving priests amazing things divine.

In Hinnon's vale a fane to Moloch stood,
Around it rose a consecrated wood;
Whose mingled shades, excluded noon-day light,
And made below uninterrupted night.
Pale tapers, hung around in equal rows,
The mansion of the sullen king disclose;
Seven brazen gates its horrid entrance guard;
Within the cries of infant ghosts were heard;
On seven high altars rise polluted fires,
While human victims feed the ruddy spires.
The place Gehenna call'd, resembled well
The native gloom and dismal vaults of hell.
'Twas night, and goblins in the darkness danc'd,
The priest in frantic visions lay entranc'd;
While here conven'd the Pagan terrors sate,
In solemn council, and mature debate, }
T' avert the storm impending o'er their state.
Th' apostate princes with resentment fir'd,
Anxious, and bent on black designs, conspir'd
To find out schemes successful to efface
Great Heber's name, and crush the sacred race;
From whence they knew, the long predicted king,
Th' infernal empire's destin'd foe should spring:
Who conqueror o'er their vanquish'd force should tread,
And all their captive chiefs in triumph lead.
Th' affair their deepest policy commands.
And brought them hither from remotest lands;
From Ur, Armenia, and Iberia's shores,
From Nile and Ophir rich with golden ores, }
And where the Adrian wave, and where th' Atlantic roars. }

Nesroth appears, his amber chariot drawn
With snowy steeds; him at the rising dawn
The Syrian worships from his airy hills,
Whose vales with wealth the fam'd Araxis fills.
Belus forsakes his high frequented domes,
And o'er the famous plains of Shinar comes:

Plegor descends his mount; to him were paid,
 With impious rites, libations for the dead.
 Impious Rimmon came, whose mansion stood
 On the fair banks of Pharphar's lucid flood.
 Osiris left his Nile, and thund'ring Baal
 The rock, whence Arnon's plenteous waters fall.
 Mithra, whom all the East adores, was there;
 And like his own resplendent planet fair,
 With yellow tresses, and enchanting eyes,
 Dissembling beauty, would the fiend disguise,
 Nor fail'd a deity of female name,
 Astarte, with her silver crescent came:
 Melita left her Babyloian bow'rs;
 Where wanton damsels, crown'd with blushing flow'rs,
 In all the summer's various lustre gay,
 Detested orgies to the goddess pay.

These various pow'rs, their various schemes propose;
 But none th' assembly pleas'd, till Mithra rose;
 (Of an alluring mien above the rest)

Who thus th' apostate potentates address'd:

Mankind by willing steps to ruin move,
 Their own wild passions their destruction prove, }
 But the most fatal is forbidden love.

Old Jacob boasts a daughter young and fair,
 Fond Leah's glory, and peculiar care:
 Her eyes inflame the gazing Pagan hearts,
 Young Shechem has already felt their darts;
 Who lately saw her with her virgin train,
 Near Shalem, wand'ring o'er the dewy plain.
 I'll fill his youthful breast with mad desire,
 By fraud, or force, his wishes to acquire.
 The coming day he does a feast prepare,
 By me instructed how to hide the snare;
 Fair Dinah is his sister's promis'd guest,
 Impatient love will soon complete the rest.
 The damsel's wrongs her brothers will enflame
 To right, with hostile arms, the Hebrew's shame;
 By which provok'd, the Canaanites shall join
 With us t' abolish this detested line.

Revenge and bloody faction are my care,
 Moloch replies, thine be the soft affair ;
 Without instructions thou canst act thy part,
 Well-practis'd in the nice alluring art ;
 Euphrates' banks, and Senac's conscious shades,
 Attest thy freedom with th' Assyrian maids :
 Thy voice, applauded in the heav'nly groves,
 Was there devoted to terrestrial loves :
 Thy sacred lyre to human subjects strung,
 No more with tiresome hallelujahs rung ;
 This grac'd thy hand, a quiver hung behind,
 Nor fail'd thy sparkling eyes to charm the beauteous
 kind.

The bold example of thy loose amours,
 Prevail'd on numbers of the heav'nly pow'rs ;
 Who vainly had the first probation flood,
 Proof to ambition, obstinately good.
 Long after, I, with my associates fell,
 Thy friends enlarg'd the monarchy of hell ;
 On softer motives you abhorr'd the skies,
 Allur'd by womens captivating eyes :
 The sons of God thus with the race of man
 Were mingled ; hence the giant stock began.
 Our plot requires us now, and if it fail,
 I'll, in my turn, the hated tribe assail ;
 Domestic faction, may at last prevail. }
 Joseph, his doting father's life, and joy,
 By well concerted means we must destroy ;
 This youth, above the rest, excites my fear,
 Divine presages in his face appear ;
 Officious Gabriel's care to him confin'd,
 Fortels a man for mighty things design'd :
 His brethren, act'd by my powerful fire,
 Against his envy'd life shall all conspire.
 Joseph remov'd, old Jacob's greatest prop,
 The race shall mourn, in him, their blasted hope.
 Here Moloch ceas'd ; th' infernal spirits rose,
 Crowning the double plot with vast applause.

BOOK II.

Jacob's daughter dishonoured by Shechem, Prince of the Hivites. Her brothers revenge the injury. The Patriarch relates to his sons Abraham's conquest over the King of Elam and his royal confederates. He rescues Lot. Melchisedeck meets and blesses Abraham. The intended sacrifice of Isaac.

YOUNG Shechem all the night impatient lay,
And sought with eager eyes the breaking day;
With ardent longings waits the promis'd hour,
And fancies all his wishes in his pow'r:
Aner, his friend, improves the fatal fire,
And soothes, with flatt'ring scenes, his wild desire.

Sidonia, guiltless of her brother's snares,
To grace her lovely Hebrew guest prepares;
Who with her young companions now appears,
Too innocent for nice reserves or fears.
Her artless looks, nor tim'rous, nor assur'd,
With easy charms the Jebusites allur'd:
A rosy tincture paints her guiltless face,
Her eyes, peculiar to her beauteous race,
Sparkle with life, and dart immortal grace.
Rich orient bracelets, round her snowy arms,
And faultless neck, improve her native charms;
The Hivite princess entertains the maid,
To Hamor's palace fatally betray'd;
Where, at the pomp of one surprizing feast,
She meets the luxury of all the East.
Her thoughts the proud magnificence admire,
The people's customs, and their strange attire,
Till modest rules, and the declining day:
With Leah's charge forbid her longer stay:
But ah! too late, she finds herself betray'd
To Shechem's pow'r, a lost defenceless maid;
A captive in his treach'rous courts retain'd,
By fraud seduc'd, and brutal force constrain'd,
Her name dishonour'd and her nation stain'd.

In vain with tender sighs he strives to move
 The injur'd fair to voluntary love;
 The strictest rules of chastity she knew,
 With all that to her great descent was due;
 But what with gentle arts he fails to gain,
 His wild desires by violence obtain.

The hateful tidings reach'd her father's ears,
 And almost sunk his venerable years:
 Her brothers rage, and for revenge combine;
 But guard, with secret guile, their black design.

The town in feasts consum'd the second day,
 And plung'd at night in fearless riot lay.
 The restless shepherds e'er the ling'ring dawn,
 Each held his sword, for horrid action drawn;
 Surpriz'd the city like a rising flood,
 Rag'd thro' the streets, and bath'd their swords in blood.

The Hebrews pleas'd with this successful fate,
 Sprung furious on, and forc'd the palace gate:
 Fierce Simeon thro' the bright apartments flew,
 And old and young, without distinction, flew.

Shechem, with restless passion still inspir'd,
 Was with the charming Israelite retir'd;
 And first by mad insulting Levi found,
 Without a pause he gave the desp'rate wound.
 Take thy dispatch, curst ravisher, for hell,
 He said; and down the bleeding victim fell:
 His fatal mistress turns away her eyes,
 With horror seiz'd, and trembling with surprize.
 The swains her roving vanity upbraid,
 And to their tents the penitent convey'd;
 Their father griev'd, reproves the bloody fact,
 But Judah thus defends the hostile act:

Should they, a race uncircumcis'd and vile,
 With lawless mixtures Abram's stock defile?
 Our wives and sisters in our sight constrain;
 While we, regardless of the shameful stain,
 Stand tamely by, and scarce of wrong complain?
 They first intrench'd on hospitable trust,
 And human faith;—our vengeance is but just.

Such justice never mingle with my fame,
 Good Israel cries, nor spot my guiltless name!
 The realms around, who idol Gods revere,
 Will this black deed with indignation hear;
 And all their policy and rage unite,
 To blot our odious mem'ry from the light.

So hell believed—but heav'n a sacred dread
 Of Jacob's sons among the nations spread ;
 While he at Bethel with a pious flame,
 Implores the great unutterable name.
 From thence to Mamre's peaceful plain retires,
 Where Kiriath arba lifts her golden spires:
 Illustrious Arba built and nam'd the place,
 The boasted father of the giant race;
 For them design'd the monstrous plan appear'd,
 To heav'n the threat'ning battlements were rear'd;
 In careless joys, and plenty here they live,
 And to the neighb'ring swains protection give.

Beneath the hill, on which their city stood,
 Ascended high a venerable wood;
 The solemn shades, which gave a secret dread,
 Conceal'd a vaulted structure for the dead,
 Machpelah call'd; with wonderous labour wrought;
 This Abram of the giant nation bought:
 The cave, the wood, the springs, and bord'ring field,
 Ephron, their prince, by public contract seal'd.

Here to their purchas'd right the shepherds drive
 Their fleecy charge, and unmolested live;
 While frequent thro' the consecrated ground,
 Inscriptions and old monuments they found.
 Where'er celestial visions had appear'd,
 The pious worshippers an altar rear'd;
 The mystic name, to mortals long unknown,
 Was deeply figur'd on the polish'd stone;
 By marks engrav'd on arching rocks, 'twas seen,
 That heav'nly powers had there convers'd with men.

Remote from this a lofty pillar stood;
 This Jacob to the rural concourse show'd;
 Here see, he said, the memory retain'd
 Of Abram's conquest near Damascus gain'd.

To distant lands the Eastern rule was spread,
 And Jordan's banks a yearly tribute paid:
 The king of Sodom first contemn'd the yoke,
 Admah and Zeboim next the treaty broke.
 At this the royal Elamite enrag'd,
 The neighb'ring kings, his great allies, engag'd;
 Arioch and mighty Tidal join their force,
 Conquest where'er they turn attends their course.
 The Horims on mount Seir their valour prove,
 Their troops the Emims from their fortress drove.

In Siddim's vale the adverse princes stay,
 There Shibna, Bera, and Shemeber lay.
 Amraphel early meets his doubtful foes,
 And for the victory his ranks dispose:
 But scarce th' encounter could be call'd a fight,
 So soon the troops of Sodom took their flight:
 The coward race, unus'd to charge a foe,
 Their jav'lins, swords, and shields at once forego.
 Some seek the woods, and some a sheltering cave;
 Some in the rocks their breath, inglorious, save;
 While others plunging down fair Jordan's tide,
 From the stern looks of war their faces hide.
 Th' invaders sheath their swords, and scorn to grace
 With martial deaths the despicable race.
 Bera alone and Lot sustain'd the field,
 But press'd by numbers were compell'd to yield:
 These with the riches of the town a prey,
 To Paran's hills the conquerors bore away.

This Abram heard, and gather'd on the plain
 A valiant band, his own domestic train:
 His glad assistance Eshcol brings, a youth
 Of public honour, and unblemish'd truth;
 With Aner, Mamre, dauntless both and young,
 Brothers, all three from noble Amor sprung.

'Twas night, secure the victor army lies,
 Scornful of foes, and fearless of surprize;
 By heav'n's command a sudden vapour spreads
 O'er all the host, and clouds their drowzy heads;
 To the high throne of sense soft slumber climbs,
 Slackens their sinews, and benumbs their limbs;

The captives eyes alone its force repell'd,
Nor to the pleasing violence would yield.

Now near the camp the brave confed'rates draw,
And by the glimm'ring fires its posture saw:
The foremost rank, the swift invaders slew,
And soon the waking pris'ners heard and knew
Their active friends, that to their succour flew. }
Abram his nephew, he the rest unty'd,
The sleeping foe avenging swords supply'd;
From file to file the avenging brothers pass,
And leave them breathless on the purple grass.
Th' old patriarch feels new life in ev'ry vein,
And scatters wide destruction o'er the plain.
The terror grows, the clash of arms, and cries
Of wounded men afflict the ambient skies.
Prince Arioch, startled at the noise, awakes,
And from his eyes the fatal slumber shakes.
At oft repeated calls his legions arm,
And madly haste to meet the loud alarm;
But by a force more prevalent out done,
On certain fate with eager steps they run;
Disorder'd and amaz'd, they quit the field,
And, raving, to their unknown victors yield.

The morning rose, and with her blushing light
Expos'd their damage, and inglorious flight;
The joyful shepherds seize th' abandon'd spoils;
And now returning from their martial toils,
A royal priest at Salem Abram meets
With presents, and a benediction greets
The Hebrew bands:—to heav'n he lifts his eyes, }
And blest be that propitious pow'r, he cries,
Who walks the crystal circuit of the skies;
Who hears the boasts of mortals with disdain,
Contemns their force, and makes their triumphs vain!
His mien was solemn, and his face divine,
Refulgent gems around his temples shine:
His graceful robe, a bright celestial blue,
Trailing behind, a train majestic drew.
The tenth of all great Abram gives the priest,
The kings and Amorites divide the rest.

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A

All pleas'd, the gen'rous conqu'ror loudly prais'd,
 And to his fame this lasting column rais'd.
 The swains were list'ning still, when Jacob cries,
 To yonder mountain now direct your eyes;
 For there a brighter scene of glory lies.
 'Twas there the wond'ring sun in Abram view'd
 The noblest height of human fortitude;
 The pious man in guiltless sleep lay drown'd,
 When thro' his ears thunder'd this fatal sound:

Arise, and Isaac on mine altar lay,
 With thy own hand the destin'd victim slay;
 He starts, and cries, who can this thought inspire?
 Can heav'n this monstrous sacrifice require?

The dreadful call again surpriz'd his ears,
 And lo! the well known heav'nly form appears.
 He bow'd, and at the purple dawn arose,
 And with his darling to Moriah goes.
 Astonish'd long he by the altar stood,
 Then pil'd with trembling hands the sacred wood;
 Half dead himself; the wond'ring youth he bids,
 Who now his fire's severe intention finds.
 What thoughts, he ask'd, my father, have possess'd
 Your soul? what horrid fury fills your breast?
 Am I to hell a sacrifice design'd?
 Some cruel demon must your reason blind.
 Th' unblemish'd skies abhor this bloody deed,
 No human victims on their altars bleed.

'Tis heav'n, the patriarch said, this fact requires,
 'Tis heav'n—be witness yon etherial fires!
 Yet, countless as the stars, from thee must spring
 Victorious nations, and the mystic King:
 'Tis past relief—yet by himself he swore,
 Who from the dead thy relics can restore:
 What obstacle surmounts almighty pow'r?

This said, the pious youth resign'd his life;
 Blest Abram shook off all paternal strife,
 And forward thrust the consecrated knife.
 As lightning from the skies, an angel broke,
 And ward'd with his hand the fatal stroke,

When thus a voice streams downward from above,
Breathing divine beneficence and love.

By my great self I swear, to bless thy race
With endless favour, and peculiar grace ;
Thy scepter'd sons the spacious East shall sway,
While vanquish'd kings obedient tribute pay.

Here Jacob ends, and to his tent retires ;
Their fleecy charge the parting swains requires.

BOOK III.

The infernal powers endeavour to raise factions in Jacob's family. Joseph's dreams. His brothers jealousy and malice. He comes to Dothan. They confine him in a pit while they consult his ruin. An Angel in a vision presages to him his future greatness, and warns him of the snares of beauty and unlawful love. His brothers spare his life, and sell him to the Midian merchants travelling with their spicy traffic into Egypt. Jacob obstinate in grief refuses all consolation.

MEAN time the Pagan deities displeas'd,
To find the public storm so soon appear'd,
Studious attempt by new malicious ways,
Among the Hebrews civil jars to raise :
Moloch already had provok'd the strife,
And kindling mischief threatens Joseph's life.

The lovely youth, fair Rachel's boasted son,
Completely form'd, his seventeenth year begun ;
His mother's sparkling eyes, and blooming grace,
Mixt with severer strokes, adorn'd his face.
Not he that in Sabea's fragrant grove,
(As poets sung) enflam'd the queen of love :
Nor Hylas, nor Narcissus look'd so gay,
When the clear streams his rosy blush display.

In all his conduct something noble shone,
Which meant him for a greatness yet unknown.
Visions had oft his rising fate foretold :
The last to Jacob thus his lips unfold,

His brethren by :—when sleep had clos'd mine eyes,
A corny field before my fancy lies ;

(Still to my thoughts the yellow crop appears !)

My brothers with me reap'd the bending ears ;

Industrious each a single sheaf had bound,

When theirs with sudden motion mine surround,

And bow'd with prostrate rev'rence to the ground.

But now my mind of rural business clear'd,

Above my head a wond'rous scene appear'd ;

The moon and stars at highest noon shone bright,

Unconquer'd by the sun's superior light ;

Methought I saw the gaudy orbs descend,

And at my feet with humble homage bend.

The shepherds hear his story with surprize :

Must we thy vassals be? Proud Ashur cries,

With rage and threat'ning malice in his eyes.

At Mamre, Jacob and his fav'rite stay,

The rest to Dothan's flow'ry meadows stray ;

Infernal envy all their bosoms fires,

And black resolves and horrid thoughts inspires :

At last young Joseph's murder is design'd,

Hell with the monstrous treachery combin'd.

He comes to Dothan, by his father sent,

And heav'n alone his ruin can prevent.

Their guiltless prey, he stands without defence,

But inborn worth, and fearless innocence.

His brethren's crimes, his father's hoary hairs,

Were all the subject that alarm'd his fears.

The fatal stroke they now prepare to give,

When Reuben's arts the hopeless youth retrieve,

By thus advising,—let your brother live.

A thousand easy methods yet remain,

To render all his glorious projects vain ;

But till we have determin'd the design,

To yonder pit th' aspiring boy confine.

To him they yield, and to their tents retire,

The fiends below their own success admire.

The night prevails, and draws her sable train,

With silent pace, along th' ethereal plain.

By fits the dancing stars exert their beams ;
 The silver crescent glimmers on the streams ;
 The sluggish waters, with a drowsy roar,
 And ling'ring motion, roll along the shore ;
 Their murmur answers to the rustling breeze,
 That faintly whispers thro' the nodding trees ;
 The peaceful echoes undisturb'd with sound,
 Lay slumb'ring in the cavern'd hills around ;
 Frenzy and faction, love and envy slept ;
 A still solemnity all nature kept ;
 Devotion only wak'd, and to the skies
 Directs the pris'ner's pious vows and eyes :
 To God's high throne a wing'd petition flew,
 And from the skies commission'd Gabriel drew ;
 One of the seven, who by appointed turns
 Before the throne ambrosial incense burns.

A sudden day, returning on the night,
 Vanquish'd the shades, and put the stars to flight ;
 Th' enlighten'd cave receives the shining guest
 In all his heav'nly pomp divinely drest ;
 He greets the youth, and, thus his charge express'd :
 To morrow thou must leave rich Jordan's shore,
 And trace Moriah's sacred hill no more ;
 A great and grateful nation yet unknown,
 Sav'd by thy care, shall thee their patron own ;
 But let thy breast impenetrable prove
 To wanton beauty, and forbidden love :
 This heav'n enjoins.—The wond'ring shepherd bow'd ;
 The angel mounted on a radiant cloud.

The morning now her lovely face display'd,
 And with a rosy smile dispell'd the shade.
 The faction rose, and close in council sat,
 On means that must determine Joseph's fate ;
 Nor long they sat, for on the neighb'ring road,
 A train of camels with their spicy load,
 Follow'd by Midian merchants travell'd by :
 Heav'n marks the way, the envious brothers cry ;
 Whate'er th' ambitious dreamer's thoughts portend,
 His hopes with these to foreign lands we'll send.

They stop the Midianites, and soon agree,
 Resolv'd no more his hated face to see;
 With looks, which perfect inward anguish tell;
 And falling tears, he took this sad-farewel:

I go to wander on some barb'rous clime,
 May heav'nly justice ne'er avenge this crime!
 Be still indulgent to my father's age,
 His grief for me with flatt'ring hopes assuage.

They hear, they see the anguish of his soul,
 And scarce their struggling pity can controul;
 Touch'd with so sad a scene, they all begin
 To feel remorse for this unnatural sin,
 And half repent; but hate and envy prove
 Their victor passions, and repress their love.
 They form a specious fraud, to hide the deed
 From their old fire, and in the plot succeed.
 Their brother's varied coat they still retain'd
 And with a bleeding kid the vestment stain'd;
 With this to Mamre, treach'rous Simeon goes,
 Too well the lost old-man the relic knows.

After a dismal pause, his sorrow breaks
 Its violent way, and this sad language speaks:

My son!—alas, some savage monster's prey!

Why have I liv'd to this detested day?

Why have I ling'red thus? I should have dy'd,

When thy more happy mother left my side,

My best lov'd wife:—but all my Rachel's face

I could in thy resembling features trace.

Tormenting thought!—O hide me from the light!

Its useless rays afflict my feeble sight:

Come lead me to the solitary grave,

Despair and woe that dark retirement crave;

There shall I, stretch'd upon my dusty bed,

Forget the toils of life, and mingle with the dead.

In vain his friends attempt to bring relief,

In vain persuade inexorable grief;

'Tis deep, and intermingled with his soul,

Nor time, nor counsel can its force controul.

BOOK IV.

A description of Egypt, with the pyramids. Joseph sold by the Midian merchants to a captain of the royal guards. He leads him to his palace. Shews his wife the handsome captive. Her growing passion for him. A young Assyrian maid endeavouring to amuse and divert her mistress, tells her the story of Nimus and Semiramis.

MEAN while thro' savage woods, and deserts vast,
The captive with his Midian masters past.
At last rich Egypt's pleasant coasts are seen,
The level meads drest with immortal green;
Between them fertile Nile directs his course,
And nobly flows from his immortal source.
Along the borders of the sacred flood,
Aspiring groves and stately cities stood:
Here ancient Tanais in her height appear'd,
Before Amphion's lute the Theban wall had rear'd.

The sun's devoted city, radiant On,
With roofs emboss'd, and golden foliage shone;
Ere skilful Vulcan was at Lemnos nam'd,
Or Cynthia's darts, or shields for Pallas fram'd.*

Distinct from these, on the Pelusian strands,
Ansana crown'd with silver turrets stands;
Rais'd to its height, as old tradition tells,
By pow'rful magic, and secur'd by spells:
Th' Egyptian wizards here themselves immune,
Converse with hell, and practise rites impure.

Now mighty pyramids the sight surprize,
On Masre's plain the spiral tow'rs arise,
Redoufa here magnificently shrouds
Its lofty head among surrounding clouds:
By Saurid built, the daring structure stood
The fury of the universal flood.
Phacat and Samir's pointed tops ascend,
And o'er the fields their length'ning shades extend;
Their compass sacred to the dead remain,
Within eternal night and silence reign;

No lightsome ray salutes them from the sky,
 But glaring lamps depending from on high,
 With sickly gleams the hollow space supply.
 Here ancient kings, embalm'd with wond'rous cost,
 A long exemption from corruption boast:
 In artful figures some are sitting plac'd,
 With fruitless pomp, and idle ensigns grac'd;
 While others stretch'd in sleeping postures lie,
 On folding carpets of imperial dye:
 Their hov'ring ghosts, pleas'd with this mimic pride,
 Among the breathless carcases reside.
 But what prodigious things within were shown,
 Were to the Hebrew stranger yet unknown,
 Astonish'd at their outward bulk alone.

And now arriv'd where Zoan's wall enclos'd
 Imperial tow'rs, the Midianites expos'd
 Their fragrant traffic, with the handsome slave:
 His mind beyond his years compos'd and grave;
 His aspect something spoke divinely great,
 Something that mark'd him for a nobler fate.

A generous captain, chief of Pharaoh's hands,
 Admiring much the graceful captive, stands,
 Then gives the Midianites their full demands.
 A sudden friendship in his breast he finds,
 Experienc'd only by unvulgar minds:
 Some heav'nly being had prepar'd his thought,
 And on his heart the kind impression wrought.

Without regret, young stranger, follow me,
 Said Potiphar, I now have ransom'd thee;
 From servitude this moment thou art free.

The youth receiv'd the favour with a grace,
 That answer'd all the promise of his face.

Fronting the royal house, a structure crown'd
 With turrets stood, and palmy groves around;
 Discourfing, hither thro' the walks, they went,
 Both pleas'd alike, and equally content.

The seat they reach'd, when for a costly vest
 The master call'd, in this the youth they dress'd;

No more disparag'd with a slave's attire,
 His faultless shape and features all admire.
 His hair, like palest amber, from his crown
 In floating curls, and shining waves fell down.
 Young Paris such surprising charms display'd,
 When first in gold and Tyrian silks array'd,
 He laid his crook aside, forgot the swain;
 And bid adieu to Ida's flow'ry plain.

Then for his wife the captain bids them send,
 And shews with boasting joy his purchas'd friend.

The fair Sabrina, lately made his bride,
 Was in her beauty's celebrated pride.
 Her large black eyes shone with a sprightly fire,
 And love at ev'ry fatal glance inspir'd.

The swarthy lustre of her charming face
 The full blown lily and the rose disgrace.
 Her glossy hair outv'y'd the raven's wings,
 And curl'd about her neck in wanton rings.
 Affectedly she took a careless view,
 And to her own apartment soon withdrew.

Joseph belov'd and happy long remain'd,
 And from his lord successive favours gain'd;
 Who now at home grown prosp'rous, and abroad,
 Believes his guest some favourable God:
 He gives him o'er his house the full command,
 Entrusting all his treasures to his hand.

Meantime Sabrina feeds within her breast
 A secret fire, but shame its rage suppress,
 When first she saw the charming Hebrew's eyes,
 She felt, but well dissembled the surprise;
 But thro' her various arts an inward care
 The languors of her pensive looks declare.

Cyrena found the change (a Syrian maid,
 Well born, but from her native coasts betray'd:)
 She saw the change, but led by nicer laws,
 Was thoughtless still of its reproachful cause.
 Her voice, her easy wit, and eloquence,
 Could hold the wildest passion in suspense.
 Attending oft her mistress to a grove,
 Their usual walk, with pleasing tales she strove

To entertain her thoughts, and charm her grief;
 Nor fail'd her arts to give a short relief.
 Her native clime the pleasing subject proves,
 The Syrian pomp, their customs, and their loves;
 Among the rest Sabrina hears her name.
 Semiramis, a queen of ancient fame,
 And ask'd her now the story to relate:
 Repos'd beneath a spreading palm they sate.

BOOK V.

The story of Semiramis—exposed, when an infant, in the fields; where she is found (cover'd with a rich embroidered mantle) by a peasant, who carries her to Simma, the chief of the king's shepherds, by whom she is married to Menon, the principal commander of the Assyrian forces. Menon being called to the siege of Bactria, she follows him in a martial disguise. Menon discovers her sex to the King, who marries her, after the death of Menon.

THE maid begins.—Where fam'd Coasper laves
 Rich Elam's borders with his sacred waves,
 Along the fields their tents the shepherds spread,
 By them the King's unnumber'd flocks were fed.
 The silent dawn was misty yet and grey,
 And hoary moisture on the mountains lay.
 Intent on rural cares, with early haste,
 A peasant near a rocky cavern past;
 Across his path was rais'd a mossy bed,
 O'er that a rich embroider'd mantle spread.
 This, lifted up, reveal'd a lovely child,
 Which fairer than the rosy morning shill'd:
 The wond'ring swain forgot his country cares,
 And back to Simma's house the infant bears.
 Simma his master was, tho' wealthy, just:
 The royal lands and flocks were made his trust.

He riches still amass'd without an heir,
 And seeing now the child surpassing fair,
 He took and bred her with indulgent care:
 In nothing he controuls her growing years,
 No cost to please her boundless fancy spares.

When, by revolving moons, successive time
 Had brought her beauty to its perfect prime,
 Her shape was faultless, and in all her mien
 Presaging marks of majesty were seen:
 No mortal e'er could boast so fair a face,
 Such radiant eyes, and so divine a grace.
 A flow'ry wreath her beauteous temples crown'd,
 Her snowy vest a crimson girdle bound:
 Thus dress'd, she walks a goddess o'er the plains,
 Admir'd and lov'd by all the gazing swains;
 To her the fragrant tribute of the spring,
 With am'rous zeal on bended knees they bring.

Not distant far from wealthy Simma's seat,
 Heroic Menon own'd a fair retreat;
 His rank, and early worth, the high command
 Of all the fam'd Assyrian force had gain'd:
 In peaceful times the chief whom all admir'd,
 To prove a softer happiness retir'd;
 'Twas here Semiramis his wishes fir'd.
 With ravish'd eyes her heav'nly face he view'd,
 And for the glorious prize to Simma su'd;
 Proffer'd with sacred rites his vows to bind:
 This honour pleas'd the haughty virgin's mind;
 On meaner terms she had his suit deny'd;
 With virtue guarded and a noble pride.
 The lover finds success, but all his joys
 A sudden summons from the King destroys.

Bactria revolts, Ninus the tidings hears,
 Himself in arms to meet the foe prepares.
 But three short days ungentle fate allows
 Sad Menon, for his sighs and parting vows:
 He curst his martial charge, and public fame,
 And loaths the incumbrance of a glorious name,
 Which rends him now from all the joys of life,
 His lov'd Semiramis, his charming wife.

She hears the King's command with less surprise,
 And, Menon, banish all your care, she cries.
 We cannot——'tis impossible to part,
 Love with heroic courage fires my heart.
 To follow you thro' raging seas I'd go,
 O'er burning deserts, or perpetual snow.
 By your example led, I shall not fear
 The flying arrow or the pointed spear;
 Pierc'd with a fatal dart, were Menon by,
 'Twould be a soft, an easy thing, to die.
 Th' event be what it will, with you I'll run
 To certain death, nor any danger shun;
 Be witness to my vows, thou radiant sun!
 Nor can th' advent'rous deed my conduct stain,
 Secure with you the secret shall remain;
 I boldly can defy all other eyes,
 In threat'ning armour, and a martial guise.

New pleasure fills the hero's breast, to find
 Such beauty, love, and stedfast virtue join'd.
 A thousand kind transporting things he said,
 A thousand vows of lasting passion made:
 Then for a rich habiliment of war
 He sent, and dress'd himself the smiling fair.
 A costly helmet glitter'd on her head,
 On which a dove its silver pinions spread;
 A plume of whiteest feathers danc'd above,
 With ev'ry trembling breath of air they move.
 Th' embroider'd scarf that o'er her armour flow'd
 With dazzling flames of gold and scarlet glow'd.
 Her hand a javelin shook with mimic pride,
 A painted quiver rattled by her side.
 Her height and mien adorn the warlike dress,
 More vigorous rays her charming eyes express.
 The courser, of his beauteous burden proud,
 With golden trappings bounded thro' the crowd.

Menon, of Syrian arms the grace and pride,
 Kept near the lovely masquerader's side.
 On Dura's plain the Babylonion force
 In ranks attend their mighty leader's course.

While Ninus, graceful as a martial god,
Exalted on his glittering chariot rode.

The Bactrians their approaching foes disdain,
Resolv'd their fortress bravely to maintain;
And long the town with matchless courage held,
And oft to flight th' Armenian troops compell'd:
Till bold Semiramis, who danger sought,
And fearless in the foremost ranks had fought,
Observ'd a rock, which o'er a castle lean'd;
The Bactrians this were careless to defend,
Believing it from all access secure:
She finds a path among the cliffs obscure:
Then with a chosen band intrepid gains
The top, and soon the unguarded fort obtains.
The town thus made the fierce besieger's prey,
To her they gave the conquest of the day.
All prais'd the youth (for such she was believ'd)
Her bold address each party had deceiv'd;
But Ninus most her fortitude admires,
He views her blooming youth, her race enquires.

Menon, in dotage lost, with foolish pride,
No more the fatal secret strives to hide;
Nor once imagin'd this unlucky boast,
The joy of all his future life must cost.
Ninus with other eyes her beauty views,
In other terms his gratitude renews.

To Babylon return'd, he yet conceal'd
His growing flame, by Menon's worth with-held;
Too well he with the sad reflection knows,
What to his counsel and his sword he owes; }
These gen'rous ties at first his love oppose:
But nothing can th' encreasing rage restrain;
By gentle means he yet his end would gain.

Menon, he said, my wishes to procure,
I'll give thee cities, and a boundless store
Of gold, and precious gems, and for a bride,
A blooming Princess to the crown ally'd:
All this, and more, to gain her love I'll give;
Without Semiramis I cannot live.

Resenting Menon, with a handsome pride,
Refus'd his offers, and the suit deny'd.

The softer sex he next attempts to gain;
She too rejects his passion with disdain.
What now avail the glories of the East?
Nor wealth, nor empire can procure his rest.
Tir'd with unheeded sighs, and fruitless pray'r,
He tries more rig'rous means to ease his care;
And threatens thus; with my desires comply,
Or soon prepare to see your hero die.

From Menon, this she hides, who less severe
Observes her to the am'rous King appear:
His fondness with the jealous passion grows;
No joy, no lightsome interval he knows,
The mingled frenzy gives him no repose.

She false! he cries, my fair, enchanting wife!
And can I yet protract this wretched life;
This anxious heart, with hopeless grief oppress'd,
In death's cold shade shall find perpetual rest.
He said; then all the hostile stars defy'd,
And plung'd the fatal weapon in his side.

A long adieu! Semiramis, he cries;
With those lov'd accents on his lips he dies:
She hears the parting groan, and to his succour flies.

Sunk on the floor she sees her lover bleed,
Himself the author of the barb'rous deed;
But true to love, and virtue's strictest laws,
She neither knew, nor could suspect the cause.
Seiz'd with a sudden horror and surprise,
She faints, and near the breathless carcase lies;
Her frighted women to her rescue haste,
And wake the doubtful spark of life, at last
A hollow groan ensues; with feeble sight
She meets the day, and loaths the flashing light.

A steadfast sorrow in her face appears,
Above the soft relief of female tears;
Silent as death, her words no utterance find
To tell the inward anguish of her mind:
A fixt, sedate, and rational despair
Compos'd her looks, and settled in her air.

In such a fullen calm the billows sleep,
So smooth an aspect wears the gloomy deep;
While treach'rous winds their gath'ring breath refrain
Presaging tempests on the troubled main.

Th' impatient prince with just respect attends
Her ebbing grief, and long his flame suspends;
And long her stedfast thoughts relentless prove
To proffer'd empire and inviting love:
Till fate itself her stubborn heart inclin'd
To take a crown, by all the stars design'd,
And fill a sphere proportion'd to her mind. }

Ninus was now of ev'ry wish possess,
With sov'reign rule and brighter pleasure blest;
But ah! how short a boast has mortal joy?
What sudden storms the flatt'ring calm destroy?
What human privilege, what lawless pow'r,
Can one short day retard th' appointed hour?

Thrice thro' the midnight silence, from the ground,
The startled monarch hears a warning sound;
Thrice Menon's ghost a frowning spectre stands,
And seems to beckon with his airy hands.
A sudden faintness seiz'd his trembling heart,
While hasty life retires from ev'ry part;
Speechless and pale, his eye-balls roll in death,
While with reluctant pangs he yields his breath.

The mournful princess to his merit just,
With wond'rous pomp interr'd the-royal dust:
High on a mount his sepulchre she plac'd,
With marble spires, and painted arches grac'd.
She bids farewell to love's deceitful flame;
Resolv'd to leave behind a glorious name,
In costly structures of immortal fame. }

A lofty dome to Belus first she built;
The inward roof with dazzling silver gilt;
The God was fashion'd in a wond'rous mould,
With perfect art; his bulk was massy gold;
His sacred utensils were all the same,
While fragrant oils in golden sockets flame.

Old Babel next with boundless cost she wall'd;
And Babylon the spacious city call'd;

Its bounds with forts and battlements were crown'd,
 And compass'd in an endless tract of ground,
 Valleys and level'd hills the vast extent surround:
 Where fronting ranks of palaces were seen,
 With streams, and groves, and painted meads between.
 Euphrates in its course the town divides,
 While through the midst its stately current glides:
 Around the place a hundred gates unfold,
 Thro' which a hundred glittering chariots roll'd;
 Which all for state attend the queen's commands,
 When she her progress makes thro' distant lands.
 Resolv'd to visit now the neighb'ring Medes,
 Her train she o'er the lofty Sagris leads.
 At pompous Ecbatana now she staid,
 And all her own magnificence display'd.
 Gay projects here employ'd her active mind,
 Gardens, and seats of pleasure she design'd;
 Luxurious nature with her art combin'd.

Not far from thence a plain extended lay,
 With stately groves and flow'ry verdure gay;
 The spreading palm, the cedar, and the pine,
 Arching above their mingled branches join.
 Semiramis now turns an ancient flood,
 With matchless labour, thro' the charming wood;
 The plenteous stream in various rills divides,
 While marble bounds confine the crystal tides.
 In marble basons of an equal row,
 Myrtle, and balm, and flow'ry cassia grow.
 Prodigious rocks intire were hither brought,
 Smooth arches thro' their craggy sides were wrought;
 Here artificial hills, their summits rear,
 For shade retiring grots around appear.
 In various bloom the valleys stood below,
 From far the beauteous Syrian roses glow.
 All that perfume the blest Sabæan fields
 Grows here, with all that sacred Nyssa yields.
 Here breath'd the fragrant calamus, and fir,
 Cinnamon, frankincense, and weeping myrrh.
 Shrill birds among the spicy branches sing,
 Their warbling notes along the valleys ring

The winds and waters with a gentle noise
Double the sound, and answer every voice.

The Queen awhile had these diversions prov'd,
And then her court to Babylon remov'd:
But ah! what heights of happiness are free
From fickle chance, or certain destiny?
The princess finds a swift decay controul
The usual force, and vigour of her soul;
Nor struggling nature could its force repel,
While heav'n and earth the public change foretold.

She from the oracle enquires th' event,
The flatt'ring priests this pleasing answer sent:
That from the Gods she drew her heav'nly race,
And shortly must the immortal number grace.
Pleas'd with the glories of her future state,
She yields without reluctance to her fate.

Cyrena ends her tale; the closing day
Withdrew its splendor, and forbid their stay.

BOOK VI.

Joseph's mistress at last discovers her criminal passion to him; but is repulsed. She complains to her nurse, who vainly tries the force of spells. She is sent by her mistress to Harpinus. His cell described. He consults the planets, and flatters her with success; still finding the Hebrew youth inflexible to all her charms, she falsely accuses him to his master, by whom he is confined to a prison:

STILL with impatient love Sabrina pines,
And now to speak the fatal truth designs;
Sooth'd by her own indulgent hopes, which trace
A secret passion in the Hebrew's face.
He sighs, and when he thinks himself alone,
Oft seems some new misfortune to bemoan,
In foreign accents, and a tongue unknown. }
Her vanity an explanation found,
And put a sense on every flatt'ring sound.

Forgetful of her nuptial vows and fame,
She fondly thus betrays her guilty flame:

If yet my torments are to thee unknown,
If yet my sighs the myst'ry have not shewn,
Insensible,——let this confession prove
The strange excess, and grandeur of my love.
Yet had I still my wild desire suppress'd,
Had not thine eyes an equal flame confess'd.

Let me be punish'd with the last disdain,
He said, if e'er I harbour'd thoughts so vain!
I ne'er Sabrina's favour so abus'd,
Nor once your virtue in my heart accus'd.
Should I perfidious (heav'n forbid) offend
My gen'rous master,——I might say my friend;
Let scandal sink my name, when so unjust
I prove, so false to hospitable trust!

Thus with a modest turn he would reclaim
Her am'rous phrenzy, and conceal her shame;
Nor waits her leave but hastily withdrew.
Careless her limbs upon a couch she threw,
And curst her folly with a thousand tears;
Till Iphicle her artful nurse appears;
Of so much grief she press'd to know the cause,
At last the secret from her mistress draws.

You wrong, the Beldam cries, your own desert,
For you have charms, the youth a human heart.
Your beauty might a savage breast inspire,
At sight of you the coldest age takes fire.
But where's the wonder that a bashful boy
Should, at the first address, be nice and coy?
He loves, no doubt, and languishes like you;
But fears th' ambitious motive to pursue:
Nor shall your utmost wishes want redress,
I have a draught that gives divine success;
Nepenthe, which th' immortals quaff above,
These sacred drops rewarded Chemis' love.

When Totis, by his death, the full command
Of Misraim left in fair Charoba's hand,
The rich Gebirus from Chaldea came
With foreign pomp to seek the royal dame.

Chemis adorn'd his train, whose charming face,
 Allur'd a goddess of the wat'ry race;
 On Nilus' banks the young Chaldean stood,
 When lo! Merina rising from the flood,
 Her chariot set with pearl, the wave divides,
 Softly along the silver stream she glides.
 Her robes with pearl and sparkling rubies shine,
 Her brighter eyes express a light divine.
 Nor from her humid bed the blooming day
 Has e'er ascended with a clearer ray.
 Her smiles the raging tempests could appease,
 Allay the winds, and calm the swelling seas.
 She leaves her crystal vaults, and coral groves,
 Her liquid kingdoms, and immortal loves,
 And o'er the grassy meads with Chemis roves. }
 And parting gave him this celestial spell,
 Which ev'ry good procures, and can each ill repel.
 My mother from this youth derives her line,
 And this she left me, as a gift divine,
 By all her ancestors preserv'd with care;
 One heav'nly drop shall banish your despair.

Her flatt'ring nurse's charm she vainly tries,
 For Joseph still her hateful passion flies:
 But obstinate in love, to gain her ends,
 To fam'd Anania Iphicle she sends.

Harpinus there an uncouth dwelling own'd,
 Planted with yew and mournful cypress round;
 Whose shadows every pleasing thought controul,
 And fill with deep anxiety the soul.
 Hither black fiends at dead of night advance,
 The horned Serim thro' the darkness dance:
 From earth, from air, and from the briny deep
 They come, and here nocturnal revels keep.
 From gloomy Acherusia, and the fen
 Of Serbon, and the forest of Birdene;
 From Ophiodes, the serpent isle, they come,
 And Syrtes, where fantastic spectres roam;
 From Chabnus, and the wild Psebarian peak,
 Whose hoary cliffs the clouds long order break.

In hellish banquets, and obscene delights,
 The curst assembly here consume the nights.
 The sick'ning moon her feeble light with-holds,
 In sable clouds her argent horns she folds;
 The constellations quench their glimm'ring fire,
 And frightened far to distant skies retire.

Amidst these horrors, in his echoing cells,
 And winding vaults, the necromancer dwells:
 Passing from room to room, the brazen doors
 Resound, as when exploded thunder roars.
 The day excluded thence, blue sulphur burns,
 With frightful splendor, in a thousand urns.
 The wizard here employs his mighty spells,
 And great events by divination tells;
 Inscribing mystic figures on the ground,
 And mutt'ring words of an unlawful sound;
 Which from their tombs the shiv'ring ghosts compel,
 And force them future secrets to reveal.
 The stars he knew, when adverse, or benign;
 When with malignant influence they shine, }
 Or, darting prosp'rous rays, to love incline.

The nurse a pleasing answer here obtain'd,
 And thus Sabrina's drooping thoughts sustain'd.
 The third succeeding day shall crown your love,
 And every am'rous star propitious prove.

Sabrina feeds the while her guilty flame,
 And now the third appointed morning came;
 When for the favoured youth in haste she sends:
 The message with reluctance he attends.
 Silent she sits: while waiting her commands,
 Fix'd at a formal distance long he stands.
 Her eyes still fix'd on Joseph's beauteous face, }
 A close contempt, and inward hatred trace;
 Yet desp'rate to complete her own disgrace.

Ungrateful youth! she cries, too well I find,
 By these cold looks, thy unrelenting mind.
 Thy savage temper, and unconquer'd pride,
 By words of sacred import thou wouldst hide,
 Thou talk'st of holy ties, and rules severe,
 Pretending some avenging God to fear.

What God, alas! does cruelty command!
 Or human bliss maliciously withstand!
 Such thoughts as these the heav'nly pow'rs arraign,
 Efface their goodness, and their justice stain.
 Would they the gen'rous principle controul,
 Who gave this am'rous bias to the soul?
 What nature is, they made it: nor can bind
 With servile laws the freedom of the mind: }
 Were this our lot, happy the brutal kind,
 That unmolested thro' the forest rove,
 Licentious in their choice, and unconfin'd in love:
 Virtue!—a mere imaginary thing!
 Torment it may, but can no pleasure bring.
 Honour!—'tis nothing but precarious fame.
 For empty breath, for a fantastic name,
 Wilt thou my soft entreaties still deny,
 And see me languish, and unpitied die?
 Consent at last to love's enchanting joys,
 While pleasure calls thee with her tempting voice:
 These folding curtains shall our bliss conceal,
 That no intruding eye our theft reveal.

Deluded fair! the noble youth replies,
 Could we some artful labyrinth devise
 To hide our sin, and far from mortal sight
 Retire, involv'd in all the shades of night;
 Yet there,—expos'd to heav'n's unclouded view,
 Its vengeance would our treachery pursue;
 Distinguish'd plagues would soon our guilt expose,
 While all your sex's glory you must lose.
 To Potiphar alone your vows belong,
 In him a tender lover you must wrong.
 For me, where shall I hide my hated face,
 Could I be conscious of a crime so base?
 No, let me thro' the yawning earth descend,
 Rather than with insolence offend }
 The laws of God, and kindness of my friend!
 My master's favours, endless to recite,
 When I with such ingratitude requite;
 When with a thought so horrid and prophane,
 My faith and spotless loyalty I stain;

Let wrathful lightning flashing round my head,
 And bolts of raging thunder strike me dead!
 Let execrations, and eternal shame,
 Destroy my peace, and blast my hated name!

These words with such an awful air he spoke,
 Celestial virtue sparkling in his look,
 His haughty mistress all her hopes resign'd,
 And felt a different frenzy seize her mind:
 Assisting fiends the hellish thought suggest,
 And blot the tender passion from her breast.
 A crimson scarf with ornamental pride
 Was o'er his graceful shoulders loosely ty'd;
 This furiously she snatch'd, while from th' embrace,
 He frees himself, and quits the hated place.
 She call'd aloud, her voice Cyrena hears,
 And entering saw her well-dissembled tears.
 A tale of proffer'd violence she feigns,
 And of the Hebrew's arrogance complains.
 Alarm'd at her repeated calls, she said,
 The monster left his curst design, and fled.
 His scarf the truth confirm'd; her lord the while
 Returns: her words his easy faith beguile:
 Blinded with rage he calls the injur'd youth,
 And thus upbraids his violated truth:

How canst thou, wretch! belie a mind so base,
 With that undaunted air, and guiltless face?
 Hypocrisy so steady and complete,
 A villain, cautious as thyself, might cheat;
 No wonder then thy practis'd saintly shews
 Should on my honest artless mind impose.
 My soul entire to thee I did resign,
 Except my bed, whate'er I had was thine.
 In fetters let the ungrateful slave be ty'd,
 Some gloomy dungeon shall the monster hide.

Dungeons, he said, and chains I can defy,
 But would not, curst with your displeasure, die.
 This sad reflection aggravates my fate:
 How shall I bear my gen'rous master's hate?

Oh stay! at least my vindication hear,
 While by th' unutterable name I swear,
 My thoughts are all from this injustice clear.
 He ceas'd, and still Sabrina's shame conceals,
 Nor one accusing word her fraud reveals.
 Now to a damp unwholesome vault convey'd,
 Joseph in ignominious chains is laid.

BOOK VII.

An angel visits Joseph in prison, and in a prophetic vision shews him his own advancement, and the future fate of his father's posterity, their bondage and miraculous deliverance. The keeper of the ward convinced of Joseph's innocence, treats him with great esteem. The dreams of his fellow prisoners; and Joseph's interpretation.

TWAS night, and now advanc'd the solemn hour;
 The keeper of the prison, from his tow'r,
 Astonish'd, sees a form divinely bright,
 Smile thro' the shades, and dissipate the night;
 With streaming splendor tracing all the way,
 It enters where the new-come pris'ner lay.
 Some God, he cries, who innocence defends,
 Some God in that propitious light descends.
 This stranger sure, whate'er the fact can be,
 Alledg'd against him, from the guilt is free.
 The sacred vision to the youth appears,
 His spirits with celestial fragrance cheers.
 His heav'nly smiles would ev'n despair controul,
 And with immortal rapture fill the soul;
 His youthful brows a fair tiara crown'd,
 A folding zone his gaudy vestments bound,
 Embroider'd high with Amaranthus round.
 Such wings th' Arabian phoenix never wore,
 Sprinkled with gold, and shading purple o'er.

Beneficent his aspect and address,
 His lips seraphic harmony express;
 His voice might stay the invading sleep of death,
 While these soft words flow from his balmy breath :

From the unclouded realms of day above,
 From endless pleasures, and unbounded love,
 From painted fields deck'd with immortal flow'rs,
 From blissful valleys, and ethereal bow'rs,
 I come commission'd by peculiar grace,
 With great presages to thy future race.

This Gabriel spoke; the pious Hebrew's breast
 Prophetic flame and pow'r divine confess:
 An awful silence, and profound suspence,
 Clos'd the tumultuous avenues of sense;
 The heav'nly trance, each wand'ring thought con-

fin'd,
 Collects the operations of the mind,
 While Gabriel all the inward scene design'd.

Before him, rais'd to high dominion, all
 His humble brethren in prostration fall;
 His joyful eyes again his father see,
 He takes the blessing on his bended knee.
 Vastly in numbers Jacob's sons encreas'd,
 Poor vassals by the Egyptians are distress'd,
 And by a royal tyrant's yoke oppress'd.
 To heav'n they cry, an aid that never fails;
 Heav'n hears the cry, the potent pray'r prevails.

A mighty prophet, by divine command,
 Does bold before the raging monarch stand,
 And brings his great credentials in his hand.
 Across the ground his wond'rous rod he throws;
 The rod transform'd a moving serpent grows,
 Unfolds his speckled train, and o'er the pavement
 flows.

A dazzling train of miracles ensue,
 Which speak the prophet, and his mission true.

The springs, the standing lakes, and running flood,
 His pow'rful word converts to reeking blood;
 The wounded billows stain the verdant shore,
 Advancing slowly with a mournful roar.

Infernal night her sable wings extends,
 And from the black unbottom'd deep ascends;
 The seer denounces plagues on man and beast;
 Contagious torments soon the air infest;
 Aloud he bids a sudden tempest rise,
 On rapid wings the storm obedient flies;
 Th' extending skies are rent from pole to pole,
 Blue lightnings flash, and dreadful thunders roll.

Nor yet th' obdurate king the God reveres,
 Whom ev'ry element obsequious fears;
 Till vengeful strokes of pow'r confest divine,
 With clear, but terrible conviction shine.

The night was cover'd with unusual dread,
 While ev'ry star malignant influence shed.
 Pale spectres thro' the streets of Zoan roam,
 From sepulchres amazing echoes come;
 While, like a flaming meteor, down the skies,
 With threar'ning speed the fatal angel flies.
 Reluctant justice, with a grace severe,
 Sits in his looks, and triumphs in his air.
 A crested helmet shades his awful brows,
 Behind his military vesture flows,
 And like an ev'ning's ruddy meteor glows. }

He grasps his sword, unsheath'd for certain fate,
 Destruction, death, and terror on him wait;
 Mortal the stroke, invisible the wound,
 While dying groans with mingled shrieks resound.
 From house to house the dreadful rumour runs,
 While wretched fathers mourn their first-born sons.

The alarm'd Egyptians, at the break of day,
 Hurry the sacred multitude away:
 But Pharaoh soon his daring sin renews,
 Blaspheming loud the rescu'd slaves puffoes;
 The fearful tribes stand trembling on the shore,
 The foe behind, a raging sea before.

Their glorious chief extends his pow'ful wand,
 And gives the mighty signal from the strand;
 Th' obedient waves the mighty signal take,
 And parting crowd the distant surges back;

On either hand, like crystal hills, they rise,
 Between a wide stupendous valley lies:
 With joyful shouts the grateful Hebrews pass,
 Nor does the harden'd-foe decline the chase;
 Till heav'n's command the war'ry chain dissolves,
 And in the whelming deep their pride involves.
 While Israel thro' the desert take their way,
 Led by a cloud which marches on by day;
 But resting cheer'd th' encamping host by night,
 With lambent flame, and unexampled light.

Where lofty Sinah shades the neighb'ring plain,
 Commanded now the sacred tribes remain;
 Prepar'd with mystic rites, to hear with awe,
 Their Saviour God pronounce their future law:
 Close bounds the mountain guard from all approach,
 That rashly none the hallow'd place might touch.

Reluctant see th' appointed morning rise,
 And fiery splendors glow around the skies.
 While from th' ethereal summit God descends,
 Beneath his feet the starry convex bends.
 His radiant form majestic darkness hides,
 While on the tempest's rapid wings he rides.
 The trembling earth his awful presence owns,
 The forest flames, the cleaving desert groans,
 Each river back his wand'ring current calls,
 And rushing down the subterranean falls,
 To the profoundest caves affrighted flies,
 Reveal'd and bare each sandy channel lies.
 Their stately heads the ancient mountains sink,
 And to a level with the vales would shrink;
 Again secure in their primeval beds,
 Beneath the waves would hide their fearful heads.
 Old Sinah quakes at the tremendous weight,
 That press'd with awful feet his cloudy height;
 Obscur'd with blackness, shades, and curling smoke,
 Prodigious lightnings from the darkness broke;
 While raging thunders round the welkin fly,
 Th' ethereal trumpet sounding loud and high.

Adoring low the pious nation bend,
 And now the solemn voice of God attend:
 The angel shifts the scene, and leaves the rest
 Inimitable all, and not to be express'd.

The curtain'd tabernacle next he paints,
 Nor colours for the gay pavilion wants;
 The golden altar, with attending priests,
 Their sacred pomp, and instituted vests.
 Then brings the favour'd tribes where Jordan flows,
 And all the well-known bordering landskip shows.

An airy conquest on Bethoron's plain,
 The warlike sons of Jacob now obtain:
 Before the troops a glorious leader stands,
 A painted jav'lin balanc'd in his hands;
 He boldly thus the rolling orbs commands:

Thou sun! to lengthen this victorious day,
 With ling'ring beams on lofty Gibeah stay:
 And thou, fair moon! retard thy hasty flight,
 And gild the vales of Ajalon at night.

This said, the flying army they pursue,
 And all the Amorean kings o'erthrew.
 The promis'd land entirely gain'd, they spread
 Their peaceful dwellings round Moriah's head.

But with the night the pleasing vision flies;
 Gabriel unseal'd the youthful prophet's eyes,
 His senses from the heav'nly trance releas'd,
 And all the sacred agitation ceas'd.

The thoughtful keeper early to the vault
 Descends, and thence the injur'd pris'ner brought;
 Treats him with kindness, and a just regard,
 And gave him all the freedom of the ward.

Of Pharaoh's servants two were here detain'd,
 The steward, who his table did command,
 With him that fill'd the royal cup with wine;
 Suspected both as traitors in design.

Joseph, observing a dejected air
 Sat heavy in their eyes, with friendly care
 Enquires the cause, which freely both reveal,
 Mysterious dreams of the past night they tell.

And thus the first:—Methought a goodly vine
 Grew up, unprop'd, three waving branches thine
 With purple grapes, and to my hand incline:
 I press'd the tempting fruit without controul,
 Then gave to Pharaoh's hand the flowing bowl.

The next begins:—Three canisters replete
 With royal viands, and luxurious meat,
 Oppress'd my drooping head, while birds of prey
 With direful croakings snatch'd the food away.

Unhappy man! thy dream from God was sent,
 The Hebrew said, and full of black portent:
 The third returning day shall bring thy doom,
 When thou a prey to vultures shalt become.

Then to the first, these joyful comments sound;
 Before the sun has twice fulfill'd his round,
 Thou with thy former honours shalt be crown'd.
 But in the triumph of thy prosp'rous fate,
 Kindly remember my unhappy state,
 Who by the blackest falshood here am stay'd;
 To this the man a courtier's promise made.

BOOK VIII.

Joseph's mistress languishes in sorrow and remorse for her treachery: which she confesses in the agonies of death. Pharaoh's prophetic dreams interpreted by Joseph. His grandeur and marriage with the daughter of an Egyptian priest.

BUT now Sabrina's guilty fire returns,
 Her bosom with her raging passion burns;
 She with a female tenderness relents,
 And all her former cruelty repents.
 By her accus'd, in chains the captive lies,
 For whom she fondly languishes and dies,
 Tormented, and enrag'd, she often curst
 Her pride, her folly, and revengeful lust.

A deep remorse, from conscious of her sin,
 With constant horrors vex her soul within.
 Her thoughts ten thousand racking torments feel,
 Yet in her treach'rous crime obdurate still.
 Her life and youthful spirits melt away,
 Her beauty withers with a swift decay:
 By day she wildly raves; consumes the night
 In thoughtless watchings, and imagin'd fright;
 While airy terrors glide before her sight. }
 Pale ghosts, with wide distorted eye-balls stare,
 And burning spectres thro' the darkness glare.
 Till forc'd by fate, and torments more intense,
 To vindicate suspected innocence,
 To Potiphar the hidden truth she tells,
 And all the faithless mystery reveals.

And now he comes—insulting death! she cries,
 Perpetual darkness swims before my eyes.
 If there are Gods that human things regard,
 My monstrous crimes will meet a just reward.
 Oh sacred virtue! at thine awful name
 I start, and all my former thoughts disclaim;
 For thou art no fantastic empty thing,
 From thee alone unmingled pleasures spring.
 The world, the boundless universe I'd give,
 My first unblemish'd honour to retrieve:
 'Tis vainly wish'd!—to some strange realms below,
 Some dark uncomfortable coasts I go.

She spoke, and gasping in the pangs of death,
 With ling'ring agonies resign'd her breath:
 While Joseph by the courtier was forgot;
 Till fate the period of his freedom brought.

Th' Egyptian monarch from a short repose,
 And troubled visions, with the morning rose,
 To explain the doubtful omens in his breast,
 He summons ev'ry planetary priest:
 Their orders which to different stars belong,
 Were soon assembled, a surprising throng;
 Sullen their looks, and varied was their vest,
 A wild devotion thro' the whole express'd.

One wore a mantle of a leaden hue,
 Trailing behind a sweeping length it drew;
 With poppies, aconite, and hellebore,
 Mandrake, and nightshade, strangely figur'd o'er;
 A treble twist of serpents curling round,
 With monstrous ornament the foldings bound.

With some a verdant forest seem'd to move,
 Their flowing robes with palmy branches wove.
 With panthers, bears, and every savage beast
 Express'd in lively colours, some were dress'd.
 On others eagles spread their wings, on some
 Appear'd the ostrich's hieroglyphic plume;
 While others wore a painted crocodile,
 With all the monstrous progeny of Nile.

Nasar, a youth vow'd to the morning-star,
 With budding roses had adorn'd his hair.
 His raiment of inestimable cost
 Glitter'd with pearl, an imitated frost.
 O'erspread with landscapes wrought in miniature,
 Surprising scenes the ravish'd sight allure:
 Clear fountains, flow'ry walks, and myrtle groves,
 Peacocks with gaudy trains, and shining doves.

The prince with anxious looks relates his dreams,
 The doubtful sages search their heav'nly schemes:
 But all their stars were mute, the meaning flies
 In trackless darkness, and obscure disguise.

The bearer of the cup did now reflect
 On his past danger and his base neglect;
 And thus his royal master he address'd;
 Be Pharaoh's bounty, and my guilt confess'd.
 When with my fellow criminal detain'd,
 We by thy justice in the ward remain'd,
 A Hebrew youth, unjustly there confin'd,
 From nightly omens which perplex'd the mind,
 With clear conviction did our lot unfold;
 My honour, and the steward's doom foretold.
 Amidst the solemn darkness of the night,
 His cell has glitter'd with ethereal light;

For highly favour'd by the immortal Gods,
To visit him they left their bright abodes.

Joseph, unfetter'd, they from prison bring,
By heav'n inspir'd, he stands before the king;
Who thus repeats his dream: Methought I stood
On the fair borders of our sacred flood:
While, curious, I survey'd the spreading stream,
Seven bulky oxen from the river came,
Fat and well-favour'd: o'er the verdant mead
They proudly rang'd, and on the pasture feed:
When just their number rose, of aspect four,
Ill-shap'd, and meagre, who the first devour.
The scene was chang'd, when springing in my walk,
Seven blades of corn adorn'd one bending stalk,
Ripen'd and full; when lo! a second rears
His blasted top, with seven unfruitful ears;
This swallowed greedily the former store,
As the lean oxen did the fat before.
I woke with great anxiety oppress'd,
And for the meaning ev'ry God address'd.

The Almighty God o'er earth and skies supreme,
The youthful prophet cries, has sent this dream
To Pharaoh, which discovers future things;
What changes on the world his pleasure brings.
With one intent the sacred vision came,
Of both the hidden meaning is the same.

Seven plenteous years begin their joyful round,
The fields with boundless harvests shall be crown'd;
Then seven unprosperous years shall these devour,
And leave no remnant of the former store.

But that the people and the king may live,
This counsel heav'n commissions me to give,
That wasteful luxury should be restrain'd,
And wise intendants thro' the realm ordain'd:
Let these against the threat'ning ill provide,
Lay up the corn, and o'er the stores preside.

This youth by some propitious pow'r was sent,
The prince replies, our ruin to prevent:
Then bids them an imperial vestment bring,
And from his finger draws a costly ring;

And this, he said, a sacred pledge shall be
 Of those bright honours I reserve for thee.
 My pow'r, my kingdom, I to thee resign,
 The sov'reign title only shall be mine:
 To thee my noblest favourites shall bow,
 Our guardian god, our great preserver thou!

His second chariot then the king ordains
 Should be prepar'd: white steeds with scarlet reins
 The triumph drew; they champ the golden bit,
 And spurn the dusty ground with airy feet.
 On high with princely pomp the youth was plac'd,
 With marks of pow'r, and regal ensigns grac'd.
 Gay heralds, bow the knee, before him cry,
 The crowd adore him as he passes by:
 Nor here the royal favours were confin'd,
 Great Pharaoh's daughter is his bride design'd.

The night had twice in fable triumph reign'd,
 And twice the circling light its empire gain'd;
 When from his high apartment Joseph sees
 A lofty temple through the waving trees,
 To Isis vow'd: He from the gilded dome
 Ravish'd beheld a beauteous virgin come.
 An artless modesty improves her face,
 An elegant reserve, and matchless grace,
 A rosy tincture in her cheeks appears,
 Lovely as that the blooming morning wears:
 Her eyes a sprightly blue; her length of hair
 Dishevel'd hung, like threads of silver fair.
 Long strings of jet and pearl, in mingled twists,
 Adorn'd her well-shap'd neck, and slender wrists.
 Her robes were heav'nly azure, sprinkled o'er
 With stars; a crescent on her breast she wore.

The wounded Hebrew for the virgin sigh'd,
 And felt a growing passion yet untry'd:
 Her lovely image, on his mind impress'd,
 Had fix'd her empire in his yielding breast.
 But oh! what anguish did his soul invade,
 When he was told, the lov'd enchanting maid

At Isis' holy shrine devoutly bow'd,
 A virgin priestess to the goddess vow'd:
 This, this, he cry'd, must all my hopes confound,
 Helpless my grief, incurable my wound!

Meantime the same uncontradicted goes,
 That he th' Egyptian princess must espouse.
 Pain'd and distress'd, he hears the spreading news,
 And dreads the offer, which he must refuse,
 Or with dissembled vows the imperial maid abuse,
 Asenah's pow'r (that was the priestess' name)
 Would in his breast admit no rival flame.

The royal maid no less unhappy prov'd,
 Who long illustrious Orramel had lov'd;
 An Ethiopian prince, whose faultless face,
 And shape exceeded all the tawny race.
 His features nobly turn'd, his piercing eyes
 Sparkled like stars amidst the gloomy skies;
 At once they dazzled, and engag'd the sight
 With awful lustre, and imperious light.
 Black as a midnight cloud, his yielding hair
 In easy curls waves to the gentle air.

The princess, pain'd with secret discontent,
 Her father's purpose labours to prevent;
 In vain! the king obstructs her young desires,
 But first the pleasure of the Gods enquires.

Just Potiphora, an unblemish'd priest,
 His piety sincere, but ill address'd,
 While fragrant incense round the temple smokes,
 Osiris from the monarch he invokes.
 The fiends, in hopes to cross the great design,
 And awful will of providence divine,
 With penalties forbid the king's intent,
 The Hebrew's future greatness to prevent:
 Then nam'd the fair Asenah for his bride,
 And blindly with eternal fate comply'd:
 Effecting heav'n's predestinated ends,
 While Joseph's ruin envious hell intends;
 Nor doubts the young idolatress would prove
 His snare, and soon seduce him with her love.

The priest, yet trembling, near the altar stands,
 And dreads the sacrilege the God commands,
 My daughter nam'd! he cries, to Isis vow'd
 By mystic rites, which no reverse allow'd!
 It must be so!—The Gods pronounce it fit,
 The priest his will, the king must his submit.
 The maid reluctant leaves the holy shrine,
 But yields obedience to the pow'r's divine.
 The gift as heav'n's the joyful youth regards,
 Which thus bright virtue crowns, and sacred truth re-
 wards.

BOOK IX.

The seven plenteous years; with the ensuing years of scarcity. Joseph's character as regent over the land of Egypt. Jacob distressed with the famine sends his sons thither for corn. Joseph discovers his brethren, but is unknown of them. Pretends to suspect them as public spies, and keeps them three days in prison; at last sends them back, with a charge to bring their younger brother with them, and detains Simeon as an hostage till their return.

THE joyful years, with smiling plenty crown'd,
 In shining circles, now advanc'd their round:
 Unbounded crops reward the reaper's toil,
 And rustic pleasures cheer the banks of Nile.
 The Hebrew, late advanc'd by royal grace,
 With dignity and splendor fills his place,
 Still watchful for the public good, with care
 Restrains excess by penalties severe,
 While justice, truth, and temp'rate virtue, reign'd
 Amidst the height of plenty thro' the land:
 His prudent sway, the grateful people bless
 In all the calm serenity of peace.

But soon the smiling years their period run,
 A gloomy æra now its course begun:

At Isis' holy shrine devoutly bow'd,
 A virgin priestess to the goddess vow'd?
 This, this, he cry'd, must all my hopes confound,
 Helpless my grief, incurable my wound!

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 With penalties forbid the king's intent,
 The Hebrew's future greatness to prevent:
 Then nam'd the fair Asenah for his bride,
 And blindly with eternal fate comply'd:
 Effecting heav'n's predestinated ends,
 While Joseph's ruin envious hell intends;
 Nor doubts the young idolatress would prove
 His snare, and soon seduce him with her love.

The priest, yet trembling, near the altar stands,
 And dreads the sacrilege the God commands,
 My daughter nam'd! he cries, to Isis vow'd
 By mystic rites, which no reverse allow'd!
 It must be so! — The Gods pronounce it fit,
 The priest his will, the king must his submit.
 The maid reluctant leaves the holy shrine,
 But yields obedience to the pow'rs divine.
 The gift as heav'n's the joyful youth regards,
 Which thus bright virtue crowns, and sacred truth re-
 wards.

BOOK IX.

The seven plenteous years; with the ensuing years of scarcity. Joseph's character as regent over the land of Egypt. Jacob distressed with the famine sends his sons thither for corn. Joseph discovers his brethren, but is unknown of them. Pretends to suspect them as public spies, and keeps them three days in prison; at last sends them back, with a charge to bring their younger brother with them, and detains Simeon as an hostage till their return.

THE jocund years, with smiling plenty crown'd,
 In shining circles, now advanc'd their round:
 Unbounded crops reward the reaper's toil,
 And rustic pleasures cheer the banks of Nile.
 The Hebrew, late advanc'd by royal grace,
 With dignity and splendor fills his place,
 Still watchful for the public good, with care
 Restrains excess by penalties severe,
 While justice, truth, and temp'rate virtue, reign'd
 Amidst the height of plenty thro' the land:
 His prudent sway, the grateful people bless
 In all the calm serenity of peace.

But soon the smiling years their period run,
 A gloomy æra now its course begun:

Pale famine comes, with her malignant train,
 Dries up the springs, and taints the fertile plain;
 The trees decay, each flow'r, and balmy plant
 Pine at their roots, and vital humour want:
 No pearly moisture on the meadow lies,
 To fan the air no gentle breezes rise.
 The languid moon sheds from her silent sphere
 No cooling dews, the thirsty earth to cheer.
 A sultry night ensues a scorching day;
 While dismal signs the fiery clouds display.

Nor Egypt mourns alone her blasted ground,
 Pale famine stalks thro' all the regions round:
 Moriah's plain, and Hermon's flow'ry hill,
 Wither'd and bare, the hot contagion feel:
 That fertile climate, by peculiar grace,
 Design'd the lot of Abraham's future race.
 Where long with peace, and fatal plenty gay,
 The pagan princes bore imperial sway,
 Their crimes not full:—While Jacob sojourn'd here:
 A stranger, as his great forefathers were:
 The common fate he shares, with famine press'd,
 And for his num'rous family distress'd:
 He sends his sons, by heav'nly conduct led,
 To Egypt's plenteous granaries, for bread:
 Domestic wants require their utmost haste,
 And Zion's regal tow'rs they reach at last.

With soft Assyria, now in all her pride
 Of wealth and grandeur Pharaoh's palace vy'd:
 More honour'd still the rising fav'rite grew,
 No bounds his royal master's kindness knew:
 His graceful person, charming to the sight,
 Majestic, yet more mild than morning light:
 His virtues every grateful tongue employ,
 The people's boast, their wonder, and their joy.
 All private views were to his soul unknown,
 He made the kingdom's welfare still his own:
 Th' oppressor's wrongs, are by his power redress'd;
 He guards the orphan, succours the distress'd.
 His fame to distant countries flies abroad,
 While Egypt names him as her guardian God.

Affiduous still, his officers attend
Where neighb'ring states their num'rous convoys send;
Who for themselves, and pining race implore
The food of life from his abundant store.

Among the foremost of the suppliant crowd
The Hebrew swains with low submission bow'd;
With stern regard each kindred face he views,
Their sight the late detested scene renews;
Their parting malice and inhuman rage
To just revenge his swelling thoughts engage.

Long silent, in a gloomy pause he stands;
At last their country, business, name, demands.

My Lord, thy servants (with a modest grace,
Judah replies) are all of Hebrew race:

Twelve brethren late, a joyful father's boast,
Till one, by some unhappy chance was lost;
The youngest with his aged sire remains
The darling, which his drooping life sustains:
To purchase corn we come, our failing breath
And infant race, to save from ling'ring death.

Thy tale (he said) unfolds its own disguise,
By Pharaoh's sacred life, you all are spies:
Then to the guards with stern command he turns,
While yet resentment in his bosom burns;
In close confinement be these men retain'd,
Till we some knowledge of their plot have gain'd.

With just remorse and secret horror struck,
The conscious Hebrews at each other look,
In foreign accents, to the guards unknown,
Their length of unrepented sin they own;
Joseph, not yet withdrawn, their language hears,
And hastes away to hide the gushing tears.

Oh! we are guilty of our brother's blood,
Tho' heav'n th' intended fratricide withstood:
With unrelenting haste, for sordid gold,
The gent'le youth to Medianites we sold
A slave, and such perhaps he still may live;
Almighty God, the monstrous crime forgive!

Unmov'd we saw the anguish of his breast,
 In mournful looks, and flowing tears express;
 Unmov'd, and lost to nature, virtue, sense,
 Unmov'd we heard his tender eloquence.
 Such beauty, innocence, and blooming grace
 Would have subdu'd in wilds a savage race.
 What caves, what dungeons, should such monsters hide.
 We stand condemn'd, and heav'n is justify'd.

When Reuben, who the barb'rous fact disclaim'd,
 In these sad terms their former malice blam'd;
 Would heav'n your flowing tears might wash away
 The bloody stains of that detested day;
 Its horror, with eternal grief, I trace;
 The soft impression of my brother's face
 Dwells on my heart, the tragic scene I view,
 The mournful object is for ever new.
 Methinks I see the anguish, the surprise,
 The melting sorrow in his lovely eyes,
 While kneeling, pleading all the tender claims
 Of kindred blood, he singly call'd your names,
 And one by one invoc'd—what pow'r I had
 Was all employ'd to save the guiltless lad.
 His filial love, and goodness free from art,
 Touch'd every tender motion in my heart,
 When for his drooping father's hoary age
 He try'd your soft compassion to engage:
 I hear his cries, while round his suppliant hands,
 Without remorse, you ty'd the cruel bands;
 My soul is wounded with the farewell groan,
 When to the yawning pit you forc'd him down.

What hellish frenzy did your bosoms fire
 Against such youth and virtue to conspire?
 What was his mighty crime?—a childish dream,
 A sleeping fancy's visionary scheme:
 His blood's aveng'd—while here we lie confin'd,
 Our wretched offspring are with famine pin'd.

Their eldest brother's just reproach they own,
 And humbly now address th' eternal throne.
 With penitence sincere they only mourn,
 While thrice the day and tedious night return.

Meantime the thoughtful regent in his breast
 The first vindictive motions had suppress'd,
 When early for the Hebrew train he sends,
 And kindness in a stern disguise intends;
 Conducted to his presence, prostrate all
 (As once their sheaves before his sheaf) they fall.

If he pow'r that sits above the stars I fear
 (He said) nor shall you find injustice here,
 To prove that you have no clandestine view,
 Nor hostile aim, but are to honour true,
 One of your kindred number left behind,
 Th' attending guards shall as an hostage bind;
 Secure from wrong the captive shall remain,
 If at set limits you return again:
 But be for ever exiles from the place,
 Nor ever hope again to see my face,
 Unless you bring your youngest brother here,
 No more on Egypt's fatal coast appear;
 Be this a proof your words have no disguise,
 Or you, by Pharaoh's sacred life, are spies.
 Alas, my lord, in tents thy servants sleep,
 (The swains reply'd) our herds and bleating sheep
 Ingross our humble cares, no martial claims
 Disturb our minds, no wild ambitious aims:
 Strangers to pompous courts, the flow'ry field,
 And tuneful grove, to us their pleasure yield;
 Unenvy'd there, secure from noise and strife,
 In harmless ease we spend a peateful life;
 Our costliest banquets in some balmy shade,
 With nature's simple luxury are made;
 No dreams of grandeur, no aspiring thought,
 Thy servants to the Memphian limits brought;
 Distress'd with famine, to this friendly shore,
 We came, your kind assistance to implore.

This said, they find themselves dismiss'd at last
 With full supplies, and to their country haste.
 When scarce arriv'd before their father's tent
 His busy thoughts presag'd some sad event;
 The captive son was miss'd—his fears t' expel,
 Th' unpleasant truth in soothing words they tell.

With temper every circumstance he hears,
 Till the fond prop of his declining years,
 His Benjamin, was nam'd—that cruel part,
 In spite of all their well-meant flatt'ring art,
 With piercing anguish wounds his inmost soul,
 No pleas of reason can its force controul.
 His hoary head, with weighty sorrow press'd,
 Dejected sunk upon his pensive breast.
 The careful trav'lers now their sacks unt'y'd,
 Surpriz'd, their coin restor'd again they spy'd.

What can these myst'ries mean, good Jacob said,
 What fatal storm is breaking o'er my head?
 Why is my life prolong'd? of bliss bereft!
 Joseph is not:—my single comfort left,
 To distant climes an exile you would bear,
 Against me all these sad events appear;
 But know, the flame of life shall quit my heart
 Ere with the lovely blooming youth I part.

Content we then must sacrifice our lives,
 Our guiltless offspring, and our tender wives,
 (Judah replies) condemn'd to perish here,
 And ne'er again on Egypt's coasts appear:
 The man, the mighty ruler of the land,
 With eyes to heav'n address'd, and lifted hand,
 The man protested with a solemn grace,
 Not one of us should ever see his face,
 Nor other proof our innocence should clear,
 Unless we brought our youngest brother there.

And why would you that needless truth make known,
 Or that you had a younger brother own?

The anxious parent said.—Alas, could we,
 Reuben replies, the consequence foresee?
 Or had the certainty been fully known,
 Could we, with specious lies, the fact disown?
 Or straitly question'd by a man so great,
 Conceal our public or domestic state?
 Indeed he roughly talk'd, but still there broke
 Some secret pity through his fiercest look;
 However dark the past events appear,
 We've nothing from such clemency to fear;

Where'er with easy state he pass'd along,
 His virtues echo'd through the shouting throng:
 Then why, my honour'd sire, these vain delays?
 Paternal cares a thousand scruples raise;
 Your Simeon bound, a slave unransom'd lies,
 Our time's elaps'd, and we condemn'd for spies:
 Commit your darling to my faithful hand,
 Of me again the sacred pledge demand.
 Two lovely boys, adorn'd with every grace,
 Secure I leave as sureties in his place;
 If any negligence my honour stain,
 Without compassion let them both be slain.

Half yielding now he stands—their household straits,
 Judah with artless eloquence repeats.

With fault'ring speech, and anguish in his eyes,
 Then go in peace, the vanquish'd patriarch cries:
 Celestial providence your steps attend,
 And angel guards from every ill defend;
 With doubled money for your corn advance,
 Perhaps the restoration was a chance:
 But take some grateful present in your hand,
 The balmy products of your native land:
 And be th' eternal majesty implor'd
 (The God my great progenitors ador'd)
 To grant you favour in the ruler's sight,
 And bring your injur'd innocence to light:
 But know, if mischief should the lad attend,
 My hoary hairs down to the grave ye send.

BOOK X.

The Hebrews return with their youngest brother into Egypt. Joseph treats them with great kindness and a splendid entertainment; but still he conceals his relation to them. At last they are dismissed with plentiful supplies of corn; but the steward, as commanded by his lord, secretly conveys a silver cup into Benjamin's sack. After they are gone out of the city, he pursues and charges them with the pretended theft; and at last he finds it in Benjamin's sack. They return with consternation, when Joseph discovers himself to them.

THEIR father's blessing on their knees they take,
And now to Memphis quick advances make,
Where safe arriv'd, but fearful of their doom,
To Joseph's steward hastily they come,
Disclose in humble terms their late mistake,
And render doubl'd all the money back.

Your father's God (he said) your coin restor'd,
'Twas justly paid, then leads them to his lord.

Their gifts, with prostrate homage they present,
His gracious smiles their rising doubts prevent:
Forgetful of himself, with eager haste,
He forward stept, and Benjamin embrac'd:
His heart expands with sympathetic joy,
While in his arms he folds the wond'ring boy;
Fond nature struggles with the vain disguise,
A brother sparkles in his radiant eyes:
Scarce all his grandeur from the gentle youth
(With mutual capture touch'd) conceals the truth;
And half disclos'd the kindred soul appears,
Till Joseph flies to hide the swelling tears,
That melting love and soft surprize excite,
But recollected, soon returns in sight.

Conducts them now into a spacious hall
Where well-born slaves, obsequious to the call,

To luxury injur'd, with artful care,
 A splendid banquet instantly prepare;
 Embroider'd carpets cover all the ground,
 While fragrant ointments spread their odours round,
 Large silver layers, with officious care,
 The gay attendants round the circle bear.

And now with costly fare and sparkling wine
 Of various sorts, the loaded tables shine,
 Beneath a glittering canopy of state,
 In Tyrian robes, the graceful regent sat;
 With all the bounty of a royal feast
 He nobly entertains each Hebrew guest:
 Their hostage freed the mutual joy completes,
 In order plac'd, they take their destin'd seats:
 With sprightly wines, and social converse gay,
 In guiltless mirth they spend the fleeting day.

In calm repose supinely past the night,
 Till rising with the morning's rosy light,
 They haste away, with full provisions stor'd,
 In every sack (as order'd by his lord)
 Their coin, the steward secretly convey'd,
 A silver cup in Benjamin's was laid.

Secure the suburbs utmost bounds were past,
 When with a feign'd concern and anxious haste,
 He overtakes the hindmost of the train,
 And thus accosts them in an angry strain:

How could you thus, ungrateful and unjust,
 Against the rules of hospitable trust,
 Combine, the consecrated cup to steal,
 By which my lord does secret things reveal?

With what strange meaning is thy language fraught,
 Surpriz'd, they cry, we're guiltless, even in thought,
 And by th' immortal God, we dare protest,
 Such black designs are strangers to our breast;
 Our coin unask'd exactly we restor'd,
 How should we then abuse thy injur'd lord,
 And basely gold, or silver, from him steal,
 While recent favours yet our thanks compel?

If such enormous guilt our bosoms stain,
Vassals for life thy servants shall remain;
The wretch, convicted of a crime so high,
Unpity'd here before thy face shall die.

Content, he said, and search'd their burdens round;
At last, the cup in Benjamin's was found:
With wild despair, their folding vests they rent,
And backward to the royal office went.

The regent here, but oh! how chang'd, they find,
No more the mild, beneficent and kind,
But fiercely asking in an alter'd tone,
What wrong is this your guilty hands have done?
You well might know, where dress and learning shine,
A man like me must certainly divine.

Prostrate they fall, while Judah for the rest,
With mingled sighs their mutual grief express'd:

What can I say?—how shall thy servant speak?
In what pathetic words my silence break?
What energy of language shall I find,
To paint the wild distraction of my mind?
Justice divine, with keen revenge begins
To reckon up our lengthen'd score of sins;
Our secret crimes, this rigorous stroke demand;
And self condemn'd, we here thy vassals stand.

No,—cries the gracious regent, only he
With whom the cup was found, my slave shall be;
Return in peace, your needless fears resign,
This youth, a public criminal, is mine.

When Judah thus (still gently drawing near)
Be pleas'd, my lord, to lend a gracious ear,
While I the tender circumstance repeat,
And for my father's hoary age intreat.

Two lovely boys, the pleasure of his life,
And only offspring of a beauteous wife,
The elder branch by an untimely death,
Snatch'd from his arms, long since resign'd his breath;
The youngest, who does now his care engage,
The single prop of his declining age,

The constant theme of every pleasing thought,
 Your strict command, my lord; has hither brought:
 Our sire (thy servant) long refus'd to grant
 The pressing suit, till forc'd by meagre want,
 And just concern, to clear our injur'd truth,
 He to my conduct gave the gentle youth.

But oh, what killing anguish pierc'd his heart,
 When thus compell'd with Benjamin to part:
 With all the eloquence that filial love
 Could e'er inspire to calm his fears I strove;
 But all in vain, on dismal thoughts intent,
 If mischief should his blooming life prevent,
 My hoary hairs, he said, with grief oppress'd,
 Must to the gloomy grave descend for rest.

And I, unhappy, whither shall I go
 To shun that dark distracting scene of woe?
 My father's wretchedness I cannot see,
 Depriv'd of every future joy by me;
 For I, with all the arguments I had,
 Became myself a surety for the lad,
 And must again the precious pledge restore,
 Or see my aged parent's face no more.

My lord, you seem to have a tender heart,
 (Though sometimes forc'd to act a rigorous part)
 This first, unfortunate offence forgive,
 Or let thy servant here a vassal live,
 A bond-slave in my youngest brother's stead,
 Condemn'd no more my native soil to tread.

No longer Joseph, could his tears controul,
 Or hide the soft emotions of his soul;
 Relenting signs, the watchful Hebrews saw,
 In haste he bids th' attendants all withdraw.

I am your brother Joseph, then he cries,
 With tears and melting goodness in his eyes,
 That brother you to Midian merchants sold
 On Dothan's plain——nor need the rest be told.

The cruel fact, alas, too well they knew,
 And, with disorder'd looks, each other view.

He then demands—how fares my honour'd sire?
 Confus'd and mute they farther off retire;
 A guilty shame on every face was spread.

Come near, my brethren, then he mildly said,
 Reflect not on yourselves, with thoughts severe,
 It was not you, but God, that sent me here;
 His goodness rul'd the circumstance and place,
 To save the stock of Abraham's sacred race;
 Five years of cruel famine yet remain,
 While destitute of hope the careful swain,
 Shall neither sow nor reap—the burning soil,
 Untill'd shall lie, or mock his fruitless toil;
 But heav'n has sent me here to save your lives,
 Your infant offspring, and your tender wives.

Th' Egyptian king, in every virtue great,
 Ordains me second ruler in the state;
 The strength, the pow'r, the wealth of all the land,
 Without restraint, are trusted to my hand.

Return, and in my father's ears relate
 The plenty, pomp, and grandeur of my state;
 Tell him, I long his hoary age to greet,
 And throw myself in raptures at his feet:
 Let him come down to Goshen's healthful air,
 His whole domestic charge shall be my care.

Dismiss your fears—this painful silence break!
 You see a friend! you hear a brother speak!
 Behold the tender motions of my heart,
 No more disguised with grandeur, or with art!
 Regard me well, the kindred features trace,
 You'll find the prints of nature in my face!

Then clasping round his youngest brother's neck,
 No longer strives the gushing tears to check;
 The friendly ardour throws off all disguise,
 While nature sits triumphant in his eyes;
 Nor less delight transports the gentle youth,
 Replete with goodness, innocence and truth;
 In mutual sympathy their souls were ty'd,
 And more by virtue than by birth ally'd.

Saluting then the rest, with mild address,
 He clears their doubts and softens their distress;
 Conversing freely, now they quit their fears,
 While Pharaoh, pleas'd the new adventure hears;
 And in his clemency and royal grace,
 Commands the viceroy some selected place
 Should be assign'd, on Goshen's rich champaign,
 His father's num'rous charge to entertain.

The regent now, impatient of delay,
 With costly presents sends the men away,
 But with a sparkling Babylonian vest,
 His youngest friend was grac'd above the rest.

Make haste, he said, to bring my father down,
 Tell him I live, and be my greatness known;
 Take waggons for convenience on the way,
 Your wives and helpless children to convey;
 Nor care to gather up your needless stores,
 The wealth of Zoan's plenteous land is yours.

At Hebron soon their speedy journey ends,
 The good old man their coming now attends;
 Where scarce arriv'd, at once they all relate
 The welcome news of Joseph's prosp'rous state.

Why would you mock my woe with airy schemes,
 (He fainting said) of gay fantastic dreams?

But soon the loaded carriages appear,
 Recall his life, his drooping spirits cheer.

My Joseph lives! (transporting truth) he cries,
 I'll see his face and close my aged eyes:
 Content, resign these poor remains of breath,
 And gently rest in the calm shades of death.

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